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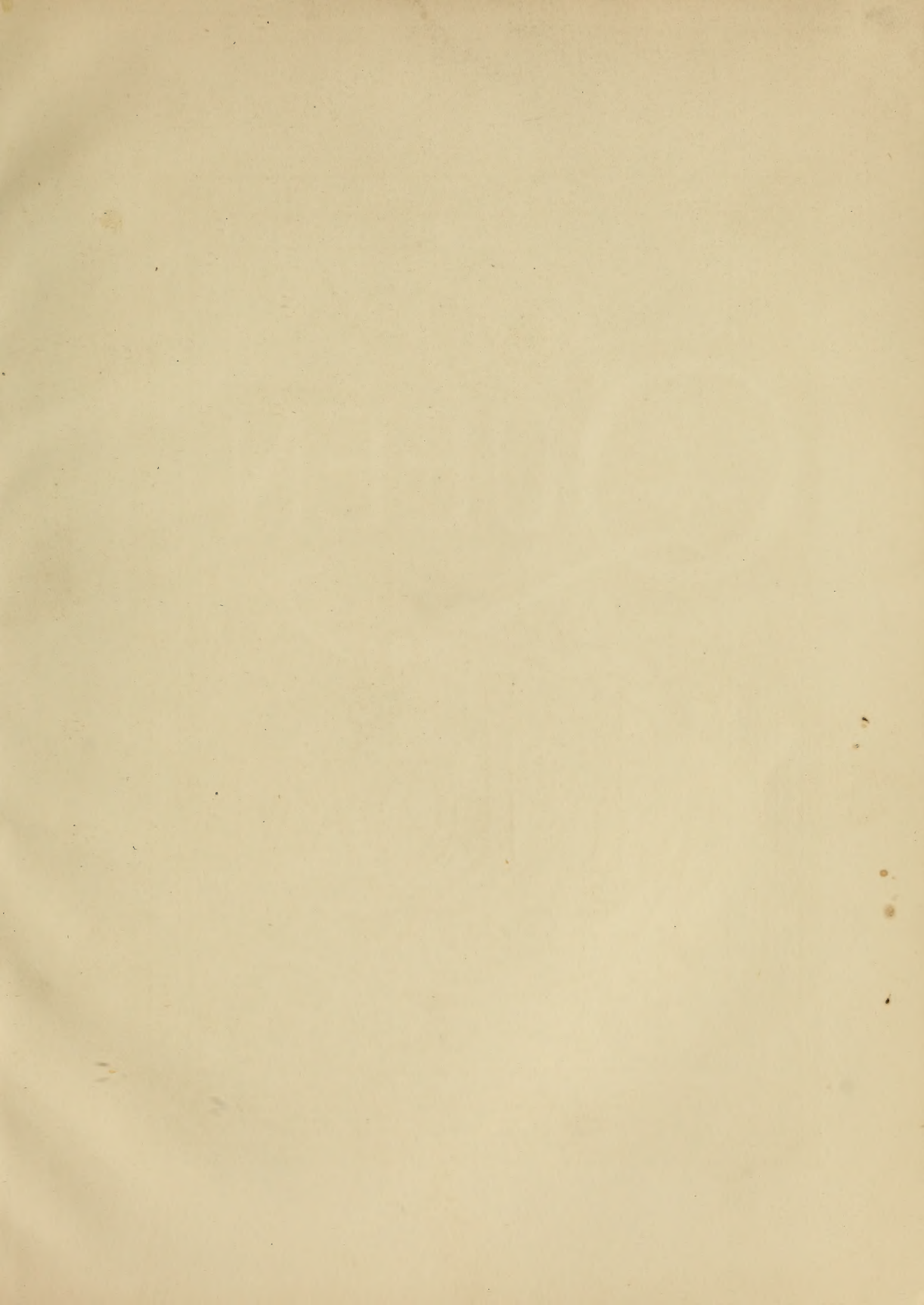
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Yours faithfully,  
Emma C. Hewitt



# QUEEN <sup>OF</sup> HOME

HER REIGN

FROM INFANCY TO AGE

FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR

*TWELVE DEPARTMENTS*

TREATING OF HOME OCCUPATIONS; NURSERY; HOME TRAINING;  
HOME AMUSEMENTS; SOCIAL RELATIONS; ENTERTAINMENTS;  
LIBRARY; DRESS; OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

INCLUDING PAPERS BY

EMINENT AUTHORITIES

ON HOME DECORATIONS, INFANCY, AND THE SICK-ROOM.

BY

EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT

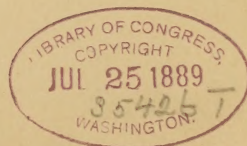
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL; AUTHOR OF "EASE IN CONVERSATION," AND  
"HINTS TO BALLAD SINGERS."

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PHILADELPHIA

MILLER-MEGEE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

1889



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TO HER,  
WHO STANDS IN THE FRONT RANK AND FILE  
OF THE

# QUEENS OF HOME

AS  
LOVING WIFE,  
DEVOTED MOTHER,  
WISE COUNSELOR,  
FAITHFUL FRIEND,  
MY GRANDMOTHER,  
IS THIS VOLUME AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.





# THE QUEEN.


---

IN THE history of the world for centuries past, many women have held the sceptre, and nations have looked by turns with love and fear upon the hand that ruled them. Strong men have bowed to the stern will of an Elizabeth, or yielded to the gentler sway of a Marie Antoinette. Armies have followed a Zenobia on to victory; nations have wept with a discarded Josephine. In nearly every land under the sun has woman ruled by royal right, but where has there been a throne erected so worthy of her occupancy, so world-wide in its influence, as that which she occupies in our free-born America? What robe can be more queenly than that in which the husband vests his wife when making her the keeper of his heart and home? What crown-jewels more resplendent, or more to be coveted, than those of which Cornelia was so justly proud? What patent-royal to be more eagerly sought after than that conferred by the divine right of wife-and-motherhood? What kingdom more to be desired than that of "home?"

In this glorious land where none are royal, all are queens, governing by the God-given right of womanhood.

But a long and varied experience has taught me that, though ruler-absolute in her own realm, she often feels bitterly her own inexperience and inability to wisely order her own affairs, and either gropes blindly and despairingly through her difficulties, making many a stumble where a word from a wiser head would have saved a misstep, or eagerly seeks the advice of some one older, and presumably more experienced. Recognizing, too, the fact that often in time of greatest need, the more experienced friend is wanting, with the able assistance of such eminent authorities as ANNIE R. RAMSEY and Doctors J. AUBREY DAVIS and FRANK FISHER, I have embodied in this volume such information, helpful hints and suggestions as shall be of practical benefit to woman in all her relations, both to the home and to the outside world.

To the Queen of America, then—the sympathetic friend—the patient sister and faithful daughter—the devoted mother—the loving wife—the "Queen of Home"—is this volume respectfully dedicated by

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Emma C. Hewitt". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page.

## HOME.

---

HOME! O, soft, sweet sound! O, talismanic word! Who has not seen the hour when the mere whisper of the word could bring tears of longing to the weary eye, ever turned eagerly toward the morrow?

Who has not known the moment when the thought of "home" has calmed a stubborn heart, that defied all else?

Home! Who shall define the word? "Home is where the heart is," says some one. Where the heart is! Aye! there is the secret!

Have a care, young people, just starting out in life, lest you confound *housekeeping* with *home-making*: for many a young wife has wrecked not only her own happiness but that of both husband and children by striving vainly to make the former do duty for the latter, and only after years of struggle, when the home-nest was empty, did she see with the clearer vision of experience, the awful mistake of her life, and feel that she would willingly give years of her life, could she be permitted to repair the wrong, and make for those around her a real *home*.

Look to it young wife—look to it young mother—look to it daughter and sister—that in your efforts to do your duty as housekeepers, you do not forget your *higher* duty as home-makers. Look to it that you so order your daily life with tact, so temper authority and stern justice with loving kindness and tenderness, that in the long vista of years ahead, to your loved ones, to paraphrase a dear old-fashioned song—

The dearest spot on earth shall be  
"Home, sweet home;"  
The fairy land they long to see  
Is "Home, sweet home."



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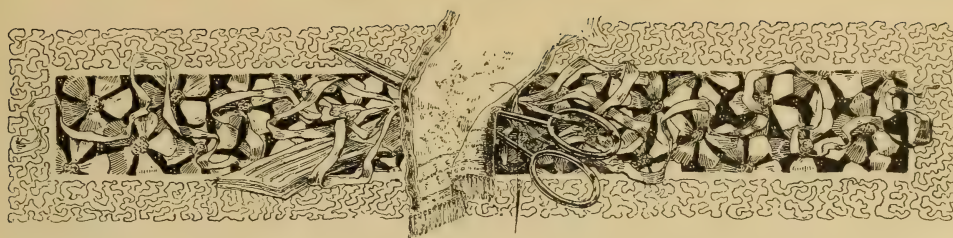
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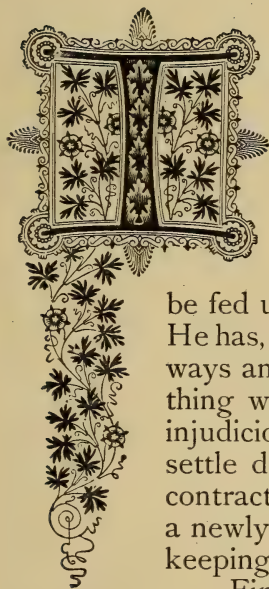




# HOME OCCUPATIONS.

## CHAPTER I.

### HOUSEKEEPING.



THIS AN unfortunate fact that many girls when they marry, regard their future life as a sort of perpetual holiday, in which "Paul" shall always play the lover, and the wife have little to do, but enjoy herself. The young husband, likewise, starts out with the conviction that his wife is some sort of a frail butterfly, who should be fed upon roses and dew, or something of that nature. He has, likewise, a small income, ordinarily, and, discussing ways and means together, they conclude that the proper thing will be to board. In reality, only one thing more injudicious could be done, and that is, that they should settle down in the house of the parents of either of the contracting parties. The most judicious of all things that a newly married couple can do, is to go *at once* to house-keeping. There are several excellent reasons for this.

First, if the young couple settle down in one household or the other there is always every opportunity for each or both families to express, with that charming frankness that exists in families, their opinion of each and every act of the newly acquired relation. Now the assimilation of character between two people who are only just





learning to live together, is a difficult matter at best, but the young wife or husband needs no assistant in discovering the unsuspected failings and foibles of the other. When young people are engaged, they do not mean to be deceitful, and yet they unconsciously deceive each other, in a certain way, as they often wilfully deceive themselves. There is often little or nothing during an engagement, to arouse anything but a sentiment of affection. But when it comes to the stern realities of life—when it comes to making the most of a small income, with a thousand ways to spend it—*that* is what “tries men’s souls” (likewise *women’s*). From discussions on the income question, it is safe to assert that nine-tenths of family troubles arise. Daily and hourly, outside of this, arise questions which require nice adjustment, and the fitting-in of one peculiar human organization with that of another, so that the two souls can live in the close intimacy of married life, needs to be a thing in which nobody but the parties concerned, has any part. It is utterly impossible for parents, if their children are still with them, even though married and practically from under parental control and authority, to give up the idea that it is their business in some way, to take a hand in this adjustment. Likewise, the children themselves, forget that they are now responsible only to themselves and each other, and thus complications arise which seldom, if ever, are adjusted without bitter feeling and heart-burning on all sides. Next to this comes boarding in a boarding-house.

While the young people are practically alone, the atmosphere of most boarding-houses is not that most conducive to the good of young wives. They frequently fall into such habits of idleness, gossip, and discontent, as it takes years to eradicate. They grow inert, and learn to hate trouble and all kinds of work, that is harder than embroidering a pair of slippers, or perhaps darning stockings. I do not say that it is necessarily so, I am merely stating the lamentable fact that it *is* so. Two or three years of this kind of life—especially if they change boarding-houses about twice a year, as is frequently the case—breeds discontent in both, and they then conclude, as the young husband has an increase in income, that it would be delightful to go to housekeeping, and the experiment is tried, and now comes the second reason for going to housekeeping *at once* upon marriage.

Housekeeping sounds easy, and the husband and wife enter into their new quarters in all the flush of hope. It is so lovely and sweet and pretty to put up the dainty lace curtains in the parlor and the pretty lambrequins in the sitting-room! and the husband

pictures to himself the pleasure it will be to him to come in of a cold winter's night to his warm, bright little house, where the choice of his heart is waiting for him. And she, she poor thing! thinks what charming, dainty little suppers she will have ready when he shall arrive—what golden coffee, what juicy steaks, what flaky biscuits! She knows she can do it all, because she has seen "mother" do it a hundred times, and it is just as *easy*! and besides, she has bought the best cook-book in the market, and it must be the simplest matter in the world to mix so many eggs with so much flour and sugar, and "bake it half an hour" into a lovely cake.

And then Paul arrives to take his first meal in their own house. Poor fellow! Anticipations of the juicy steak and the golden coffee and the flaky biscuits have quickened his steps, and his eye brightens and his heart beats more quickly as he pictures to himself the little wife dispensing the nectar from her side of the table. Alas! and alas! The steak is burned, the coffee smoky, the biscuits heavy, and she, poor child! ready to sink with shame and despair.

Now is the exact moment which requires most fortitude on the part of the young husband. If he can recognize the fact that his young wife, with all her failures, has been trying her very best to fulfill her part of the contract, all will go well. If he is still in the flush of the lover-hood of early married days, he can stand the strain on his stomach and nerves, with comparative equanimity, as he consoles himself with the thought, perhaps, that in a little while he'll make some excuse to go down town again, and will "get something to eat," and thus keep her from feeling too bad over her failure. If, however, the time has gone by for this sort of thing, and the first experiments of housekeeping come to them after the glamour of early married life has gone by, he is a remarkable man who can stand with imperturbable good-temper, the failures of the wife, and nothing short of imperturbable good-temper, on the part of the husband, will soothe the awful sense of defeat which a wife experiences, when her best efforts, her hard work, only prove the result a disastrous failure, and her time ill-spent.

Again, too, the life which has been spent in a boarding-house for three or four years, or even one year, is one which, by its indolence, unfits a woman to take up housekeeping. She becomes discouraged with repeated failures, and soon grows discontented, and regrets that she ever relinquished the old life of ease. It is sufficiently difficult,

too, for a woman to learn to keep house for *two*—if there be three or four the task is more than doubled.

Clearly, then, housekeeping is the proper way in which a young couple should set out in life.

"But, I *hate* housekeeping," answers some young wife. Pardon me, please, but, if this be the case, you had no right to marry at all. A woman who "hates" to do anything in her power to make a home for the man she professes to love, has no moral right in the world to impose upon him her companionship and the care of herself. And even if you do "hate" housekeeping naturally, you can learn to like it in the course of time, if you will only set your mind to it. The advice given by an old housekeeper to a daughter who was inclined to find fault with the monotony of every-day life, covers the ground.

"The most homely and uninteresting task," said she, "could be made to *assume* an interest if you will only resolve to accomplish it, either within a certain time, or in the very best possible way."

Try this plan when you are obliged by circumstances to perform some duty which you despise from the bottom of your soul, but do not imagine the meaning of the advice to be deeper than it really is. From a false sense of duty, or of economy, the inexperienced and zealous are often led to do work that is not only uncongenial, but absolutely distasteful, and physically unsuited to them. The mother merely meant that if there was anything that *must* be done, let it be done *cheerfully*. True economy, however, will often dictate relegating such work to the hands of others—whose livelihood it is—which will leave leisure for "keeping up with the world," somewhat after the fashion of girlhood's days, and will bring husband and wife much nearer together by allowing time and opportunity for intelligent discussion on topics of general interest.

We will now suppose that she has gone to housekeeping, and is battling with the great problem—the housekeeping itself.

One of the greatest difficulties a young wife will encounter, will be a multiplicity of counselors. All the aunts and cousins, all the old wives and young wives, will be ready with a word of advice here, a piece of wisdom there, till she is nearly distracted, and knows, if possible, even less than she did before they began. The result of all this will be that, she will either try to be too systematic, or will have no system at all. The one is as bad as the other. An unalterable system of housekeeping renders the housekeeper herself anything but happy, and keeps those around her wretched. The woman who washes

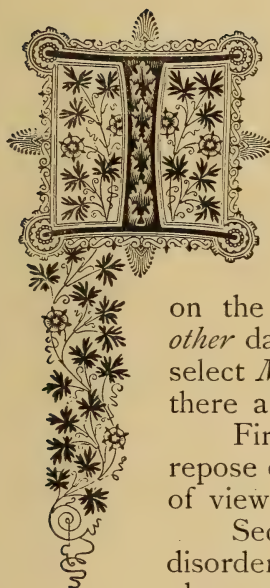


on Monday, no matter what the weather—because that is the day which she has set for wash-day—and is obliged to fill her house with the steam of drying clothes, does not only a very foolish thing, but a very wrong one. She makes the house damp, and predisposes the whole family to colds, besides making a very uncomfortable house. There can certainly be nothing more depressing to a man than to return to a house filled with the sight, odor and dampness of drying clothes. Surely she can shift her work so as to make it convenient to wash on a later day in the week, when it may be clear. A regular day for wash-day, ironing-day, etc., is assuredly necessary for the proper accomplishment of work, but let the laws which govern your household not be so fixed as those of the Medes and Persians, lest, when compelled to break them, you are entirely disgruntled, or all the family is made wretched, in your desire to accomplish an impossibility.



## CHAPTER II.

### PLANNING THE WEEK'S WORK.



HOPE I have not been so unfortunate as to impress you with the idea that it was well to work without any plan. Indeed, no! I only mean that it is well to make *adjustable* plans.

Now, let us begin with Monday. You expect me, doubtless, to say in the language of the recipe book, "on this day, wash," but on the contrary, I say that if you are wise, whatever *other* day may seem good to you as a wash-day, "never select *Monday* as a regular wash-day." Why? Well, there are various reasons.

First, the exercise is violent, and, after the greater repose of Sunday, is unadvisable from a physical point of view.

Secondly, the house is always more or less in disorder after Sunday; books and papers are around; places that are brushed up usually each day, have been given "a good sweeping" on Saturday, so as to "last over Sunday;" the house needs a general putting to rights, and many articles of clothing, which have been taken off on Saturday or Sunday, require only a stitch or a button, which, if attended to before wash-day, will prevent a much greater loss of time in the mending, than if left until after they have been rubbed and ironed.

In sorting the clothes over for the wash, the housekeeper has a much better opportunity of noting any tiny place where a "stitch in time would save nine," than she has after they are all smoothly ironed and folded down. Then, too, unless she remembers very well all the lacks she discovered when ironing, she must carefully unfold and as carefully refold every piece, so as to discover where all the stitches are needed, thus involving an unnecessary waste of time.

One of the most important things the young housekeeper has to learn is to husband her time and strength to the very utmost. Every power is taxed, nervous force is needed at every turn, and it is only by the most judicious management of time, strength and temper that a woman can pass through ten or twenty years of household cares without growing, what it is customary to denominate, as, "prematurely old."

Take Monday, then, for odd jobs, and you will be able to attack Tuesday's washing without being haunted by the sense that the house needs putting to rights, and, that when the wash comes up, there will be "that huge pile of mending" to do.

Now comes the dreaded "wash-day." I'm not going to pretend to tell you how to wash: for, doubtless, each one and all of you consider that you have already the best method of soaking, soaping, boiling and drying clothes, and any advice I might have to offer, as to methods, would be "declined with thanks." I only desire to offer such general suggestions and information as I hope may be of use to you, and applicable to your daily life and work, no matter what your present system may be.

Nevertheless, I have a few words to offer on the subject of "wash-day."

First, the majority of women who have a wash-day on hand, rise too early, and commence their work too soon. "I rise at half-past four," announces some complacent housekeeper, "and I'm at my washing by five, and then I'm all through and cleaned up by ten or eleven o'clock."

Granted, that it is a good thing to be "cleaned up" by eleven o'clock, is it *necessary*? It is not only not necessary, but it is injurious. It is physically injurious that a woman should rise at half-past four, and work at the wash-tub for two or three hours without eating, in order that she may be through at some given time, and any woman who does this herself, or permits a servant to do it, commits a wrong, the effects of which she will see in after years, if she knows enough to put her finger upon the origin of some failure of nerve-power, or lack of nervous force.

It is necessary, of course, that the washing should be done well and quickly, but it is also necessary that we *live*. The work must be done in order that we may be comfortable—let us be careful that we do not make ourselves and others *uncomfortable*, in order that the work may be done.



Many housekeepers, after successfully accomplishing a large week's wash, consider it economy of time to iron in the afternoon. This is all wrong. Keep the afternoon for lighter tasks, and above all try to lie down a little while every day.

The early fading of married women is always a subject for comment among their dearest friends. Each particular friend has some very good cause to assign for it. But it is a question, whether, in many cases, it is not greatly the woman's own fault.

Think, mothers, do you not do much unnecessary work? I am not going into an elaborate discussion of the sewing question. Everybody knows that you all, or at least nine-tenths of you, sew much more than there is any necessity for. I am going to speak only of the *sitting* question. Now think carefully. Do you not *stand* to do many things about which you could as well *sit*, if you were only accustomed to it? "O, but it looks so lazy!" A fig for the way "it looks." Why should a woman stand to pare potatoes? I've seen women stand half the morning preparing vegetables. Ask them about it and what is their answer. "O, I don't know. I always stand. I am used to it. I can work better so." They have no business to *be* used to it. With all that a mother or a housekeeper *must* do, she has no moral right to strain her physical or nervous system by doing one thing that she is not obliged to do. Accustom yourself to sitting as much as possible while at work. Have a high chair, with a rest for the feet, made to fit your table and sink. It will not cost much, but it will save you many a back-ache, many a doctor's bill, many a season of regret over a cross word you have spoken under the strain of having "been on your feet all day." Plenty of women work in such a back-handed way that one wonders they can live.

"I *never* lie down in the daytime," says some one decidedly and so self-righteously, that the poor little meek woman who has ventured the remark, feels quite criminal in ever having indulged in such a dissipation.

It is not only right, but a woman's bounden duty to take all the rest she can get. If a mother can possibly find time to throw herself down on the sofa for a few moments, she should do so. It is a necessity, and one that cannot with impunity be put aside. If baby is awake and you are afraid to leave him alone, put him and his play-things in a dry goods box, give him a quart of Indian meal and some little tin plates, or some other novel amusement, reserved for just

such emergencies, then seize five minutes, or even fifteen minutes rest, and you will go at your work again with a renewed vigor that will enable you to much more than make up for lost (?) time.

Next comes ironing-day, and, while I am going to give no recipes, I would like to give the hint that one may achieve quite as good results with raw starch as with cooked, and the labor on wash-day will be considerably lightened thereby, without a corresponding increase of work upon ironing-day. It is only a question of having a good starch, and being careful to starch upon the wrong side. A little experience teaches the proper consistency of the starch-water.

If clothes when hung upon the line are carefully shaken out, and when taken down and dampened for ironing, are carefully folded, the ironing is much facilitated, as many of the creases and wrinkles are thus smoothed out without the help of the iron.

There are some things which should never be ironed at all: knit underwear, stockings and huckaback towels for instance. The former two are very apt to be ironed out of shape, and the elasticity destroyed; and the last has its roughness destroyed by the smoothing-iron to that extent that its practical value is gone. All coarse towels that are intended for coarse towels should merely have their fringes well beaten out—or brushed out with a wire brush, which is an excellent article for the purpose—and then be folded down smoothly with the hand, while yet a little damp.

Anything which is worn directly next to the skin should never be dried in the house, as articles so dried are apt to absorb vapors most injurious to the human body. I have known one instance where an epidemic skin-disease prevailed in a large institution, the cause of which was distinctly traceable to knit underwear, which had been improperly dried.

Now, just while we are here, on the subject of housework, let me remark that many women unintentionally arrange their work so that they expend the greatest amount of nerve-force for the least result. In nothing is this more perceptible than in the arrangement of the work for the two days above mentioned. To cut out from daily work all that must be termed, for want of a better word, its romantic side, is to make a great mistake. "Washing is washing, and ironing is ironing," sniffs some hard-worked woman, "and if you can find any romance in the back-breaking work, I'd like to see it. Hard work is hard work, and if you try to make anything else of it, it makes slipshod work." Now, I don't agree with you, honestly, I don't.

And I think that I can give you a few little points that may prove to you that, though I "make books," as the children say, I really know what I am talking about when speaking of housework. Now, then, for the wash-day and ironing-day question. Every one knows that in summer-time these two branches of housework are hot, disagreeable, uncomfortable kinds of work, and it behooves each woman to do her best for herself in the matter of their arrangement. Why should a woman wash or iron in a hot, stuffy kitchen, perhaps not more than fourteen by twelve in dimensions, when in nine cases out of ten she can carry her work just outside the window? The sun broils down upon her head! Well, arrange matters so that it doesn't. A few yards—say ten—of dark cotton cloth can often be arranged so as to be the only protection needed from the heat of the sun. This having first been divided into three sections and sewed together, can be hung over the limbs of a tree, or upon a trellis, and can be shifted at will. Perhaps you have no trellis or tree. Well, then, put your "woman's wit" to work, and drive a couple of nails or staples. Of course, I cannot see into all of your back yards, but I *do* know that woman's ingenuity, if applied in the proper direction, can work wonders in the way of lightening her labor. "All nonsense!" Is it for a woman to try to make her work pleasant and something beside an "every-day grind?" Not by any means! Any work accomplished in the *pleasantest* way, leaves a greater fund of nervous strength to attack the next task. A woman in the country, out under the trees ironing, the fresh summer air all about her, the scent of the hay, the hum of the bees—her irons, meanwhile, heating on her coal-oil stove, for which she has contrived a sheltered place, and without which no woman should try to keep house, if it be possible to obtain one—that woman, I say, in her pleasanter thoughts and surroundings, finds an inspiration to greater deeds; and time, and the work oftentimes, slip by almost without knowing, and life seems much more worth living.

There are many little contrivances, too, that are time and labor savers, and are well worth the trouble of preparing. Nothing is more useful, for instance, than a stout, ticking apron, with two large pockets. In one, go all the clothes-pins, in the other all the smaller articles of the wash. With both pockets full, the washer is equipped for hanging up quite a long line of clothes, and is never once necessitated to bend her back to pick up a clothes-pin or a pocket-handkerchief. When the wash is dry, as she removes the pins from



the line, she has but to return them to the pocket from which she took them, and there they are, ready for the next wash-day.

So, with ironing. A well-made iron-holder saves much expenditure of time and temper. A stout bag to hold all the iron-stands, the holders, the wax and the cloths for rubbing the iron, with another bag made to fit the bosom board—to which it should be returned as soon as used, in order to keep it free from dust until next wanted—are invaluable, if each has its appropriate nail, and is hung thereon when not in use.

The irons should be kept in a dry, clean place when not in use, and carefully protected from any suspicion of rust, or dirt. Much time is sometimes saved, especially in winter-time, if they are placed on the back of the stove over night. The irons are thus partially heated, not at all to their detriment, and much to the satisfaction of the housekeeper, for whom their heating at short notice, is much facilitated.

Finally—every article or utensil that has anything to do with either wash-day or ironing-day, should be in good order before it is put away, and so placed and treated meanwhile, that it will be ready for instant use when wanted the next time.



## CHAPTER III.

### BAKING-DAY.



AMONG the more laborious parts of housework, none is, perhaps, as interesting as baking. It is full of such delightful possibilities and surprises (sometimes, however, the latter are anything but pleasant), there is such an infinite variety of things to be constructed out of precisely the same materials, that one grows interested in spite of oneself.

It has always been a wise move on the part of mothers that the first thing they teach their daughters to cook, is a cake. There is such an air of romantic interest about a cake, that the little girl puts into it all her powers of observation and comprehension. And it has always seemed a pity to me that little girls were not taught to *sew*, in the same pleasant way. My heart has gone out in pity and sympathy towards little girls whom I have seen sitting on a hard stool, sewing a "stint" of sheet, when the little creatures might just as well have had something pretty to sew, or, at least, the finishing of the article might have presented some hope to them beyond that of rejoicing when the long seam is completed. Why could they not just as well learn to sew upon a dress for dolly, or at least an apron for themselves, instead of a long seam of sheeting, which represents to them only despair?

But to return to baking-day. There is nothing in this wide world more conducive to good digestion, and, consequently, good temper, than good bread. Pastry we can do without, but bread is a necessity, and it should be a woman's first duty as housekeeper to learn to make good bread. There are many varieties of this article, even in its best form, and each family prefers its own kind; but, let the bread be scalded or unscalded, with or without shortening, with or



without milk, it should be the very best of its kind. When possible, in order to save time and fire, bake your bread on ironing-day. This can be done with comparatively little extra trouble, and you are making use, likewise, of the hot oven that would otherwise be wasted.

Shall we eat pie? That seems to be a question that periodically arises for discussion, but it always seems to subside without either of the contesting sides being one whit convinced.



But whether we *shall* or *should* eat pie, we *do* eat pie, and, while we do so, it is far better that they should be made at home, than that we should depend on the neighboring baker's shop for them. Shall we eat them hot or cold? This is a question which again divides the ranks of those in favor of pie.

*That*, it seems to me, is a matter for personal decision. To some, cold pie is far more indigestible than hot pie, but, then, that is merely a question of physical and personal characteristic. Each family must decide this question for itself; but if hot pie is the order of the day, it can be had with very little extra trouble.

The housekeeper has but to rub up sufficient flour, shortening, and salt, in whatever proportions she uses, for, say about one dozen pies, or more, if the family is sufficiently large. This can be shut up in a tight tin box, and kept until used. It is in condition, only to need wetting with cold water, and a pie can be made at very short notice. It will be found a great convenience to have this material on hand, as it is the preparation of the first material that takes the time and utensils.

It is quite customary in many families to make some "plain cakes for the children between times." This is a great mistake. It takes the mother's time, and is a bad thing for the children. Children should not at any time be allowed to go hungry, but the test between *genuine hunger* and a *desire for something to eat* will lie in *plain bread*. The child who will eat plain bread between meals does so because he is really hungry, and will seldom eat enough of it to destroy his appetite for the next regular meal. Many a mother has ruined her children's digestion by feeding them on bread and butter, cake, or bread and molasses, between meals. It is a very easy matter to get up an artificial appetite for something savory, but the craving that is satisfied with plain bread, is induced by real hunger, and it should always be satisfied, no matter how often through the day it recurs.

Make cake or cakes, then, as often as you feel it proper to do so, to be used as adjuncts to a meal, but do not add to the burdens of baking-day by making "a batch of plain cakes for the children to nibble at."

There is every opportunity for economy or extravagance in the method of conducting an ordinary baking. In some kitchens the flour may be seen scattered in every direction, a stream strewn from the barrel to the table, the shortening is left sticking to the cup, pieces of dough are left adhering to the baking-board, and cake material is carelessly allowed to remain in the vessel in which it has been mixed.

This is all wasteful, to say nothing of its being untidy, and involving twice the trouble in clearing up.

I will not insult you by repeating to you the old story of the young man who said that his horse fed only upon *pie-board scrapings*, but there is a good deal in that old story for all.

Never try to carry an over-full cup of flour from one place to another. It is just as easily and much more satisfactorily emptied



into a larger vessel at once. Experience will teach the baker to use up every bit of the dough already constructed, and, when it comes time to wash the vessels, which have been in use, there is, as there should be, but little left to wash away.

Among the articles which every baker should have, are a long, thin-bladed knife, which will bend easily, and a baking-cloth.



Now, when I say "baking-cloth," I don't mean just any rag you happen to pick up for the purpose, but I mean a regularly made baking-cloth. This should consist of two squares, made as follows: Take two pieces of ticking, fourteen inches long, by twelve inches broad. Between these lay one layer of sheet wadding, and then over-seam them all around. Make two of these thin pads, and fasten them together with two tapes about ten inches long.

In this way you have an invaluable adjunct to your baking conveniences.

It is well to have several of these for every-day use, as they are exceedingly useful for handling pots and kettles and pans, or anything else that is hot. Always, however, keep one entirely set apart for baking-day purposes. There should be nails innumerable all around the kitchen on which different articles may be hung, and one should be put up near the stove, and be devoted exclusively to these pads. There is nothing more comforting in doing one's daily work, than to know exactly where to put one's hand on some particular article.

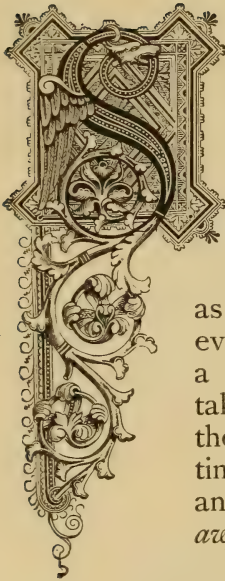


Now sisters, who read this article—and if those who do not read it would do the same thing, it would be well for them—take account of your baking-day processes, and see if you do not do much more baking than is consistent with the good digestion of your family, or your own health, and having made up your mind wherein you can reduce that day's work, talk the matter over with your husbands, and see if they do not very sensibly and kindly agree to do with less fresh bread and fewer pies and cakes, if it will give you immunity from extra work. If he does not, of course there is nothing left but to continue in the old way, using all manner of devices for reduction of labor, but if he does fall in with one of the good reforms of the present day, which tends toward less material and more mental food, by all means grasp the opportunity and reduce your baking-day work to its minimum.



## CHAPTER IV.

### SWEEPING AND DUSTING.



WEEPING-DAY! What is the first thing, I wonder, that you do when you prepare for sweeping-day? Well, I'll not ask you to confide in me, but I will tell you that some people, the moment they make up their minds, that, in the natural order of things, sweeping-day has come round, proceed to make themselves as hideous as possible. An old dress is put on—and where they ever resurrected such a marvel of rags and dirt is a perfect mystery to the uninitiated—the collar is taken off, the head is tied up in an old cloth, and then they—*sweep*. And *such* a process as it is, half the time. The dust and the children fly simultaneously, and woe to the man or child that appears while the *awful* ceremony is going on.

Tell me, please, why do you sweep? Because it is sweeping-day.

There! I thought you would say that. Do you know that is a great mistake? This is another point on which housekeepers lay down a law, and keep it regardless of cost. Sweeping-day was originally—shall I say invented or discovered? *Intended*, perhaps, is a better word. Sweeping-day, then, was originally intended as a day for cleaning, but, like many another custom, it has been abused and perverted, till one would almost imagine that sweeping-day was the religious observance of some sacred rite, so strictly are its ceremonies kept, spite of all things. Now, *sweeping*, as was before observed, was intended as a process of *cleaning*, but there are many housekeepers who wear themselves out, and lose time and temper, by sweeping the house from top to bottom when sweeping-day arrives, utterly regardless of the fact that some of the rooms have

hardly been opened since the last ceremony was observed. Rugs are shaken, the floors are swept, swept, swept; everything is dusted, the doors and windows are closed, and there the guest-chamber is left until next week, when the same process is repeated. Indeed, I have known two women, one of whom regularly took up



her bed-room carpet every month, had her floor scrubbed, the carpet shaken and put down, and the paint regularly cleaned. The other took up the carpet in the guest-chamber *every week*, wiped the floor, and again nailed down the carpet. (This latter woman, however,



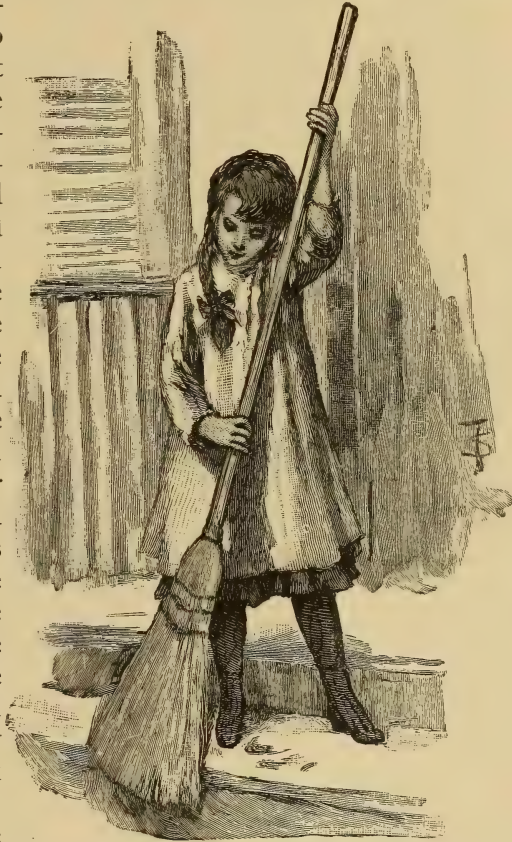
was demented on the subject of housework, as was afterwards discovered.) The former one, every Saturday, hired a woman to clean the windows of that same bed-room, and such a splashing and a sputtering as went on during the process. It was almost impossible to pass by the house without being drenched. (Of this method of washing windows I shall speak later.) This poor creature, however, lived in a boarding-house, and had no other outlet for suppressed energy. It was amusing to see with what an air of self-complacency and conscious virtue, she would relate her exceeding nicety (?) and tell, as well, how she never allowed anything to rumple her bed in any way, after it was once made for the day. She used to relate with pride, how she sat bolt upright in a straight-backed chair, all the long summer afternoon, although, to quote her own words, she "was half dead for a nap," because it took her from a half to three-quarters of an hour per day to make her bed to her own satisfaction, and she could not afford to do it twice a day, and her husband could not afford to buy the forty-dollar lounge, which was the only kind she would have. Some one suggested that she should take a pillow and lie on the floor, but she said her pillow-cases were too handsome. So, here was this woman, daily, hourly, sacrificing herself and all around her, to her false idea of cleanliness and nicety.

Instead, however, of impressing her friends with her worth, she only succeeded in impressing them with her utter absurdity.

As the object of sweeping is primarily to clean, conversely one must presuppose dirt to be swept, and don't sweep unless there *is* dirt. The spare bed-room, the attics or any other rooms that are not in daily use, do not need the weekly sweeping. They should be examined with a critical eye, and should always be in order, but very often little or nothing is needed for two or three weeks, but the judicious application of a dampened dust-cloth. Now, then, for the process of sweeping. Firstly—*don't* put on your oldest dress, and tie your head up in a cloth. It is perfectly possible to sweep in your ordinary house-dress of print, or whatever you wear in the morning, without detriment to your garb. Have made or make a sweeping-cap of some becoming shade of chintz, or perhaps of white muslin, which is easily washed, and a large bib-apron with ample pockets. These pockets will be of immense use as a place to put various stray articles which you *will* come across, no matter how good a house-keeper you are, nor how neat you keep your every-day house.

Now you are equipped, what then? Then sweep? By no

means! Then *dust*. "What! *dust*, before I sweep?" Yes, dust before you sweep. Dust every article that is small enough and carry it out of the room. Take every chair, every table, every stool that can be moved. By this process, all the dust which would fall upon the furniture during the process of sweeping, never reaches the furniture at all, and the saving in wear and tear is proportionate. Much useless scratching of the furniture is saved, and there has no unnecessary amount of dust settled into the crevices of the stuff coverings. Having carefully removed all portable articles, and as carefully covered up the rest, which are obliged to remain, get a bucket of clean warm water—which you have been careful to set upon a piece of oil-cloth brought in for the purpose—and, having rolled all the remaining furniture into the middle of the room, go down on your knees, dampen your whisk in the warm water and brush out all the corners, as well as all the edges of the carpet, for a space of about one foot. It is utterly impossible for the best sweeper in the world to sweep a corner clean with an ordinary broom. Every few moments wash your whisk out in the bucket of water, shaking it quite dry each time until it is only damp. There are two objects in this: first, it takes the dirt up better, and second, it puts into the pail much of the dust that would otherwise only have distributed itself all over the room, and thus involve the housekeeper in extra work. Having so much accomplished, you are ready to begin. It would be useless to try to say anything about the actual process of sweeping, as doubtless each housekeeper who reads this, has her own peculiar way of holding



her broom, etc. I have but one hint to give. If there be a breeze in the room, however slight, always sweep *with* the wind and not against it.

As I am a thorough believer in all labor saving machinery and inventions, let me remark just here that if you have not a patent dust-pan, into which you can sweep the refuse with a broom, and without bending your back one inch, purchase one by all means, at your very earliest opportunity. With a patent sweeper and a dust-pan which you can hold in place with the toe of your foot, the labor of sweeping-day is greatly diminished and the work much facilitated.

All dusting should be done with a damp cloth. It is amusing to see an old housekeeper, who "knows it all," dust vigorously with a dry cloth, shake it out the window (when about half of it blows back to settle again in some new place) and then proceed to disturb some more dust with the same dry cloth. A damp cloth should be used every time and it should be frequently washed out during the process. By this means the dust is really *caught*, and is not merely shifted to another place.

Above all things, never use a feather duster. A feather duster or brush should have no part in the household economy. They are the invention of some evil-minded person to delude the innocent housekeeper into the belief that she is busy, or at least doing something, when she is flirting the dust from one place only to permit it to settle in another.

Many people *brush* the paint and wood-work of a room, during a regular sweeping. Let me assure you that this does not pay. The wood-work should be wiped with a damp cloth in the same way as is the furniture, and for the same reason.

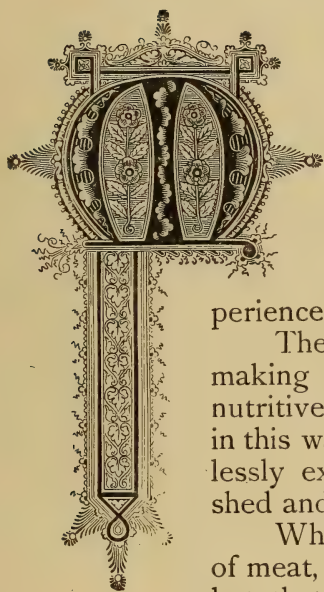
Stair carpets are proverbial for the amount of dust they collect. If, after the usual process of sweeping, you will wipe them with a damp cloth, I feel sure that you will be paid for your trouble, in the satisfactory result. When entirely done, wash your broom thoroughly in hot water (which softens the broom-corns) shake it out well, and *hang it up to dry*. By this means your broom will keep a much better shape and will last much longer. There is nothing more detrimental to a broom, after hard usage, than standing in the corner. There should always be a nail upon which to hang the brooms.

The brooms hung up, the dust-pan in its proper place, the dust-cloths thoroughly washed out and hung out to dry, against next sweeping day, we may consider the process fairly accomplished.



## CHAPTER V.

### MARKETING.



MARKETING is perhaps one of the greatest difficulties with which the newly-made housekeeper must contend.

This trouble arises from two distinct causes. One—the fact that in the majority of cases the young women are left to gain at their husband's expense their experience in this line of purchases.

They have been taught absolutely nothing about making proper purchases, or the relative values and nutritive qualities of different articles of diet. And in this way often dire mistakes are made, money is uselessly expended, temper comes to the fore, tears are shed and general discomfort attains.

Whether Mrs. Rorer's late lecture on the cutting of meat, is exactly what is needed, remains to be seen; but that it is a step, or even perhaps a stride, in the right direction, is undoubtedly true. One of the subjects about which most young house-keepers are lamentably ignorant, is the different qualities and cuts of meat of various kinds. Is it not in "Mrs. Jernyngham's Journal," that the young housekeeper is made to say, in reply to the rather contemptuous remark of her cook, about its being no season for a leg of lamb. "No lamb? O well, then get a leg of beef." Fancy! a leg of beef for *two*. And yet this was not such a great exaggeration. There are many girls who are quite as ignorant.

Would it not be well for mothers to accustom their daughters to know the different cuts of meat? While the daughter is yet a little girl, why not take her to the butcher's shop and teach her the difference between mutton chops and veal cutlets, just as one would teach her the difference between potatoes and apples? Why not take her

marketing and teach her the difference between well cut meat and a "scraggy" piece?

All this knowledge is so easily gained by almost imperceptible steps in childhood, that it seems a pity to buy it in after life (when one has so much else to do and has need of all the "ready-made" knowledge and experience one can command) with big butcher's bills, poor meat and uncomfortable dinners.

A second and very prolific source of unpleasant discussion, is the fact that but few women have actual money to handle in any quantity.



There is kept at "the butcher's, the baker's, the candle-stick maker's," a running account which the husband settles per week, or per month, as may be the case. This account he audits, and not taking into consideration the inexperience of his wife as housekeeper, often feels himself aggrieved at the quality, quantity, or expense of the purchases, while she, having no actual money in hand, has very little opportunity to learn its real, practical value, and continues to purchase, perhaps, that which suits her convenience, settling it in her mind, after several of

these matrimonial tiffs (she, in the intervals, having striven honestly, to do her best as far as her lights went) that it really makes little difference *what* she buys,—“There is always the same fuss”—and she finally learns to expect the “fuss” and grows indifferent to that which at first filled her with real compunction.

Or, if she be an experienced and economical housekeeper, as is frequently the case, she is vastly hampered by the want of ready means. Often she might buy at her door, at a much less rate, that for which she must go to the store, This is sheer waste of time.



Again, if out doing her marketing, she must purchase everything of the dealers with whom she has the running account, and these dealers knowing this, take advantage frequently, of the fact that she can't help herself, and charge accordingly. This is hardly unreasonable on their parts, in a way, when one reflects that the merchant must wait for the money of this class of purchasers, where with others, he obtains immediate payment for all articles sold.

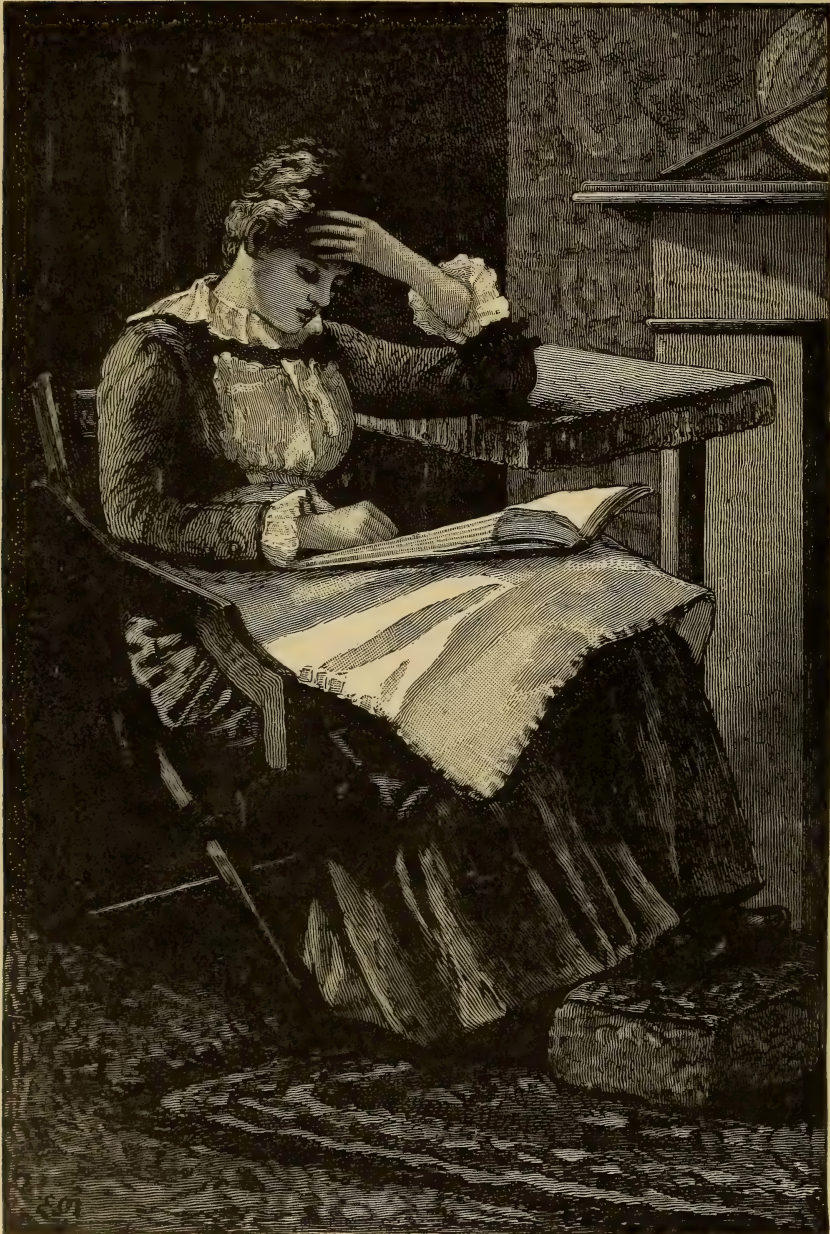
There is only one thing more injudicious than keeping a running account at a marketing place, that is furnishing a house on the installment plan. That is the most egregious of all mistakes for a young couple to make when setting out to build a nest for themselves.

But to return to the income question. A man's income may be small, but unless it was such that two could live on it, he and his wife should have waited a little longer before they united their fortunes—or rather, their poverty. There is a fallacy among sanguine lovers, that an income which has heretofore been almost insufficient for *one* will suffice amply for *two*, or at least, they “will get along *some-how*” and it generally proves to be “*some-how*,” indeed.

Do not understand me to be preaching “marrying a fortune,” I am only preaching *prudence*. It is a woman's duty and privilege to help make the family fortune by her thrift, care and forethought, but if, from his income or wages, a man, either from want of inclination or want of money, has been unable to save anything, from what can the wife hope to obtain her support at his hands? If he *will not* save, let a woman be careful how she trusts her welfare in his







HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

hands, under the delusive promises that when she is once his wife, she shall handle the money and save it, and make a rich man of him. *Some men have* placed their financial affairs, when they felt themselves incompetent, in the hands of their wives, whom they felt to be able to administer those affairs judiciously. But the cases are rare, and it will generally be found that the man least capable of taking care of his own money, is the very man who is most determined that he alone shall handle it, and the experiment of tying herself to such a man, is always a dangerous one upon the part of the young woman.

But if a man has the handling of his own income, be it little or much, it does not take a philosopher to tell him, that ten cents *this* week is ten cents *next* week. It is as easy to pay fifty cents this week for coal-oil, which he will use *next* week, as to pay fifty cents for that which he *has* used *last* week. Nay! I think it is easier and certainly much more satisfaction. "But suppose" cries some perplexed one, "that we are just getting along, and very little more comes in each week than will settle the bills of the week before—suppose we have always done this way—how are we ever to catch up?"

The matter is a simple one, though it will take time and patience and very close calculation. Believe me, however, the world is willing, most times, to help its struggling brother and sister. Go to these people to whom you owe last week's bill and say to them frankly "we are going to try a new plan. We are going to pay cash for everything. Now we will pay you cash hereafter for everything we buy, and from time to time we will pay you something on your past bill." You will find them mainly reasonable and willing to help you in your plan. As soon as this system is established in the household, you will find that from week to week, the "very little left over" will increase by small but perceptible degrees, for the reasons before stated, and the burden of debt, so abhorrent to a sensitive soul, gradually will be lifted till at last you find yourself in that blessed region, "out of debt."

But the wife should have in her own hand the money that is to be spent. The husband should have nothing whatever to do with the financiering of the household. What is it to him whether his wife pays thirty-two cents per pound for butter this week, or ten cents for sugar last week? Why should he burden his mind, already so full of important items of business, with the prices of soap and starch? And yet if he does *not* make a point of knowing how the



market is, he surely is no more fit to market than the woman who knows nothing. No, the wife should learn from somebody (her husband if he is patient and capable of teaching), the proper method of spending the money for the house-expenses, and having learned, her husband should dismiss all the petty and annoying details from his mind and leave it free for weightier financiering. It is the discussing of all these petty household matters, with which the wife alone should battle, that often makes home-life a weariness to a man and a burden to his wife. Suppose for instance she asks for five cents for a spool of cotton. The next day she wants exactly the same thing. Surprise on the part of the husband and the remark that he thought she bought one *yesterday*. Then must follow an elaborate explanation on the part of the wife as to how, when she was talking to a neighbor about pickling cucumbers, and just as the neighbor reached the most interesting point, the baby picked up the spool and threw it into the fire; a half an hour is misspent—and often much ill-feeling engendered—in talking over a subject that need never even have been mentioned; when the time might have been spent much more profitably in some other way. If the young woman had the money in her own hands, she would never think of the incident of the spool of cotton a second time. She would simply repair her loss and accept her fate, and, if exceedingly pinched, would save the five cents in some other way and that would end the matter. The husband would not be obliged to ask irritating questions, nor to listen to voluminous, annoying explanations, and serenity would be preserved all around.

Let us suppose then, my lady, that you have the handling of *your* part of the finances absolutely in your own hands. Whether you are wealthy or poor, you should do the marketing *yourself*. No one is so well qualified to do this, as a competent mistress of a household, and if you feel that you are not competent, labor to make yourself so, as speedily as possible. A woman's duty to her husband is to learn to spend wisely and well, the money he earns. If ill health or any other positive necessity, interferes with your doing your own marketing, require a strict account of all money entrusted to be spent by a servant, no matter how valued that servant may be. All this can be done in the nicest, most inoffensive way, and the failure to make such a requisition, has often proved a temptation too strong for a weak nature which might otherwise have never been tempted to misappropriation. Often too, dealers will sell to an ignorant



servant, articles which they would not think of selling to an intelligent mistress.



At first you will have many struggles to make your income meet your outgo. You will start out each week with the heroic resolution to make your expenses come considerably inside of the limit of your money in hand, and each week you will be filled with dis-

may, to see your money melt in your hands like snow; and at the end of the week, you will have spent everything in hand and may be thankful if you have not over-run your account by contracting a bill somewhere. But take courage! Experience will come to you, young housekeeper, and as the months roll by, you will be amazed to find how many comforts, and even luxuries, may be provided with the same sum of money which was in the beginning, so insufficient for bare necessities, even.

Some one will tell you, perhaps, that the proper solution of your difficulties, will be to divide your necessities into "*can* haves" and "*must* haves," obtaining the "*must* haves" first, and allowing the "*can* haves" to wait until a more propitious time. But it seems to me that much more to the point is the remark of a young woman who has struggled hard to keep her head above water on a starvation income. "I have found" says she "it is not so much what I *must* have in this world as what I *can* have—not so much what I *can* do, as what I *must* do, for by a long experience, I find that I *can* do whatever I *must*—that what I can *not* have, I can and must do without."

When marketing, deal with such men as you feel are reliable, but even in dealing with these, look carefully that you are well served, for very often a careless or overburdened clerk will make a gross mistake, either as to quantity or quality—or perhaps even in the change he gives you—which would be a great annoyance and mortification to an upright proprietor.

Learn, too, the best places to buy certain articles of food. It is a noted fact that all dealers have some specialty. Merely because a man is a butcher by trade, and an upright man, do not fancy that everything in his shop is of first quality. One butcher has specially nice mutton always on hand, another particularly fine beef-steaks, while the general run of their meat is, perhaps, pretty much the same. Why then buy your mutton of the man who keeps the exceptional beef-steaks, or the beef-steaks of the man who excels in mutton?

The cutting up of a quarter of beef does not seem to you, perhaps, a matter of much moment, and yet in the peculiar *cut*, lies the butcher's success. Two men may stand side by side, each taking a quarter from the same bullock, and after they have finished, the resultant pieces will be entirely different. A few inches to the right or left, across the grain here, with the grain there, produces the most astonishing results. "Where is Mr.——?" asked a purchaser once of a butcher, "he always cuts me the most delicious steaks." "Yes," replied the butcher with a sigh, "he's sick and I do miss him



terrible. I never had a man in my shop that could handle a quarter of beef equal to him. He makes the very most of it, and no waste pieces. All is good meat that comes from under his knife. The fellow that I've got in now, uses up more stuff and makes poorer meat than anybody I ever saw."

The moral of all this is, go where you are best served.

Vegetables and fruit should always be fresh when bought. By "fresh" I do not mean immediately out of the garden—though that of course adds much to their flavor—but they should be free from all suspicion of staleness. By using stale fruit or vegetables, many an illness has been engendered and many a death has been unwittingly caused. A housekeeper can very often purchase "at a bargain" a quantity of berries, plums, cherries, etc., which the merchant is afraid will not "keep." There is no objection to her doing this, but they should not be put into use *raw*—they should be cooked at once, either by canning or preserving, and be laid away for future use. The cooking entirely destroys all the harmful properties of the otherwise pernicious article of diet.

There are certain vegetables, and fruits too, which never grow stale, and so long as absolute rot does not set in, are available as articles of diet. Apples, pears, potatoes, parsnips, beets, etc., may be kept any length of time without impairing their value, so long as they are devoid of defect. Such articles as these it is well to buy by the quantity—by the basket at least—as by that means much unnecessary expense is saved. It is but right that the grocer should be paid for handling each half-peck of potatoes, but if you buy them by the bushel, you save the price of their handling, by handling them yourself.

Sometimes, too, you may be on very good terms with your neighbor, or your mother may live next door. You can save much by contracting with each other for a half-basket of something, of which neither wants the whole. I can illustrate this by one instance. Two young housekeepers of my acquaintance used to market for each other alternate days in the week, each knowing the tastes of the other. Everything was purchased at commission houses in the quantity and much labor and expense saved to both.

But supposing that the question of finances has been satisfactorily settled between the young couple, and that the young housekeeper is moderately experienced in household matters before assuming the care of her own house, there is yet another great difficulty to be met—the harrowing question, "what shall we have?"





"Paul," says Virginia, "what would you like for dinner?"

Now Paul, who has, perhaps, just laid in a goodly store of fairly well cooked material, is about as unfitted to answer this question, as a man could well be. He really, at that precise moment, "would like" nothing more, as his capacity has been pretty well tested already, and he finds it an exceedingly difficult matter, just after he has completed his third round of buttered toast, with eggs and ham and coffee to match, to make up his mind as to just what his desires will be, when the next meal comes around in its turn. Consequently, Paul is indifferent at the time, and probably replies: "O, anything will do! Get what you like." And poor, confiding, uninitiated Virginia, not having as yet had proper experience in the wide discrepancy between a man's appetite as measured directly after breakfast, and again just before dinner, thinking that he means what he says—and he honestly does at the time—innocently takes him at his word. And Paul, having whetted an already sharpened appetite, by visions of a "good dinner" as *he* interprets it, returns to find that Virginia has taken him literally, and has provided what she "likes," without any reference to the fact that he abominates boiled mutton, and has only loathing for parsnips. But, being a gentleman—and a very hungry gentleman at that—he tries to swallow his prejudices and the mutton at the same moment, and endeavors meanwhile to look cheerful. But circumstances are against him, and hunger cries aloud within him. Virginia sees that there is "something wrong," but does not know what. She perceives that her lord does not take pleasure in the "lovely little dinner" she has worked so hard to have "exactly right," and her soul is rent with fearful misgivings. Being a brave, sensible little woman, she says nothing about it, and seems to notice nothing; but there is a cloud, and her appetite is gone. Paul is hungry and reticent—Virginia is hungry (though she does not know it) and disturbed, and all because Paul did not know in the morning, after a good breakfast, that he did *not* want mutton and parsnips at night. Being necessarily economical, the hated mutton is "reproduced" the next morning for breakfast. This Paul succeeds in washing down with several cups of hot coffee, and really does pretty well. But still, Virginia is unsuspecting that it was the mutton and parsnips which preyed on his mind the night before, and the fatal experiment will be repeated at no very distant date, unless a kindly fate interferes.

Now, as we are all so constructed that there are some things to



which we have a positive aversion—others, for which we entertain only mild dislike or indifference—again others that absolutely do not agree with us—and yet a fourth class which we favor very highly—the best plan is for the young wife to find out as early as possible the various tastes with which her husband is afflicted, for an affliction it certainly is to possess violent dislikes and likes for certain kinds of food. Nevertheless, they must be respected, and the young wife's best hold is to find out as soon as possible, so that she may have something to go upon as a guide. It would be well for the husband to *learn to like* certain articles of food, for which he has now only indifference. That this can be done, is proved by the fact that wives eat daily, articles for which they have little taste. This they do because suiting *both* palates would involve labor and expense which they are not prepared to meet. Finally, with constant practice, taste changes, and the unpleasant articles become actually palatable. Every article of food which a husband learns to like, adds just so much to the ease with which a young woman can look after her household. Because, many men's tastes being exceedingly limited, it is very difficult to gratify them, and still have a pleasing variety, and at the same time keep within a limited income.

Let us suppose, then, that our wise little woman has, early in her married experience, learned to a reasonable degree her husband's tastes in regard to diet, and has made up her mind just about what she has to live on. Her next step will be to think seriously of the ordering of her larder. Eggs are cheap, perhaps, and easily prepared, but the most patient man becomes irritable and depressed if treated to them too often.

The very best way will be to lay out in her mind a regular programme for daily provisions. Being inexperienced, let her try one week first. Let her begin with the dinners. These she can probably fill out as intended. Then let her add a programme for a week's breakfasts. This she will probably be obliged to modify, because there will be something unexpectedly "left over," which she will feel the necessity of "using up." But, then, she can make a general plan, which she will find to be a great help. She will in time learn her own needs and possibilities, and will soon find that having the meals "thought out" several days beforehand is a great relief. It will often happen, perhaps, that the day she has laid out for roast beef and apple pie, will prove to be the one, for some unforeseen circumstance, upon which she *must have* stewed veal and cottage





WAITING.

pudding; but, then, what of that? The regulations should be merely general ones, so that they can be readily adjusted, or readjusted, to existing circumstances without any serious discomfort or discomposure to the housekeeper.

One of the best things that has been devised for young housekeepers, is a book of programmes, which has lately been gotten out by a practical housekeeper. In it are three times three hundred and sixty-five good, practical meals, while further over are recipes for every dish which she puts upon her bill of fare. It should be called, "Providing Made Easy;" for it certainly is a departure in that line.





## CHAPTER VI.

### MOVING AND HOUSE-CLEANING.



BEFORE closing this section of the volume, I cannot refrain from a few words on the subject of moving and house-cleaning, for certainly they may be classed in the same category of household disagreeables and mentioned in connection, one being but an exaggeration of the other.

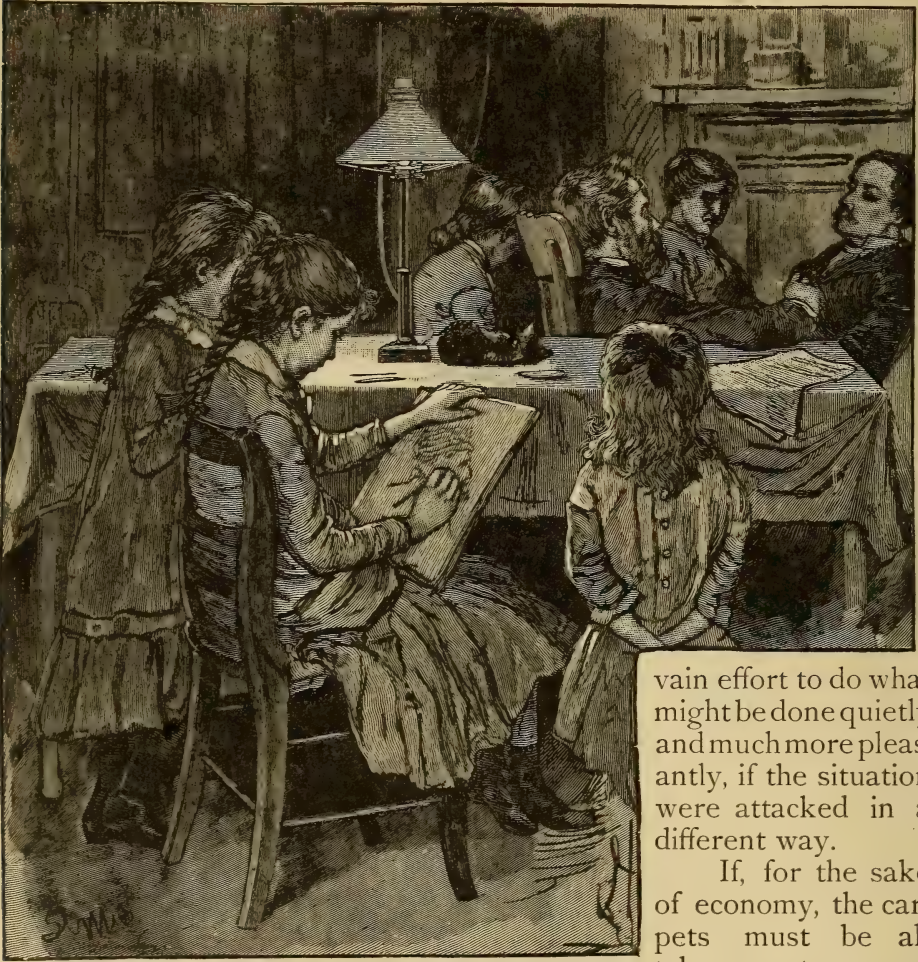
Many and poor are the jokes made upon these dread topics, and perhaps either or both may have a comic side, but the tired, unnerved mover or house-cleaner fails to see it. Some people, others laughingly declare, move every spring to avoid cleaning house. Well, in truth, a regular moving could not produce more of a revolution in some households than does the "spring cleaning."

How do they begin? Let us see! First, every room is turned topsy-turvy "from attic to cellar," and every carpet is taken up. The furniture is all left awry because "it will only have to be moved out again when the carpets are put down." Bedsteads are taken to pieces and put out in the yard, and the extra china packed in a tub, which is set in the front hall for everybody to stumble over, until wanted again. It is so much more convenient to clean an empty room than a full one, that every available object is set in the halls, until the rooms are again in process of being made habitable.

The house having been reduced to chaos, and the programme for meals having been reduced to a minimum of quantity and a maximum of discomfort, the process of cleaning begins. With swishing of water and scrubbing of brushes, and breaking of backs and aching of limbs, "order is brought out of chaos" within the prescribed "cleaning week"—but, deliver us! *such* a week!



If such processes were necessary to good housekeeping, I would not have a remonstace to offer, nor a word to say. If they were even economical in any degree, there would be nothing to do, but submit as gracefully as circumstances would permit. But they are a saving of *nothing*, and only wear out man and wife and children in a



vain effort to do what might be done quietly and much more pleasantly, if the situation were attacked in a different way.

If, for the sake of economy, the carpets must be all taken up at once, so

as to be completed in one load, begin several days before they are wanted by taking out all the tacks. This can be done with very little moving of furniture, and the furniture can be at once replaced, and the house will not look as if a cyclone had struck it.

The carpets can then be taken up, one or two daily, the floors wiped up and the furniture again restored to place. At the end of a few days your carpets are all up, and, while it is unpleasant, perhaps, to be without them, it has been really the *only* unpleasantness to which it has been necessary to subject the men of the household. Meanwhile, you have been able to clean some of the rooms, and by the time the carpets are returned to you, it is possible to put them in order, perhaps, in a short time. It is not fair that the men of the household should suffer any more discomfort from the ills of house-cleaning than is absolutely unavoidable, and it is wise to have the meals as well-cooked and as regular as at other times. It gives the house-cleaner more stamina and nervous force to go upon, and it keeps her lord in a better humor—a highly desirable consummation of circumstances.

But if it is *not* necessary to take up all the carpets at once, for the sake of some point of economy in the shaking, it would be better never to have a "house-cleaning."

I hear a chorus of "Oh's" rise from all the indignant house-keepers who strike this sentence, nevertheless I repeat it. I have the courage of conviction. A "regular house-cleaning" is not a necessity. When a day comes around upon which the weather is favorable and other things propitious, *clean one room*, and then that is done. In the course of a few days, clean another one, and in a few weeks the house-cleaning is done, your health is not impaired, and the discomfort attendant upon this era of household affairs, has been almost imperceptible to the masculine faction.

With many, moving is the same chaotic performance as is house-cleaning. The household goods are all moved "higglety-pigglety;" the pots and pans are set in the parlor, the bedsteads are put in the dining-room and everything is left as upset as possible against the time of "putting to rights."

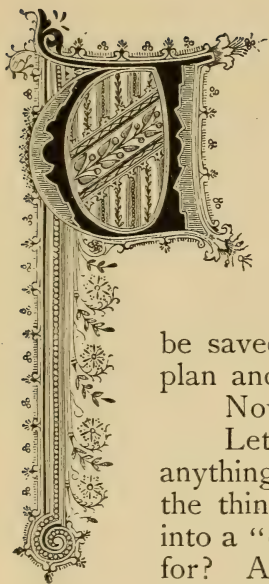
When possible, *do* have your carpets put down in the new dwelling before a single article of furniture has been moved, and then have the furniture put directly into the room for which it is designed.

And finally, whether moving, or cleaning, or baking, or sewing, aim to do all with the greatest ease and comfort to yourself and those around you.



## CHAPTER VII.

### HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.



UNDER this head, I do not include the ordinary pots, kettles and pans, which are not so much conveniences as necessities, but I wish more especially to refer to many little things of which many housekeepers do not think.

I wonder, have you any idea how unnecessarily uncomfortable many housekeepers are?

Have you any idea how many steps may be saved by a little forethought, ingenuity, or ability to plan and oversee carpenter work?

Now, let us see! What shall we consider first?

Let us enter the attic, and look around! Is there anything there that can be improved? Ah, yes! Just the thing! There is a recess that can be boarded off into a "dark closet." And, what is a "dark closet" good for? A dark closet is a most valuable accessory to the housekeeper's stock in trade. In that dark closet, she will hang her hams and her pieces of dried beef. Carefully cured, she can lay in a large stock of these, if it so please her, without danger of either mould or decay. If I have any special advice to a young housekeeper, who is about arranging or building a house, the first point is to have "closets and closets and closets." There is nothing which so contributes to the possibilities of neatness as plenty of closet room. If you do not own your house, or for some reason do not care to go to the expense of the carpenter work, a five-cent calico curtain, in the attic, and at more expense, cretonne, satine, or canton flannel, on the lower floors, will make an effectual barrier to dust—that bane of the housekeeper's existence.

For packing away winter clothes, another accessory of the attic should be a large chest—or *two*—if you have enough to fill them; I'm



not particular as to number. This chest should be at least seven or eight feet long by three broad and three deep. Preferably, it should be constructed of cedar wood, but, as this is rather expensive, it may be made of any other wood, but must be *light*-proof. Lined with thick, heavy paper, and with the garments properly cared for before they are put in, with camphor, pepper, or cedar chips, as you may prefer, you should have a moth-proof receptacle for your winter clothes. Many who consider themselves very careful, are horrified to find when they remove their clothing in the fall, from such a receptacle as this, that they are literally "riddled with moths."

This does not arise from the condition of the chest in most cases, nor yet because the clothing is not properly covered and secured, but from the mistaken, but very prevalent idea, that it is the moth-fly which eats the goods. "There wasn't a moth in the clothes anywhere, and I put them away just as carefully!" they exclaim when the sad condition of the articles is discovered.

The trouble is this—the moth-fly seeks dark, secluded places for laying her eggs. The woolier the place, the better it is for her purpose. Here she lays her tiny eggs, and the careful, unsuspecting, young housekeeper packs away her winter goods, and carefully packs away in them, the very "fell-destroyer" she is seeking to evade: for it is the little worm which hatches out from these eggs, which eats the goods. Could our clothes be kept out in a bright, sunny room, and be brushed and thoroughly *disturbed* every few days, there would be little danger of their destruction by moths, for they will only deposit their eggs where they feel that the larvæ will be free from disturbance when hatched out.

Before packing clothing away, all possible soil should be wiped off, the pockets turned inside out, and thoroughly cleaned and brushed, and the whole article put in as good condition as possible, so that when the time for their use again comes around, they may be entirely ready to put on. There is another reason for all this precaution, which is, that there is yet another enemy which attacks chiefly soiled spots. This is commonly known as the "silver-fish."

We have been "upstairs," now we will go *downstairs*, and in "My Lady's chamber." And what here? Oh, so many things! A curtained closet here, a dressing table there, a wall-pocket for odd slips of paper, a pretty, ornamented and ornamental bag for soiled collars and cuffs and handkerchiefs—making a pretty odd bit of color against the door frame or upon the wall—and through all, the



GATHERING DANDELIONS.



underlying principle of useful ornament and ornamental usefulness. One of the most useful things with which the furnishing of a room can be supplemented, is a simple little rack of a strip of walnut, say, about three inches wide, and of a length suitable for the purpose. On this, nail a strip of leather about an inch wide. By careful measurement of the articles concerned, nail the leather so as to form compartments, into which may be slipped the handles of brush, comb, tooth-brush, nail-brush, nail-file and button-hook. Bore two holes in the strip of board, and hang the whole arrangement up in the place most convenient for daily use. There should be one of these simple articles of furniture to every occupant of the room. There is nothing which earlier promotes respect of the property of others—a most desirable attribute—than exclusive proprietorship in articles of the toilet, and being held responsible for their safe, neat keeping.

Let us step across the hall, to the sitting-room, where “My Lady” sews. Here, by the window, from which she keeps a mother’s watchful eye upon the little ones at play, we find her sewing-table, her basket, her needles and thimble, her spools of cotton and silk, her buttons and her darning-balls. But, I wonder if she has a darning-bag? That wonderful convenience, with its large pocket for the undarned stockings, and its small pocket with its reels of colored threads, its needle-book and its china-egg, over which to darn the huge holes in father’s heel or baby’s knee. I wonder, too, if she has a regular sewing-apron, that positive luxury, made by turning up about ten inches and sewing it down into pockets of assorted sizes? Has she a lap-board? And above all, I wonder has she a cutting-table? If not, she certainly should, as soon as possible, procure one which has one edge laid off in inch spaces. Its value in sewing, and the more especially in dressmaking, is immense.

But there is a household convenience, which is within the reach of every housekeeper, and having once possessed one, I will venture to assert that when she moves, the first thing she will want in her new home, will be her “adjustable table.” This is nothing more nor less than a shelf, three or four feet long by two and a half wide. This can be made of walnut or pine, according to the taste and pocket of the owner. It should be attached to the window-board with a couple of strong hinges. Underneath, should be a movable support, in the shape of a leg or brackets. When not in use, the support is turned in, the table let down, and presto! nothing is there



but an unobtrusive board against the wall. It is well to have this attachment fastened to the window near which the sewing machine stands, as it will be found convenient beyond measure sometimes, to rest upon it, the heavy part of some bulky piece of sewing.

"What *shall* I do for a closet in my sitting-room?" exclaims a distracted mother. "It's in a litter all the time, and yet I cannot complain, for the children have not a place to put a thing!"

"Make one."

"How?"

Curtain off a recess, and have "Paul" put up some hooks and some shelves, or put them up yourself.

"But Paul hasn't any time to put up shelves, and I'm as awkward as possible with carpenter's tools, and besides I haven't any recess."

Well, you *are* in pretty bad shape, but your case is not hopeless by any means. Place one upon the other on their sides, boxes of the same length and depth, but varying, if it please you, in width. Use as many as will make your closet the desired height. Fasten them together with a nail or two in each one, and behold! you have a useful, if not very ornamental article of furniture, the sides of the boxes forming the ready-made shelves. Now curtain this arrangement with a curtain that divides in the middle, and hangs pretty full in front, but to which there need be but little fullness on the sides, and lo! your unsightly furniture has developed into a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." If you wish to add an extra touch of grace, you can stain the boxes with walnut or cherry stain, and finish off the edges of your shelves with scalloped leather of crimson or russet color, kept in place with a row of brass-headed nails. One more improvement may be made by fastening your curtain to a board or boards which are somewhat longer than your boxes. When this board is fastened to the top of your improvised closet, you have an added space at each end, which may be utilized as a hanging closet by putting a row of nails or hooks upon the outside ends of your boxes.

The amount of uses to which ordinary wooden boxes can be put by an ingenious woman cannot be computed. I even know of a very convenient desk which was made in this way, but of which I will leave the description till a later and more appropriate chapter.

Let us now descend to the dining-room. With the idea that steps must be saved wherever possible, let me say that one of the

very greatest conveniences in the construction of a house, is a small window between the dining-room and the kitchen, which is to be closed by a wooden door when not in use. Many a step is saved by being able to place a number of things on the window-ledge of this opening, and then going round into the dining-room *once*, instead of *many* times, and removing them to their proper places.

Likewise, of immense value is an adjustable table like the one mentioned previously, as an attachment to the sitting-room. It should be attached to the wall, so that when it is raised it will be within easy reach of the housekeeper when sitting at the head of the table. This is desirable whether there is a servant to wait upon the table or not, as it is equally convenient to mistress and maid.

And now the kitchen! Where shall we begin? There is so much to be done and had and said in this department, the private, particular and peculiar province of the "Queen," that it is almost impossible to know where to commence. But, I really think that the first point is the abolition of that almost invariable step which is at the entrance to the dining-room or the out-shed, if not to both. For what reason the custom of putting this step should have attained, no one seems able to say. But that it is bad for the feminine back, and irritating to the feminine soul, no one will deny. And any one who has counted the many steps up and down, up and down, which must be taken between kitchen and dining-room and shed, in one hour, will be more than willing to abolish this unnecessary step, and will endeavor to make, or have made, all the *working* part of the house upon a level. Then the adjustable tables! If useful *elsewhere*, what may we call them *here*? One at the end of the sink for dishes; one at the window for baking-day, or for the small ironing-board when a little pressing is to be done; anywhere, everywhere, in all available places. When not in use, no space is occupied—when needed, at hand.

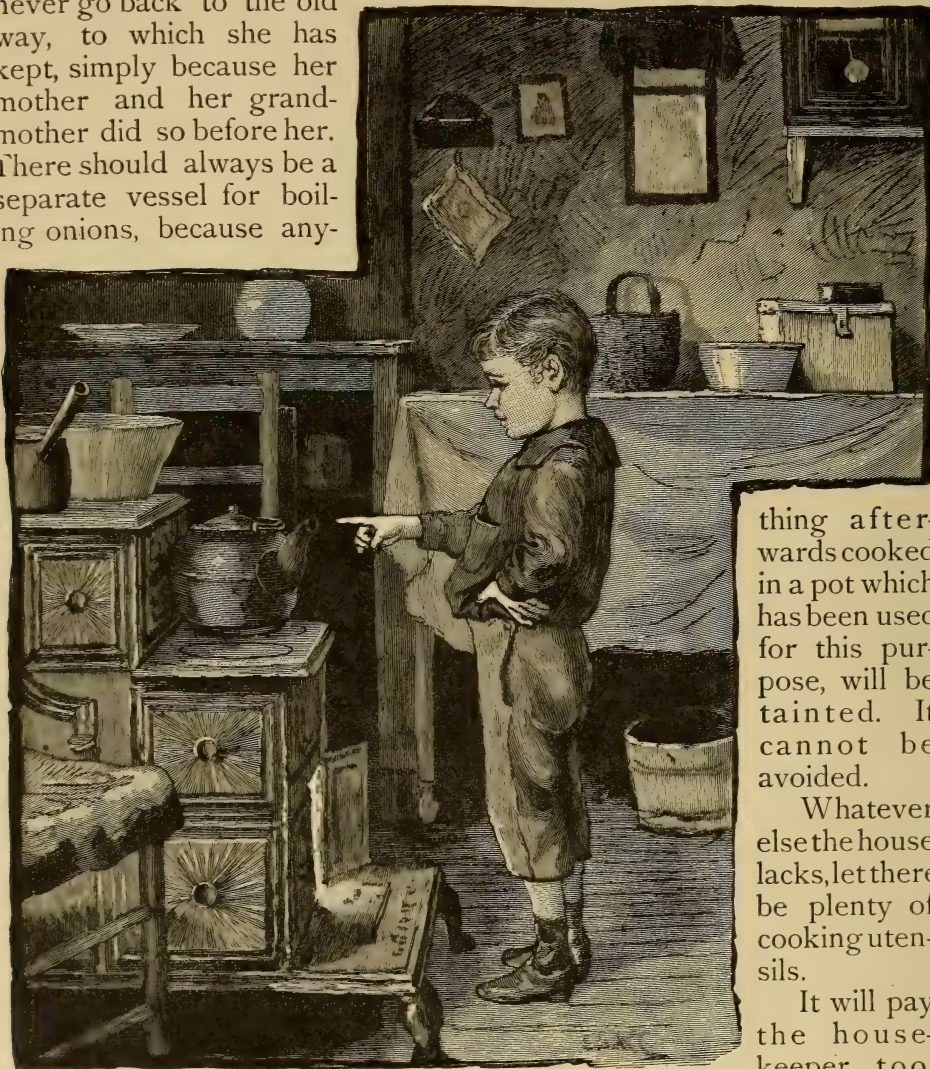
Now, I do wonder how many cooking utensils you have?

A very mistaken idea prevails that there is economy in a small stock and in primitive ways of doing things. But merchants, business men and mechanics have long ago learned the wisdom and benefit of labor-saving machinery, and when this can be borne in upon the householder, much of woman's work will be eliminated. In these days of cheap tools and materials, there are many things to be bought for—shall I say it?—for *five cents*, that are a boon to the housekeeper.

When you can obtain a nice little wire broiler for five cents, one that will last a year or two, why broil upon a more expensive iron



one, your mutton chops, your mackerel, your tomatoes and your toast? There should be a distinct utensil for cooking each one of these, and any housekeeper who once tries having separate broilers, will never go back to the old way, to which she has kept, simply because her mother and her grandmother did so before her. There should always be a separate vessel for boiling onions, because any-



thing afterwards cooked in a pot which has been used for this purpose, will be tainted. It cannot be avoided.

Whatever else the house lacks, let there be plenty of cooking utensils.

It will pay the housekeeper, too,

at her earliest opportunity, to visit some large establishment which has on sale the latest inventions. Why should a woman continue to break off her fingernails in scratching and scraping the bottoms of the



"pots and kettles and pans," when for a few cents she can have a "chain dish-cloth," which will do the work in half the time and twice as well? Why struggle with a piece of meat, dropping it back into the boiling liquor, half a dozen times at the imminent risk of scalding herself, when a little money invested in a "double meat-fork"—an instrument made very much after the fashion of a dredging-fork—will do away with all such danger, and accomplish the work with neatness and despatch at one trying? Why slice cucumbers or raw potatoes in chunks, as one may say, when there is a cucumber cutter to be had, which will make thin, delicate slices, that are much more dainty and much more digestible?

Why stone cherries, or pare apples by hand, when there are to be had at a small expense, machines for that purpose?

Among the nicest things for the kitchen is a solid glass rolling-pin and a potato-masher. Only those who have tried them know how superior to the wooden ones are these glass arrangements.

A little fine wire strainer, just large enough to fit into the top of a pitcher, and having two wire attachments that make it possible to support it on the sides of said pitcher, in a perfectly secure position, is something without which no housekeeper should rest content, especially as it can be had for five cents, and is like many proprietary medicines, "good for everything."

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the wash-machines, the boilers, the wringers, the egg-beaters, the step-ladders, the irons, the iron-holders, the coffee pots—in fact the things innumerable—that flood the land in the way of the "latest inventions." But so much I can and will say—if there comes to your notice anything in the way of a new invention, which, upon careful investigation and mature consideration, seems likely to perform for you, even if it does it no more quickly, work which you have always done by hand, buy that machine or utensil if you can possibly afford it. It will save its price, if only in a doctor's bill, sometimes.

"O, I can do it as well by hand! It only takes me a little longer, and I can't afford to buy one unnecessary thing," says some housekeeper when some invention is brought to her notice. "Only takes a little longer!" Can she afford to lose the time? "Unnecessary!" Is anything *unnecessary* which saves *time*?

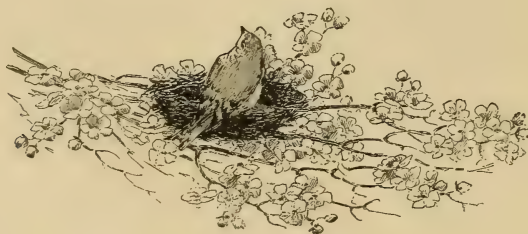
*Money* we value—only too highly most of us—but because *time*, like the oil in the widow's cruse, can be divided up among millions and still remain the same, we hold it cheap, but in these days of

rush and turmoil, it behooves us all to "keep up with the times."

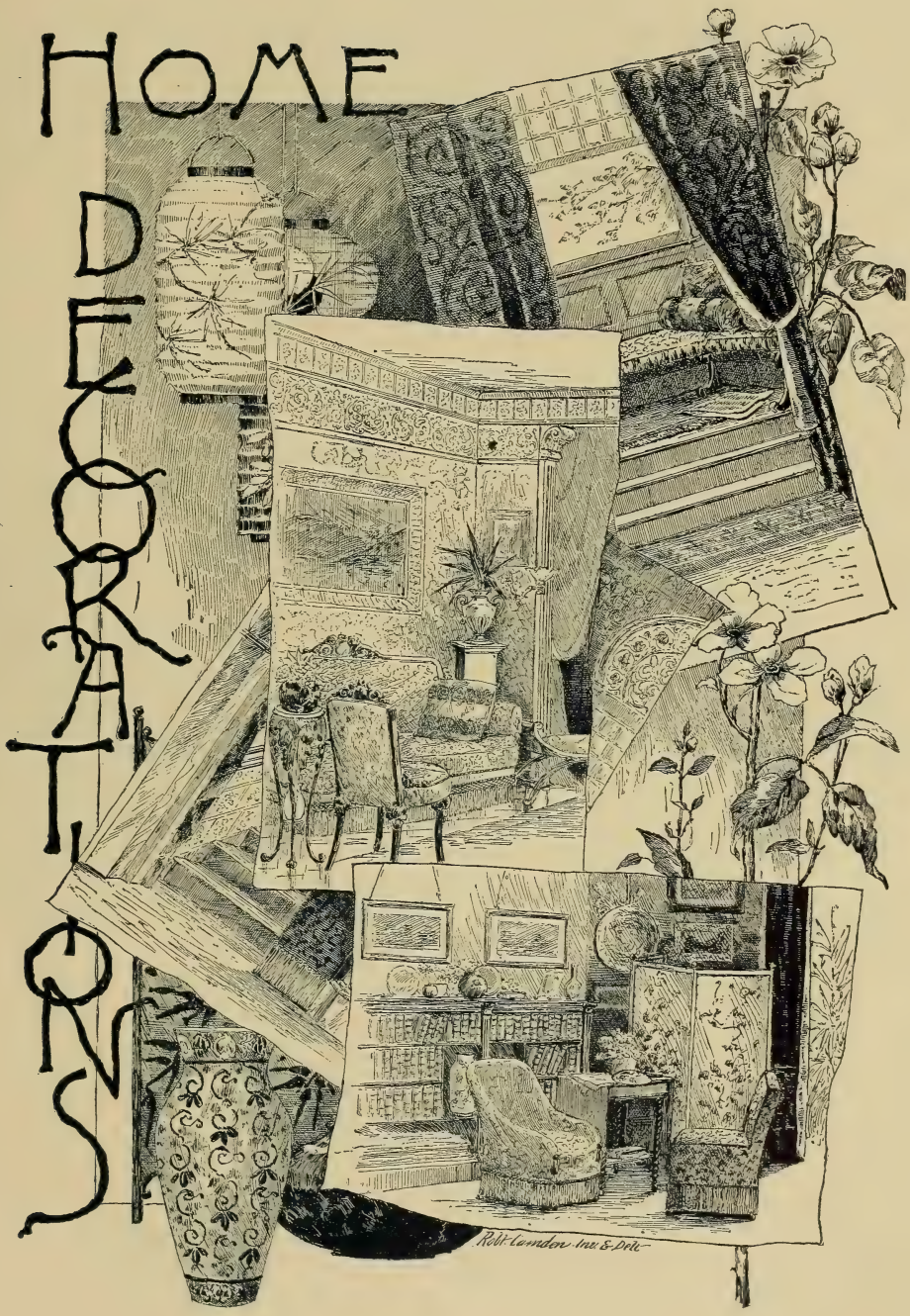
There is much said and written about what our "fore-mothers," as Samantha Allen hath it, were capable of accomplishing, but those who thus write, must remember that of those same "fore-mothers," not nearly so much was expected, either in a social or a literary way, and, in order to fulfill the requirements of an exacting community, women must *make* time.

Besides, if our husbands and fathers are not content to flail out their wheat as their fathers did before them; if they, instead of carrying water to their cattle or pumping it for them, put in wind-mills to do the work, and save their own time and backs; if the scythe is relegated to the past, and mowing machines take its place; if the typewriter does the work of the quill pen of past ages; if the lineotype does the work of three or four compositors; if the telephone does the work of the errand-boy; in short, if man in all departments and branches of his labor, conspires to invent and introduce that which shall save time and expense, and serve to cheapen hand-labor, why not, so far as possible, introduce the same principle into *woman's* work? The man who buys himself a mowing machine, arguing that it saves time and labor, yet compels his wife to use the old churn she has used all her life, is short-sighted, to say the least. The man who puts in a wind-mill to draw water for the cattle, and save the labor of himself and men, and fails at the same time to make an attachment that will likewise carry water for the house, is careless of the comfort of the household, not to say, selfish to the last degree.

The man who has a typewriting machine in his office, and no washing machine in his kitchen, makes a great mistake. And I say again, that it is a man's duty, and a woman's privilege to put into the kitchen every utensil and convenience that will save time, labor, thought, or back.







Robt. Langdon - Inc. & Dale







# HOME DECORATIONS.

*ANNIE R. RAMSEY.*

## CHAPTER I.

### COLOR AND DECORATION IN THE HOUSE.



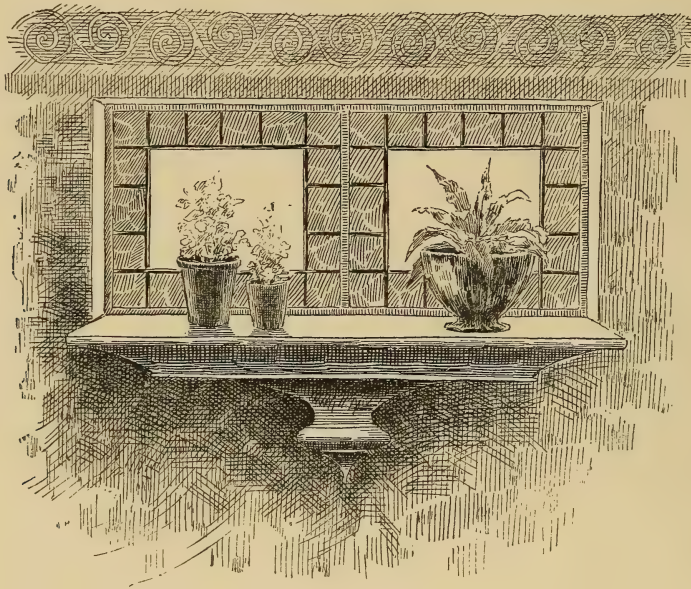
**P**AUL and Virginia are married, and, like birds in Spring, are beginning to think of building their nest, but, unlike the robins, they have no instinct to guide them, no world full of free materials; they must make the taste, judgment and experience of others, their guide, and must often feel the need of money. For Paul and Virginia are not wealthy; only a healthy, happy, common-sense young couple, trying to make a cozy home on a few hundred dollars, and already, perhaps, a little disheartened at the mysterious way things have of "counting up;" at the rapidity with which their money flies away, without procuring for them the many luxuries of their bachelor and maiden days.

To help such young people, and, it may be, many an older couple, it is my privilege to write these papers, which embody, most truthfully, actual experiences.

The first query that I address to all would-be home makers is—"Where is the house to be?" If you can not tell me this, pray lay aside all questions of furniture and furnishings, until you can. But



I hope you answer promptly: "in the country," or, if in a city, in the suburban quarters thereof; for here you may add to your lives, the great delight of a small garden, and, believe me, Virginia, every simple pleasure which husband and wife may share in common, is better than money saved. Of course there is the trite objection that living out of town adds much expense in the way of car-fare to the yearly account, but this is quite balanced by cheaper rents, and the fact that Virginia will find she can dress less, entertain less and be, in many ways, more independent and economical than in the heart of



a city. Besides, there is nothing like the purer air of the country, which Paul may enjoy after his day's work is over.

Before you buy, or rent, be sure that the house has a good, dry cellar, with gravel soil beneath its floor, or is cemented—for a wet, clayey cellar has in it a ghost which walks nightly, and bad drainage is a whole legion of demons, known as malaria. To be sure that all these things are right, go to the necessary expense of having a *disinterested* plumber (not one in the neighborhood) visit the house and test the pipes and drains.

The heater—if there be one—should have a cold-air box, to supply

the house with fresh, outside air (else you will, you *must* breathe cellar air, from the moment your fires are lit); and it is a good thing to visit, if possible, the last tenant, to inquire if heaters, stoves and ranges do their duty—for some very attractive looking houses refuse to be warmed, cannot be made to furnish hot water, and will not bake or roast. If you value your temper and peace, do not take such a house.

If you rent, see that the lease provides for all repairs, and try to induce your landlord to make whatever alterations you deem necessary—a man will often do much to procure and keep good, careful tenants.

If you are going to buy, consult a builder—also disinterested—as to how well (or ill,) the house is constructed, how the woodwork will wear, how the floors are laid, and the doors and windows hung. Try, by all means, to find a house with a southern exposure, or, with, at least, some southern windows, with others to the west or east, for into northern windows, the sun never peeps the whole year through. Try very hard to find a light hall, and, even if a house suits in every other particular, do not dream of taking it, if the hall is dark, unless you are able to go to the expense—a small expense—of having a window cut. These hall windows can be put into any house not on the inside of a city row, and add very greatly to the pleasant impression of the entrance.

If you find some of your rooms dark, do not use them just as the architect intended; for these gentlemen have been known to economize space, or carry out the conventional arrangement of dining room, sitting room or parlor, without reference to light and sun. And if the room he calls dining room, is dark and gloomy, you would do well to select some brighter one for the purpose. By very little added expense, you can use the room on the second floor for a dining room, and this will invariably add much to your light and cheerfulness. In most city houses, one or two plans prevail, both necessitating a dark dining room, but, which very fortunately for us, admit of the change suggested. By putting in a dumb-waiter and butler's pantry in the upstairs room, the lower room may be turned into a snugger for Paul to use for his smoking, if he has this bad habit, or for Virginia to receive an informal visitor. The upstairs dining room will lack no convenience and is no more trouble to serve meals in—thanks to the dumb-waiter—than the old dark room downstairs; the merest mite of a closet can be made to hold the waiter—or, it can be built in a

tiny room, thrown out from the wall like a bay-window. Any clever carpenter can make either arrangement, and you will never cease to be glad you insisted upon the change.

The house decided on, make up your minds what you want, long before you go into the stores to buy, and this will entail much looking, pricing, thinking and debating, as to what is absolutely necessary and what you can afford. Don't grow discouraged, but try to bear in mind some rules which are sure to help you.

In the first place, your house must, and will, in spite of you, express the character and taste of the people who live in it. It is this law which leads people (who are quite unaware of its existence) to crowd their rooms with books, if they love books; to hang color in every nook and corner, if they delight in color; to make stiff, empty rooms, if they themselves do not care for beauty; to load every inch of space with ornamentation, if they lack order, or are not alive to artistic proprieties. And this law, betrays the householder's character just as certainly in the tasteless monstrosities in the homes of the wealthy as in the barren ugliness of some houses where small means are.

Don't be afraid of having any thing you really like, but be sure you know *why* you like it.

Another rule for you to observe is that each room should at once declare the purposes to which it is put—that is, your parlor must not suggest a bedroom in its trifles of decoration, nor your dining room a parlor, but each must have its separate and distinct character.

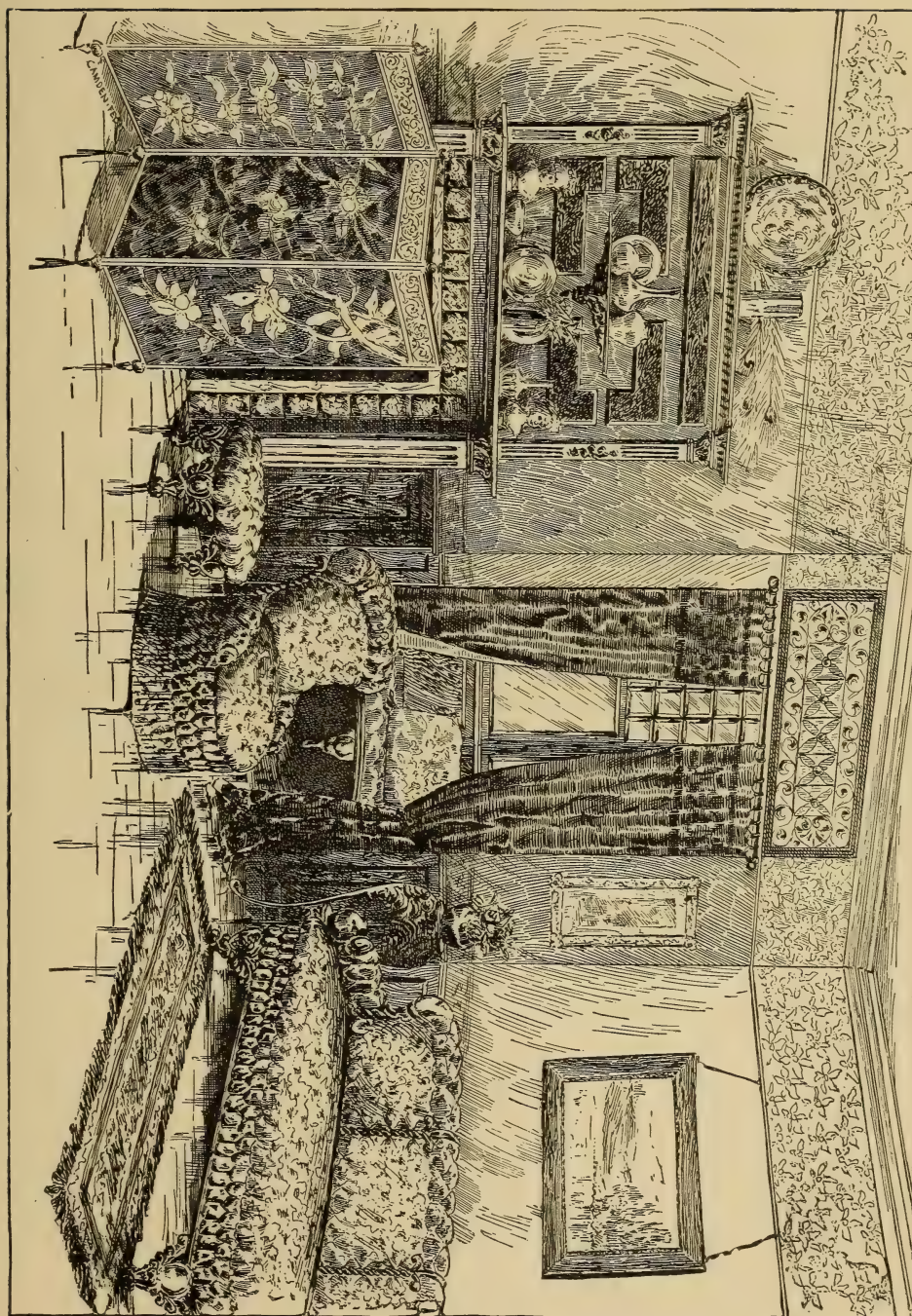
Then, too, you must remember that a house to be really cozy, must be used, every part of it, every day, else the unused parts will inevitably grow stiff and formal, and strike a chill to your visitor, when you do open the closed doors and windows to do him honor.

This rule—it goes without saying—will also insist that the scale of expenditure shall be most evenly kept throughout the house. It is better to have fewer, plainer things in the parlor, and the bedrooms comfortably and prettily furnished, than to spend your precious money for the public parts of the house, leaving the upper floors poor and mean. There must be this unity throughout the house, if all your efforts to decorate are to be a success.

Have you never visited where, passing from floor to floor—nay, from room to room—was like going into other spheres?

Remember, too, that what is right and appropriate for a city





mansion, is likely to be quite out of place in the small parlor or cozy living-room of your little home.

Still another law of good decoration declares that there shall be no excess of ornamentation—no useless beautifying, such as a bow around the poker, milk-maid stools in the parlor, and sashes on the table legs; nor is it in good taste to use as ornament, anything perverted from the original purpose, or appropriate service—no hats for coal boxes, men with holes in their heads for salt-cellars and the like monstrosities; to say nothing of such things as the wooden shovel painted with apple blossoms on a sky-blue ground, and hung by an enormous bow beside the hearth, in elaborate, but ridiculous state! This excess of decoration might be called the “American disease,” but let us hope that it has nearly run its course, and that we are learning to have beauty *only* where it is needed and appropriate.

The question of color, too, is one where mistakes are made, and as all such mistakes are invariably most glaring, Virginia and Paul might spend some sleepless nights trying to avoid any error in this direction. But, fortunately, artists have laid down some rigid rules, under whose guidance we are comparatively safe. The principle for most color schemes, is found in the old law of complementary colors, which declares that no arrangement of color is quite complete unless *each of the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, is present in some shade, or combination*—not necessarily in the crude and brilliant state, but in softened mixtures with black and white, or combined with one another. Follow this out a little and you will see that green (being yellow and blue) agrees best with red—the third color; orange (red and yellow) needs blue, as a contrast; while purple (red and blue) requires some shade of yellow. As I have said, these are not merely the crude shades, but modifications of them; such, for instance, as nature uses when she delights our eyes with red carnations on their bluish green-grey stems; or the orange and blue may resolve itself into terra-cotta and pale sage-green, or, copper color and cold grey-blue; the purple and yellow may be lavender and cream, or heliotrope and gold, but still the law must be worked out to make a really lovely color scheme, which is to be your guide in selecting wall papers, curtains, carpets, draperies and furniture.

In the matter of color, we must not overlook the paint of the woodwork—even the natural color of the wood may be made to help, since, in our more modern homes, architects are using more and more, our beautiful native woods in their natural colors.



While on this subject of color, let me add that rooms are generally best treated, when the combination is made by many objects of different colors rather than many colors in one object—therefore, it is better to have walls of one color, curtains of some other, and furniture to match either, with a stray chair-seat, or cushion, or bit of drapery to give the needed hint of the third. In this way the beauty of your rooms will depend largely upon carpets, wall-paper and draperies.





## CHAPTER II.

### CARPETS.



ARPETS are generally so unsatisfactory and so expensive, as well as unwholesome, that I wish to enter a special plea for bare floors with mats over them. Rugs have many and manifest advantages. First, they can be more easily beaten out than carpets. Second, when a spot is beginning to wear, the position of the rug may be so altered as to bring the wear in a new place. There are two objections, however, raised to the fashion of bare floors and rugs: "They are so cold," and "They are so hard to care for." Now for the first objection. In the experience of years I have never found them cold. The very nicest thing you can have as a foundation for your rugs, is a wood carpet. As these are made by gluing strips and sections of wood upon a cloth foundation, they are in reality warmer than an ordinary carpet, as you may readily imagine. But such floors are expensive, and will be out of the reach of our young couple; though, if once put down, they last a lifetime.

The next thing in order of consideration is an article known among carpet men as "filling." It is an ingrain carpet woven in solid colors, and makes a warm, beautiful background to your rugs, if chosen in deep, rich hues. Or matting, in good colors, answers the same purpose in parlor or dining room, though I hesitate to say this, because matting in winter is unpleasant unless almost entirely covered with rugs.

As to the second objection, *i. e.* the care of the floors, I can only refer Virginia to my own experience, which, under the following methods, has found it no trouble to take care of bare floors these many years. The first obstacle will be the floor itself, which very

much more than likely, is uneven, knot-hole, full of cracks between the planks, and possibly splashed with color from the house-painter's brush. Remove all the paint by the use of caustic potash (kept by all druggists) which will dissolve paint if left on long enough—sometimes it requires forty-eight hours to do its work, when the paint is very old and hard. The floor must then be scoured with several waters, the rough holes planed even, and the cracks between planks filled with putty, else they will catch the dust and hold it in ugly streaks. The whole floor is then stained by the application of a mixture which is found in all paint and house-furnishing shops, and will be delivered to you in the country, in sealed cans, sent by express. These stains imitate, very successfully, the colors of oak, walnut, cherry, chestnut and mahogany. If you wish to make your floor imitate one laid in alternate planks of dark and light wood, only stain every other plank dark, leaving the intervening ones light. The liquid stain, as sold, is usually too thick, and will bear much thinning with turpentine—you may safely add an equal quantity of turpentine, if not more. This is, of course, applied with a large, soft brush—the washboard being carefully guarded by holding a pane of window glass between it and the active brush. If the stain is not obtainable, the recipe I give makes a fine walnut stain at little cost. Mix with *boiled* linseed oil, enough burnt umber to produce the desired shade, testing the color continually on a bit of board, until the rich, warm color of walnut is ready. Rub this into the floor, thoroughly, with a heavy woolen cloth—not a brush—giving all the pores of the wood a generous bath of the mixture, and then rubbing till none of the stain will discolor a fresh rag. The boiled linseed oil and burnt umber will be obtainable for you by the most primitive grocer or druggist, and the energy and backbone necessary to its successful application, should be hired in a man, for the work is too back-breaking for a woman. To finish the floor, no matter how the first stain has been applied, it should be waxed after the manner of Parisian floors. Slice or chip finely one pound of yellow beeswax into a gallon of turpentine—if this is too great a quantity, take half or a quarter of it, but preserve the same proportions. Let it stand all night, or, if you are in a hurry, keep it for several hours at the back of the range, or under the stove, where the heat is strong enough to melt the wax, but not to ignite the very inflammable turpentine. When it is all melted and stirred into a smooth paste-like liquid, rub it on the floor with a woolen cloth, using much force to rub it in thoroughly,

and leave no sticky surface. After an application or two, the stained wood will shine like a mirror, and on its glassy face no dust or dirt will stick too closely to prevent its removal with the hair brush, or a broom tied around with a rag. The floor will need to be waxed quite often at first—say once a week for a month—if you are aiming at a perfect floor, then once in two weeks, and finally, once in every month is all that is needed, if the floors are carefully gone over every week with the dry woolen cloth kept for this purpose.

As to the rugs you buy, that will depend, of course, upon the money you have to spend. Persian rugs, as everyone knows, are pre-eminently the most satisfactory, as well as the most beautiful, but they are so expensively economical as to be impossible to most of us. Small ones are however “picked up” quite reasonably sometimes in old junk shops, or at auction sales, or perhaps Virginia has been fortunate enough to have had some given her as a wedding present. Next to the genuine article may come the American imitation, *if*—and emphasize the *if*, please—*well chosen*. They are much cheaper than the real Eastern rug, but are not in any way so good and beautiful, although they are improving very much of late years, and occasionally, one finds them in very lovely colors. They may always be known by the fact that they are precisely alike on both sides. The other carpets sold by the yard can be made into mats, so as to give you one in Axminster, velvet, brussels or ingrain, but the very nicest kind, among these cheaper sorts, is the Art Square, or Kensington Square, as it is sometimes called. They are made in lovely colors and wear exceedingly well, being a heavier sort of ingrain with the border woven on. They are to be had in all sizes, shapes and colors, and are universally sold at the price of one dollar a square yard; so that even a large one will be much cheaper than carpeting the whole room with cheaper ingrain, to the price of which you must add the cost of “sewing” and “laying.” There is one quality of these squares, which costs nearly double the price of that already mentioned, but this is a “three-ply” ingrain instead of a “two-ply,” and, while more expensive, is sure to wear twice as long. The cheaper quality, however, is good enough to give great satisfaction, and is the one most generally used.

A still less expensive rug, and one quite appropriate to Virginia’s modest little home, is one she can have made before her marriage, while she still has her mother’s store of old carpets to draw upon. She must beg from her friends all the scraps of old ingrain which



would be perfectly useless to them, and she may even have to buy a few yards of bright colors. These carpets, old and new, must be cut along the selvedge length, into fine strips, the finer and longer the better, and given to the man who weaves rag carpet, and he will use them to make as pretty a rug as you will desire. It would be advisable however, not to undertake the cutting of the strips all alone—it is such tedious work that it will pay to give the job to some poor old body who needs the work. The amount of old carpet that it takes to make one of these rugs will astonish you. The best way to gauge it is to weigh an American rug of the size desired and send once and a half that number of pounds to the weaver. Of course, it is understood that only *ingrains* can be so used; the stiff linen back in brussels, velvets and the like, makes their use impossible.

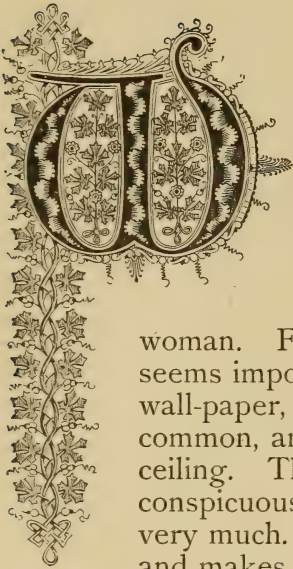
A large mat should always occupy the middle of the floor, and it should be square in shape if possible, thus allowing it to be frequently turned around. The smaller mats can then be placed at doorways, before sofas and easy chairs, and in front of bureaus and washstands, just as fancy dictates.

If you must have “all-over” carpets, nothing is prettier than the ingrains now made, though the more wealthy still choose English brussels and velvets. But whatever material the carpet may be, let me urge to have it pretty in design, and of a color to harmonize with the rest of the room; one with small figures and blending colors and none of those with gigantic scrolls or huge flowers. Take care not to choose one where the design brings out spots of color which, after a while, tire and vex the eye. The really safe carpet is that in which two shades of the same color are mixed, one being the background, the other the design, but such ingrains, it is thought, show soil and wear more than where there is a medley of color, or where, at least, two different colors are present.



## CHAPTER III.

### WALL-PAPER.



ALL-PAPER requires almost a volume to itself and, even then, we might fail to do justice to the varied and beautiful designs which paper-hangers now offer us. So much can be done with wall-paper, to alter and improve a room, to cover up defects and to brighten and beautify, that certain facts are not unworthy the study of any home-loving woman. For instance, in a room which is so high that it seems impossible to make it cozy, try the effect of a bright wall-paper, a dado higher than usual, a frieze deeper than common, and a warm, rather strong color on the papered ceiling. The horizontal bands on the wall, and the more conspicuous ceiling, will at once seem to lower the room very much. On the other hand, if the ceiling is too low and makes the room seem cramped and stifling, you have a help in a wall-paper on which the design ascends in vertical lines; a vine for instance, or, perhaps, in extreme cases, the walls may be divided into narrow panels by the use of upright mouldings. For the low room, omit the dado and frieze, substituting for the latter a border, put on in such a way that it bends over the angle made by the joining of wall to ceiling, three-fourths of its width lying on the ceiling and only one-fourth on the wall. With this, the palest and most delicate shade of greenish-blue is used for the ceiling, or, where the walls are *very* light, the ceiling may be papered like them and no border used at all. By any and all of these devices, the height of the room seems to be materially increased.

A small room should be papered in blue, if all things else permit, for oculists tell us that blue recedes from the eye, and this makes the room look larger. One peculiar shade of green-blue—

very light—possesses the quality in great force, as does also a very pale sage-green. But a deep blue is hard to make agreeable, if used in masses—it looks cold and heavy.

There is no need to urge the choice of small conventional designs. The large figured designs have lost their foothold in houses of modern dimensions, and the same may be said of gilt paper—the pride of our grandmothers! We can now find such pretty and such tasteful patterns in paper at very reasonable prices, that there is really no longer any excuse for the hideous patterns sometimes used. In choosing papers, do not buy any design that is “spotty,” especially for a bedroom; nor worse still, one that seems to creep or wave over the background. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that you may some day be ill in such a room, and then you will realize its horrors.

Choose papers, as a rule, which can be easily matched. There is a custom among paper makers of destroying designs after a certain length of time and thus depriving the market of the privilege of using a favorite pattern for years, nevertheless there are a few designs that seem to escape such a fate—one of these is the Chrysanthemum-like pattern here illustrated, and most *French* designs.



Always have a dado if your room permits, and for this advice there are economical as well as artistic reasons. The general wear and tear on wall-paper comes on the lower part first, and it is a comparatively easy matter to renew this by a new dado, when it might be quite impracticable to re-paper the whole wall. Even in a new house the fact that the dado does

not require any large quantity of paper, makes it possible to add to the rich effect of the room, since more expensive material may be used for the dado.

In deciding upon the color of your walls, you will need to consider the amount and kind of light the room receives. A room with much sunshine in it is made delightful by a yellow toned paper, while one without sun is made cosy by warm, light red, or pinkish walls. Yellow has a decided advantage in the fact that it does not change at



night, since the lamp or gas light does not alter it as it does most other colors, but rather adds to its softness. Your paper must always be looked upon as a background for yourself and your belongings, and unless you have gorgeous pictures, curtains and furniture, you will do well to avoid gorgeous papers; and the white and gilt, so loved in France and imitated here, requires the daintiest setting, and, in consequence, quite inappropriate to the house we are furnishing.

For most purposes, the "Boston felting" or "cartridge paper" as it is sometimes called, cannot be too highly recommended; it is found in every shade and variety of color. Its rough surface gives a soft, pleasing texture to the room, and as dust marks are readily wiped off with a dry cloth, it does not show the stained place behind pictures, plates and brackets, as much as any other sort of plain paper. Besides this, the felting wears excellently, and is always made in such good dyes that there is never any trouble about its fading. It is always a yard wide, and this fact makes it possible to use felting for dados with great advantage, since it is wide enough to be put on the room without cutting—using the width for the height of the dado. Considering its beauty and excellence, it is not expensive.

Rooms opening into each other, should be papered in harmonizing colors—the parlor, for instance, blue; the room beyond, sage-green, and the halls, terra-cotta—or, the parlor may be yellow, the room beyond pale blue or sage-green, and the halls pinkish with dark red paint. And by the way, all the woodwork should help out your color scheme. We are long past the day when every particle of wood in the room was covered with a coat of glaring white; very cold and ugly it was, and we are glad to be rid of the incessant washing off of spots made by the soiled hands of the dear, unthinking boys.

Children don't mean to soil the paint and leave their marks behind them, but then they do—it is their nature. How wise was dame Fashion when she dictated this change. Many a boy's life has been made wretched by an over-careful mother, whose one idea was to have an immaculate house. And the mother was equally wretched because she could not attain that height of her ambition—speckless paint. So, altogether, we are to be congratulated on the increased comfort all round, as well as the added beauty in our individual rooms, when we are permitted to tint our woodwork any shade to suit our fancy and our pocket-book.

If you insist upon it, and "stand over" them, painters will with

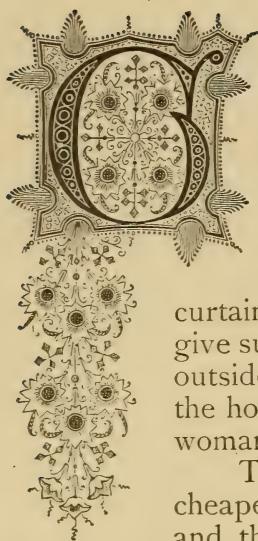
a fair amount of grumbling, mix you just the shade you ask for—provided always that you know what you want and do not give up till you obtain it. There is a popular error afloat that paint can not go over paint, but this is a great mistake in most instances. From some curious chemical law, *colored paint will not stick over white*, but after a very short time flakes and peels off in patches, at every knock or bump, showing the white beneath. This, however, is the only case of such perversity, for, as a rule, all paints—even white—will stick over a dark color, unless, indeed, the woodwork is already too heavily coated with many layers of old paint. Then there is no remedy except the expensive one of burning the paint off, though sometimes the same results can be obtained by the use of caustic potash, applied in generous baths by means of a long-handled brush or mop.

Your rooms being papered, painted and carpeted, you will next need to consider draperies.



## CHAPTER IV.

### DRAPERIES.



COMPLETING your color scheme will be greatly helped by your curtains, though lambrequins, chair backs and table scarfs, aid very materially.

For curtains, it is *quite* desirable to have three sets, at the parlor windows at least, if nowhere else, and it seems *equally* desirable that every window in the house should have a "pane curtain," of white or some delicate flimsy material. They give such a neat, finished look to a room, and, seen from outside, add a hundred per cent. to the attractiveness of the house—much as white ruffles at neck and cuffs of a woman's dress, add to the wearer's finished look.

There is no lack of suitable materials among the very cheapest goods, so that poverty is no longer any excuse, and the cheap things last a long time if chosen with judgment and treated with care. The best of the low-priced materials are dotted muslins, scrim, crazy cloths, or even cheese cloths, which all do nicely for any bedroom and modest parlor, though they are not rich enough for handsome rooms. For this, you will find imitation lace, Nottingham lace, Madras and China silks—the last being by far the best, if you are going to admit color into these pane curtains—for the China silk cleans admirably and wears a lifetime, while all the others, especially Madras, are more or less difficult to wash. Madras, if cheap, has little to recommend it, for it washes abominably. All these short pane curtains must have the lower edge finished by ball fringe, tassels, lace or tiny ruffles, to make the stiff line of the edge more graceful and flowing.

Whatever the materials for your curtains, do not fasten them to the sash by means of rods run into the hem at top and bottom, and do not then split the curtain up the middle and draw it back to each



side with bands of ribbon, as is the favorite method in some homes, but which only results in making a diamond-shaped space in the middle of the lower sash, bounded on all sides by folds of drapery, as stiff and hard as if moulded from iron—a result quite foreign to the nature of lace and silk—which ought always to be flowing and graceful.

To remedy this, put the curtains on one rod at the top, fastening the ends of this to the window *frame* (not the *sash*, which may thus be raised and lowered independent of the curtain), the curtain being hung on the rod by means of tiny brass rings, sewed at regular distances on its upper edge. If the rings are large enough to slip easily over the rod, the curtains can be readily pushed aside to admit all possible light and air.

To get rid of the ugly, vexatious shade is, I know, the secret desire of all women who have the hateful things. They are forever getting out of order or tumbling down on one's head, and they are really of very little use at a properly curtained window. Next to them in ugliness comes the inside shutter, for which there is really no artistic or architectural reason. Both may be dispensed with, if the upper sash is filled with colored glass, which is not really so expensive as one thinks and which adds much to the color of the room; but, if jewel glass is out of the question, you can imitate it very skillfully, cheaply and easily by the use of a patented stained glass process. But should this not be to your fancy, you may divide the upper sash into many small panes, by having a carpenter put intersecting mouldings on the panes already in use—which makes a pretty sash at small cost.

If you must have shades, get them of a color to harmonize with the outside color of your house; nothing is so ugly as staring patches of color at every window of a house. There is a good blind, of creamy-white, with a lace design stamped on it so deeply, that the whole effect is that of heavy lace—especially as it is only a *half* blind and its lower edge, which just touches the division between upper and lower sashes, is cut into scallops, as lace would be.

There is still one other plan of using sash curtains, which is, to hang them from the top of the window frame so that they just reach the sill—though even here the lower sash should have independent curtains in order to let the longer curtains be draped to the sides.

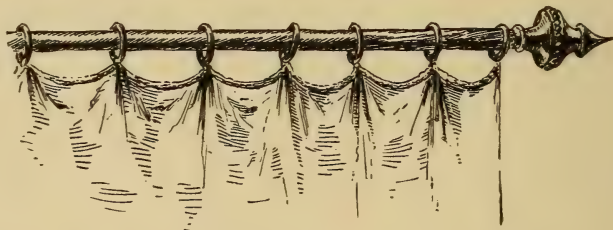
Over the pane curtains, lace curtains should hang, and over these a heavy pair of colored curtains—but if you can only have one

of these, never make the mistake of using *lace curtains only*, for this gives any room, however handsome and pretentious, the most unfinished, bare look.

Each set of curtains should be on its own pole—the heavy outside ones being on a thick brass or wooden bar, the lighter ones on the ordinary metal rod. The heavy curtains should be attached to the rings by means of a little pin, which carries a hook just large enough to fit into the tiny ring on the side of the curtain ring. This is the easiest way of putting up curtains of which I have any knowledge, and it is seen at a glance how convenient is the arrangement where woolen curtains are concerned, when it comes to folding them away for the summer.

The best way to attach the curtains is to fold the curtains into plaits, sewing them if necessary, before attaching the hooks. The inner edge should have a single fold (see illustration), and the fullness of the curtain is then divided into equal parts, and bunches of plaits laid at regular distances, until the curtain is just wide enough to cover the space for which it is intended.

As a rule, heavy curtains should be lined to protect their colors from the fading powers of light and sun ; and for this purpose



cheese cloth is generally quite sufficient—putting in a fold of crinoline along the sides and lower edge, between the stuff and lining.

To drape the curtains, nothing more ridiculous than brass chains could be devised—the soft, yielding stuff will stay in place nicely if held back by ribbons or bias bands of China silk, and in bedrooms a cheap and good “tie-back” can be made from knitting cotton, a ball of which will make five or six sets of cords and tassels, by twisting several strands of the cotton together for the cords, and attaching a tassel to the end of each one. In looping back curtains, the “tie-back” should come from a hook placed about as high from the floor as a woman’s elbow—say forty-two inches—and should then droop to an angle of about forty-five degrees, with the side of the wall, thus allowing the curtains to fall easily and gracefully.

For door-curtains, or portieres, there is an endless variety of stuffs at every shade of costliness, from denines to plushes and brocades.

The portiere may always be heavy, and must always be lined, if both sides are not alike, as is the case in chenille and double velours. A very effective Eastern portiere is found in stripes of bright, soft colors, coarsely embroidered with gay wools, in large stitches and figures. These are quite expensive, but are wide enough to allow one to each doorway of ordinary width. They need no lining. Then there are the *reps*, which are of such lovely shades and wear so well; and also the woolen damasks, which, though of moderate cost, drape into graceful folds, with the merest touch; and last, but not least, are the lovely flower-be-sprinkled cretonnes, both French and English, which are the draperies, *par excellence*, for bedrooms, and do good service, too, in dining room and living-room of any cheerful home.

The rods for door-curtains should be placed *between the jambs* of the doorway, and be fastened to neither door nor to the outside frame, unless it be your object to conceal the same. When the room is low, the portiere should not be draped at all, but allowed to fall in perpendicular folds, which gives height to the apartment. Where the doorway is high and narrow, the portiere is best draped, if all the fullness is caught to one side and held there by a "tie-back."

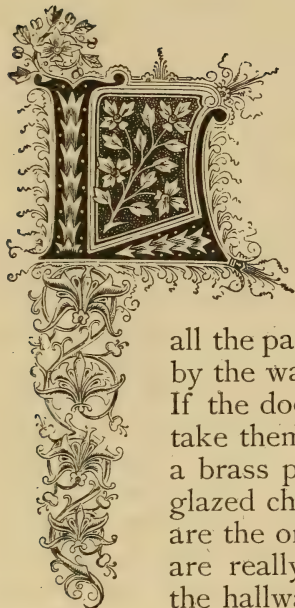
In finishing portieres, or heavy curtains, a cord as thick as one's thumb is all that is necessary, but, as many people like to see these things embroidered and decorated, you may, if you choose, apply borders, on which some pretty design has been outlined with heavy flax thread—called Bargarren—or else, on handsome stuffs, with rope-silk. This will be all that Virginia should have time to do or to take care of, for the more elaborate embroideries require an inconceivable expenditure of time and care.





## CHAPTER V.

### FURNISHING.

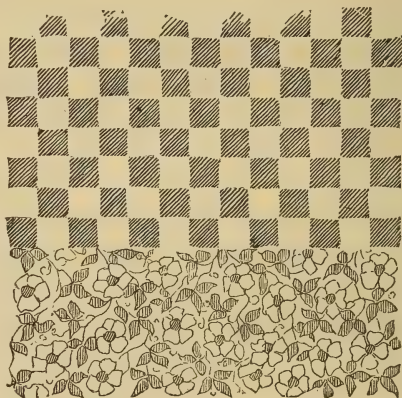


ET us now consider the house in detail. The first place to furnish will be the hall; and let us hope that Virginia has not one of those stereotyped houses in which the hall is only a narrow passage. Very little can be done for such a place, but let us do that little well. Paper the vestibule blue, with a ceiling of faint buff, and a dado of Japanese leather paper—with

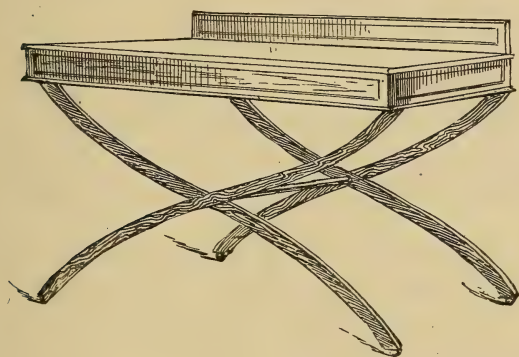
all the paint a dark green, including the front door, which, by the way, should have brass lock, knobs and hinges. If the doors between vestibule and hall can be spared, take them down, and put in their place heavy curtains on a brass pole. The floor is best when paved in brick or glazed china tiles—these are the only floors which are really economical in the hallways—but if you are not to be convinced

of this, then stain the floor and lay over it a cocoa matting in the vestibule and an ingrain mat in the hall; this last can be rolled up and laid away in muddy and snowy weather, and the foot-tracks, inevitably made, wiped off the floor.

The wall of the main hall should be alike from the vestibule up to the top story, and a good terra-cotta paper at very moderate price is easily found. A dado of matting is next put in place—dark red and yellow—while the stairs are carpeted in “Venetian carpet” of two shades of red.



Do not attempt to have in your hall the monstrosity, sold as a "hall piece," which is to serve as hat and coat rack, an umbrella stand, a seat, a looking-glass and dear knows what besides! They

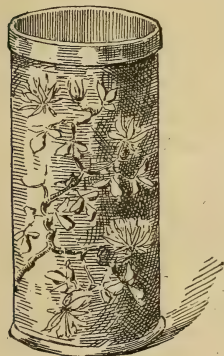


are always expensive, always hideous! Instead of it, hang a glass in a wooden frame flat against the wall, and place under it a table, more or less like the one illustrated. In one corner put an umbrella stand—which is best chosen in the shape of a straight, tall china vase; a pretty one can be made by

standing a piece of terra-cotta drain pipe in an earthen flower-pot saucer, and treating the whole, inside and out, to a coat of light blue paint. Beside the glass may hang a round, flat pin-cushion, a whisk holder, and a little rack for holding letters; and, if the hall is light, the walls may be decorated with an old print or two, and a couple of the gay Japanese picture hangings made for walls.



All doorways leading into the hall should be curtained, and for this purpose double velours is admirable.



Before furnishing the parlor, let us ask for what it is to be used, as, it is regretfully to be conceded, that even in these days, many Virginias and Pauls regard this room as a place to be kept clean and tidy; to be shut up when no company is present, and only to be used on high days and holidays. Into such a parlor, the sun is never admitted, lest it should fade some of the precious "best things," and, as a consequence, the room

grows musty and chill, with a dreadful air of solemnity about it, which freezes all genial currents of social feelings on the rare occasions when the "best room" is opened. If you cannot do better than this,

it would be much better to have no parlor at all, but turn it into a cosy "living-room," where friends are welcome—where children play and grow lazy—but every inch of which tells of "Home, Sweet Home."

Choose for the parlor a blue paper with a faint design of white or with a delicate glimmer of gold in it. If your ceiling admits, put both dado and frieze, the dado being plain Boston felting of a shade like the ground in the wall paper. Where the dado joins the main wall, a wooden moulding of black or dark blue should hide the upper edge, or, at least, a strip of black and gold bordering, an inch wide, should be used.

The frieze may be of light blue with a rather large, geometrical design of interlacing lines, in very dark blue, or gilt, or some shade of pinky color. The ceiling is papered with a very warm yellowish-cream color with a pinkish design, or a plain pale buff.

All the woodwork is painted to match the ceiling—either pinkish or, where the cornice is colored, a pale buff—with a line of pure yellow in its deepest recess.

The curtains are of white Swiss, against the panes, and over them hang Madras of creamy-white, and over these again, heavy curtains of pale olive and yellow double velours. The mantel lambrequin is of fine velveteen in a rich terra-cotta, with a border worked in gold thread or bright yellow rope-silk.

For the carpet, a rug of course, and a pretty art square, in light blue, with yellow and brown dashes through it, is all you can desire.

The furniture you need is not one of those cheap suites, with coarsely carved woodwork and coverings of ugly materials—sometimes hair-cloth, and oftener, staring red or blue plush—and, in this same breath, I must condemn all the horrors which upholsterers thrust upon us as "fancy" chairs, "fancy" tables and sofas, where expense is the only idea present.

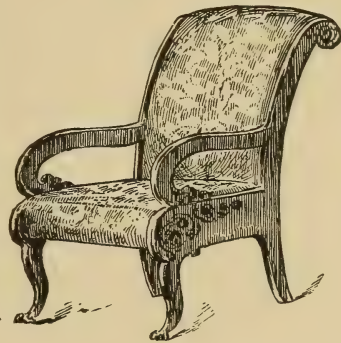
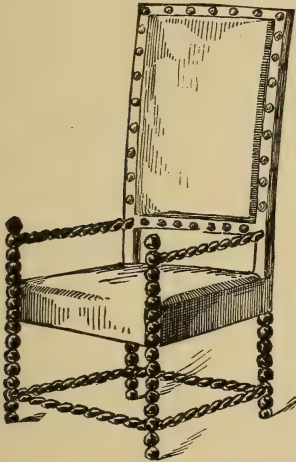
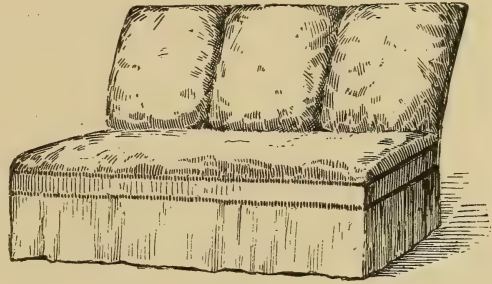
In buying your furniture, force yourself to consider form and usefulness, rather than gorgeousness, and this must be your rule, even in the plainest and smallest article, or you will be sure to get something entirely out of keeping with everything else—and no matter how much money it may cost, it may be hideous and unsuitable.

So, unless you can go to a good house and get a well made suite of furniture of good design, you would best eschew "suites" altogether, and furnish your house with odd pieces, picked up separately, just as you have the money to buy them. Until you try, you have no idea



what pretty things you and the carpenter can devise, and, if Paul is as skillful with tools as most American men, he and you can find another common interest, in making bits of furniture, or in saving up pennies, which are to turn into chairs, tables and curtains. I am no friend however to sham decorations—these are generally a waste of time, and give the whole house a flimsy, unfinished look. The barrel chair soon becomes wrecked and shapeless, the imitation gilt mildews and vanishes; the ginger jar with its pasted pictures, loses all its beauty, even to the eyes of its maker; and the whole place resembles more or less a “ninety-nine cent store.”

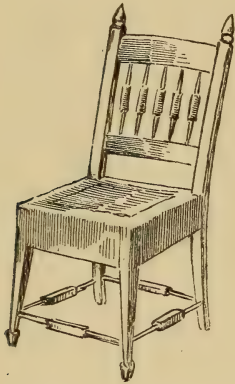
This is not the sort of experience I propose for the little wife—and therefore I annex the drawing of a good and substantial sofa, which is easily and cheaply made—for it is merely a box, six feet long, two feet wide, put upon castors and covered with pretty cretonne, or other material. The lid is not solid, but only a frame—the empty part being filled with strong canvas, or burlaps, tacked closely to the frame. The wooden parts of the lid are smoothly covered with the material chosen, and on it is laid a mattress also previously covered. It must be exactly the size to fit, and must be held in place by a stout tape which is sewed along the lower edge of the back of the mattress, and then tacked firmly to the back of the box lid. If heavy fringe is used to conceal the sides of the box, the whole



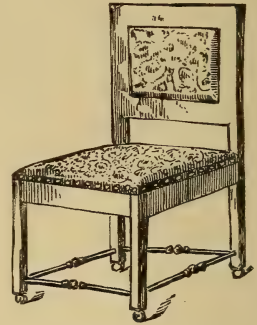
thing will assume quite an upholstered look—especially if the then square pillows are made hard and firm and trim.

Besides the sofa, you will need chairs—two easy chairs and four small ones. For the first the ever useful wicker chair is all one requires, since it can be made so pretty and decorative, with either black or white enamel, and gay cushions, not forgetting the little double pillow for the head, and a small one for the back, if needed. But one thing you must avoid—an ornate design in wicker work. These chairs can be found in sensible plain forms, and this is just what you must hunt for till you find it. No fancy backs, representing fans, or tennis racquets, if you please.

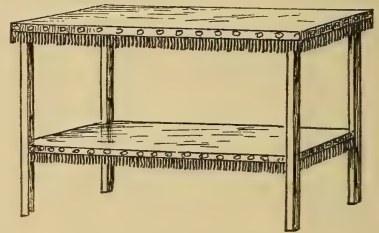
For wall chairs, a good style can be found among kitchen furniture, enameled white and trimmed with cretonne cushions, but in almost every furniture store you will find an odd chair which will suit your purpose and yet be cheap.



For tables, nothing is more useful than those which the carpenter will make you from the annexed design, and which you can ebonize, if you wish; or cover it, legs and all, with a pale sage-green velveteen,

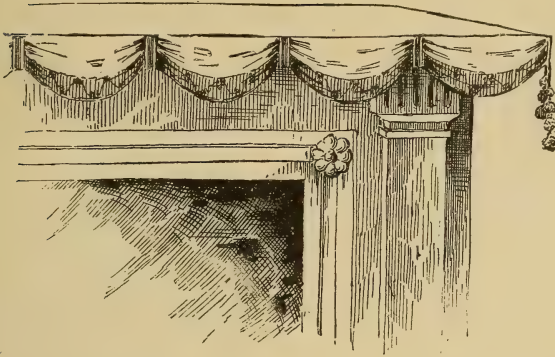


tacked on with brass-headed nails, and trimmed with fringe of the same color as the velveteen. This little table is absolutely not upsettable, and while the upper shelf may be devoted to lamps or bric-a-brac, the lower one affords a cozy home for the newspapers and magazines one wants out of the way and yet within reach. You may easily overdo the matter of chairs and tables, but, at all hazards manage to leave space to move freely in, so that one is not burdened by a feeling of care for the odds and ends of your room, nor oppressed by the idea that all the furniture is thrown by some centripetal force into the centre, where it is greatly in the way.



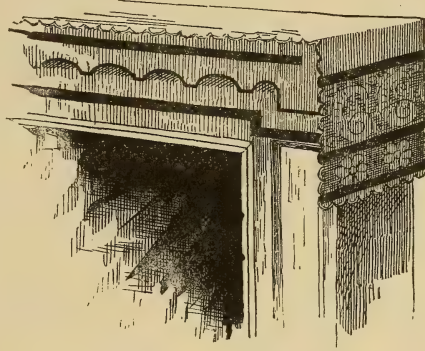
For scarfs and draperies on tables and chairs, nothing is quite so satisfactory as the bits of Bulgarian work, which are found in all prices. I mean those strips of loose coarse cotton, with the two ends

embroidered alike. When the strips are folded nearly in the middle both ends are seen, and they should be thus laid, smoothly and evenly, over the back of the chair.

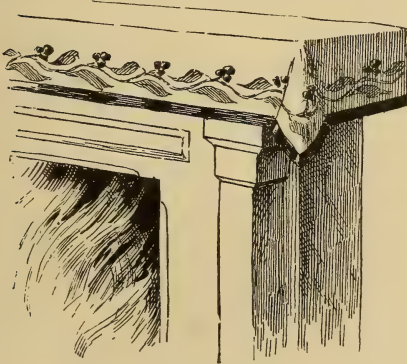


It is to be hoped that you have an open fireplace in your parlor. It is such a joy and pleasure that it is well worth any trouble it may give. Above it, it is to be hoped, that you have *not* that very ugly marble mantel-piece which

was considered a patent of nobility by the last generation. If you have it, do not be afraid of it, but walk boldly up, paint brush in hand, and give it a good coat of paint to match the woodwork; put on it one of the lambrequins illustrated here, and put above it an over-mantel, painted to match the wood, over an oblong mirror, the frame of which is covered with Japanese leather paper of very metallic bronzy lustre and color. I illustrate such an over-mantel, and also a wood box, covered with the same leather paper and supported by



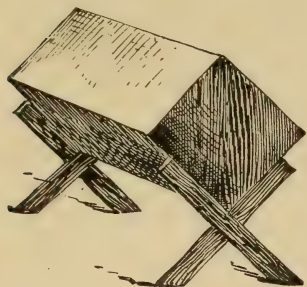
ebonized sticks—which box some young housekeepers who cannot afford brass scuttles may find convenient.



The corners of a parlor afford a good chance for inexpensive decorations, and each one may be different, but it must be recognized that in a small room, the corners being filled makes the room look *smaller*. If the room is large, this makes no matter, and in one corner you may

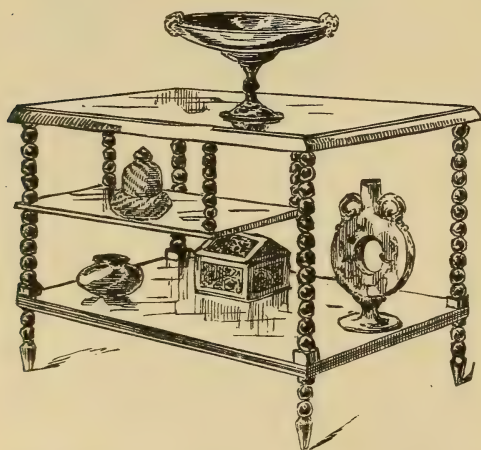


put the corner bracket—illustrated (of pine and covered with the ever useful Japanese paper). In another, a table may be drawn across to hold the lamp or a pot of growing plants. In another may stand the upright piano, turned so that the performer will face the centre of the room; the unsightly unfinished back being concealed by a screen of the exact size and shape, which stands in front of it.



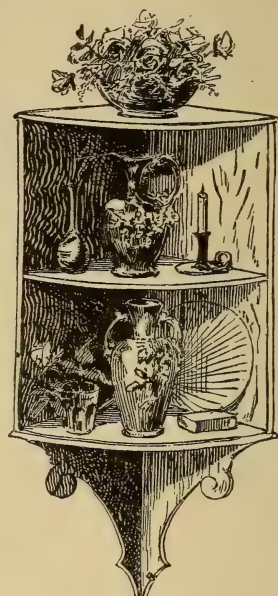
This screen may be made cheaply; for if the carpenter makes you the frame, you can ebonize it yourself and fill the empty space by a curtain of pretty color, hung near the upper bar by a brass rod. On this curtain you may spend whatever ingenuity and skill as an embroiderer, of which you are possessed.

The top of the piano should always have some little fancy covering—a silken scarf or strip of worked linen, or



double velour—and, if you are not afraid of injuring the instrument, you can stand bric-a-brac, if you have it, on the piano, too.

This is all presupposing that your piano is an upright. A square piano, of course, requires different treatment, and above all, avoid giving the impression that your parlor is a place in which to keep your piano; rather, permit one to

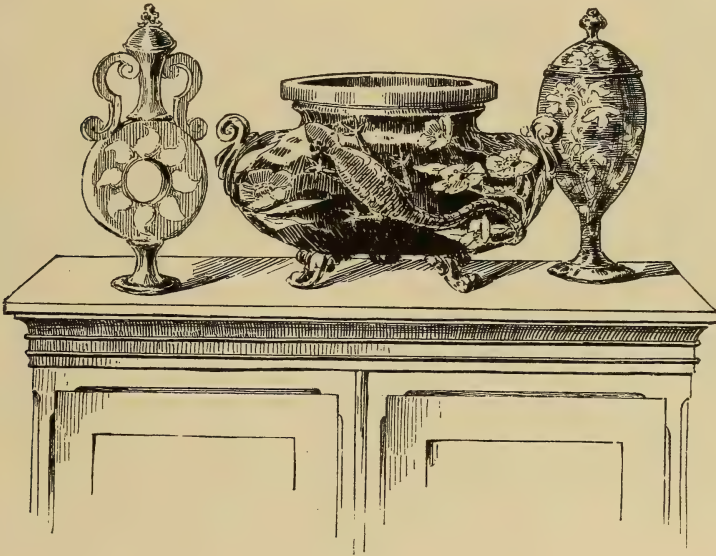


feel that the piano is a very delightful accessory of your home life.

If the musician of the family be a vocalist, however, she labors under great disadvantage if the upright piano is stood with its back out. Not only is this a disadvantage, but it is a positive detriment.

She can do no good work in practising, and in singing for others the effect is very much lost. While it is always an advantage to the singer that she should not accompany herself, it is an absolute necessity in the case of an upright piano. If the back of the piano be turned out, the singer is entirely hidden, unless standing; if it be face out, she presents her back to the audience while accompanying herself. All these things should be taken into consideration when the purchase of a piano is contemplated.

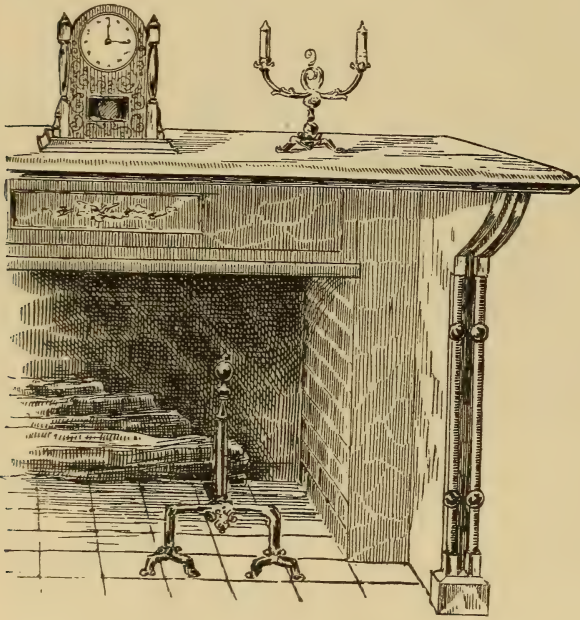
The position of a square piano will be very much a matter of taste, and will also depend very much upon the size of the



apartment in which it is placed. If the room be very large, the piano may safely be turned round so that the performer will face the listener, or it may be placed across the corner of the room. While recognizing the piano as a piece of furniture, the rights of the player must not be overlooked, however; and if the corner-wise arrangement, should place the performer in an unpleasant light, by no means make the change. And, even when regarded as a mere piece of furniture, the square piano is susceptible of no ornamentation whatever. It should be covered with a plain cloth, on which the only ornamentation permissible to good taste is a border line of

embroidery in gold floss. Upon the top should go no bric-a-brac; the only thing to be seen there should be the well-arranged pile of music, and not that, if you have a music-rack.

Music-racks, like book-cases, very often express the character of the owner, and are very much a question of taste. But, like all other articles designed for use, they should not give the impression of mere ornamentation. A music-rack is intended to hold the sheet music, and should be plain—as elegant and expensive as you choose, but plain. The idea of the rack should always, in the eye of the beholder, be subservient to that of the music.



If Virginia herself has been a musician, it will be well for her, if she can find the time, to keep up her music to a certain extent. This is not only for Paul's entertainment, but for her own satisfaction as well. If, however, her household cares are such that her time for practice has to be snatched from her much-needed afternoon nap, by all means let the music go. Much more important is it that Paul should find her a bright, rested-looking wife, on

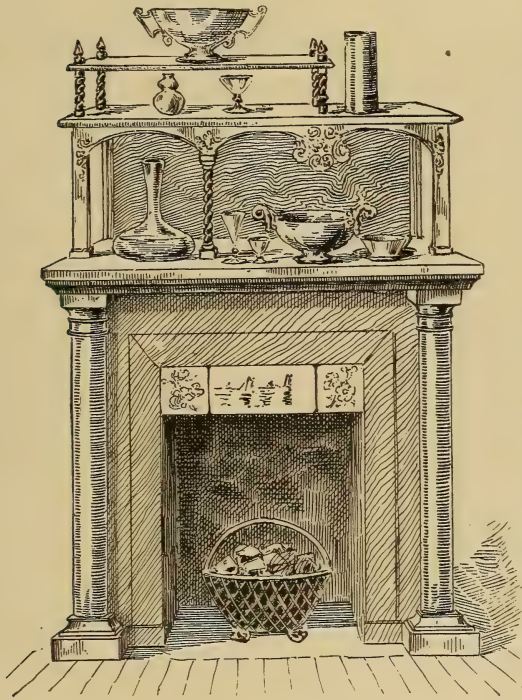
his return, than one that is weary and half-asleep, though musical. It is far more important that Virginia be so refreshed that she shall be able to keep awake while Paul reads his last paper to the "Society for Research," of which he is a shining light, or that she should be a good listener while he entertains her, than that she shall entertain him. But if he is not unmusical, he will not object to her taking a little of the evening for sitting at the piano, softly recalling the half-forgotten melodies, and as he sits there silent, resting after the labors of the day, he will weave the half-heard music in with the wreaths of smoke that curl round his head, and will be unconscious



of the fact that Virginia does not play as well as she used—he will only feel the utter comfort and pleasure of his home.

And now, perhaps a word or two on the care of the piano itself will not come amiss just here. Many people blame the maker of a piano for defects that are entirely due to their own carelessness. They will stand a piano near an open window, or subject it to extremes of heat and cold, and then wonder that it does not keep tune. A nerve-trying rattle will suddenly develop somewhere in the

piano's inner economy, and all the ingenuity of the family is bent to discover the cause. Some wiseacre examines it, sounds it, and solemnly declares the sounding-board to be split. Consternation spreads! The only piano the family owns, with a split sounding-board! *Paterfamilias* goes to the establishment from which it was purchased, and enters complaint. A first-class tuner is sent to examine the instrument, and after a few skillful movements, which they know so well how to make, he triumphantly produces a penny, which the baby has dropped in, or perhaps a hairpin, or again, perhaps only a pin, but the *split sounding-board is cured*.



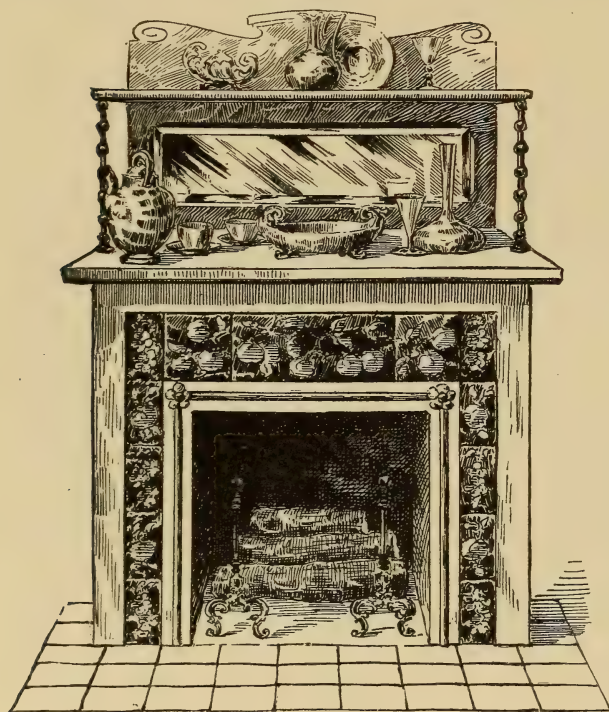
To keep a piano in good condition, it should be tuned three times a year, or at least looked at. Sometimes it does not need a regular tuning so often as that, but it is well to make a regular engagement with a tuner, to put in an appearance at a certain date. By this means your responsibility of remembering it is over. And besides, otherwise you are likely to forget the necessity for him until your piano is positively injured by its lack of tuning.

A piano should never stand so that an open window may

possibly rust the strings. Every inch of rust acquired, means so much loss of sweetness of tone. It should never be subjected to extremes of heat or cold. The practice of keeping the piano, for the winter, in a parlor in which a fire is only made on Sundays or special occasions, is ruinous to the instrument. The sudden expansion and contraction are exceedingly bad for the strings, and will throw them out of tune very quickly. A very erroneous impression attains, that a piano should be closed when not in use, in order to

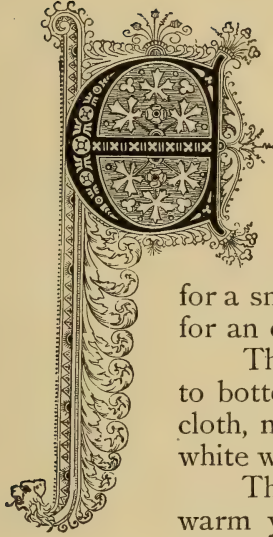
keep out the dust. An experienced tuner will tell you that your piano is far more injured by change of temperature than it could possibly be by dust. When closed, the heat of the room cannot permeate the inner construction. The piano is opened for an hour or so, warm air rushes in, and then, after the brief period, it is closed and consigned to another term of cold. *Keep your piano open.* The keys will not grow yellow so quickly, the piano will keep better tune, and the whole instrument will last much longer in good condition.

It should be dusted inside and then closed for a little while, to prevent the dust settling again among the strings. One of the very best things for this purpose is a large bellows or syringe. These remove the dust from the innermost recesses. Finger marks should be removed with chamois skin that has been dipped in *hot* water, to thoroughly soften it, and has then been wrung out until only damp. As an ordinary duster, a soft piece of old muslin or cheese-cloth is preferable to the old silk handkerchiefs so many people use.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DINING ROOM.

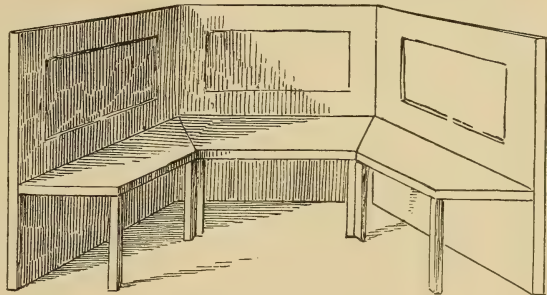


VERY dining room should have a bay-window in it, to complete the cheery character of the room, and under the bay window may be built a seat, illustrated, which will further increase its cosiness. Or it should have in it a quantity of growing plants on small narrow tables, like the cut; these will be made by any carpenter for a small price, and a tinsmith will fit zinc pans to each for an equally low price.

The curtains at the bay-window can fall from top to bottom in long straight folds, and may be of crazy cloth, made very full at each window, the curtains being white with a dark red design.

The walls are most satisfactory if covered with a warm yellow tone in Boston felting, with a dado of same color, well covered by a design in dark brown; something large and scrawly being the best pattern for this purpose. The ceiling paper is light blue, with sparsely scattered gilt stars; the frieze, a deep band of brown and yellow and gold; the cornice painted to tone with this frieze, in delicate shades of buff and wood color, with one line of blue like the ceiling.

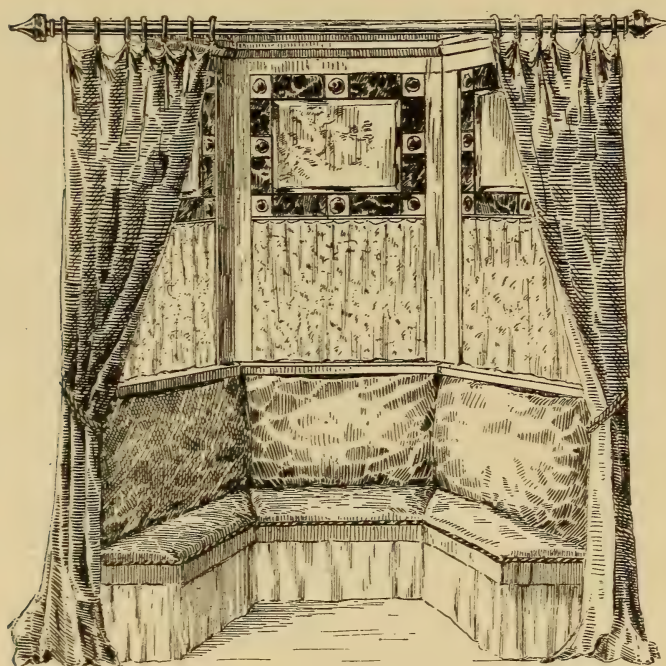
The woodwork, like the furniture, is all walnut —this includes the chair rail, but the picture rod may be of dull gilt. A chair rail is most essential in a dining room, though of course it is advisable for every part of the house, even the





halls, and is always the best finish to make for a dado, while as for the picture rod, no one who knows its convenience will ever be without one. It is simply a strong moulding fixed to the wall at the line where the frieze and wall paper join, and on this moulding, pictures are hung by means of double hooks, one end of which is bent down to fit over the rod and the other end bent up to hold the wires and cords which are attached to the frames. By means of this arrangement, pictures can be hung without breaking and defacing the plaster

by nails, and, what is even more to the point, they can be changed and re-hung at will, with no fear of damage to the wall and with the smallest amount of inconvenience and labor.



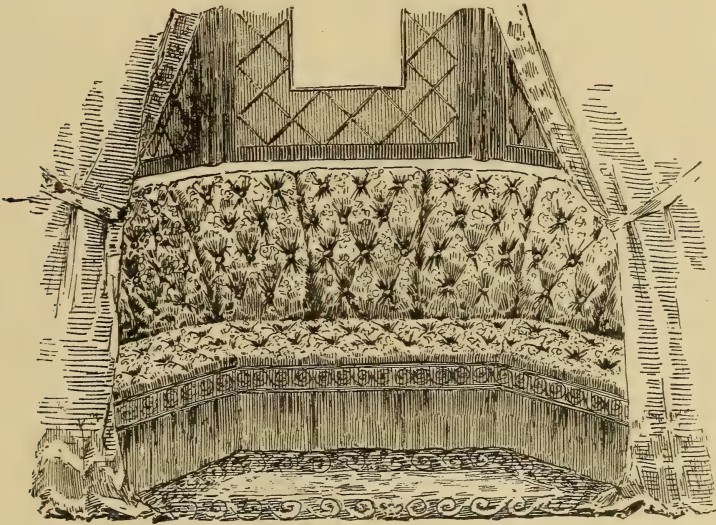
In the dining room a rug of dark red, with little star-like yellow figures, or one in two shades of olive-green, over the waxed floor, is the proper carpeting; or, one of the "home-made" mats before described will be just what the room requires.

In the furniture, avoid suites as scrupulously as you did for the parlor, for here, also, many good articles can be purchased, little by little. A table, of course, is a necessity. It should be wide and generous looking—four feet being a good width, anything narrower is not advisable—and the ends should be square across, not rounded, and not finished with a drop leaf.

With the table, six side chairs and two end chairs will be needed, and Virginia will find these among the most difficult of her furnishings to secure in good shapes at low prices. Several forms of chairs are

here illustrated, which are all good in shape and comfortable to sit upon, with no misplaced carvings to poke you in the back, and no holes which threaten to let you drop through; and while buying your dining room chairs never let yourself be persuaded into getting anything, whatever fancy may dictate, if you have not first tried it and found it comfortable.

The regulation sideboard is another nightmare, and the handsomer and more expensive it is, the more it is to be deprecated. Note the illustration, and see a sideboard which is really pretty and convenient; also being made in a day when people knew what good



and graceful forms were. You will notice that it has no glass whatever, and is thus saved from looking like an overgrown, ornate bureau moved into the dining room. I give you a cut for a sideboard that was made to order from polished walnut, and trimmed with brass keyholes, handles and hinges. You see that the plates at the back are held in place by a brass rod, which runs across the back, through screw-eyes which have been put at each end. This sideboard is five feet long, eighteen inches deep, and three feet high. The drawers are used to keep silver, napkins and the like, away from the dust, and are each six inches deep, while the remaining height is equally divided between the little closets at the bottom and the shelf



above them. If this is too expensive, then let a carpenter make you one on the same plan, in white wood, and you can paint it for yourself, a pale blue or a delicate green, and still have a most useful and pretty side-board.

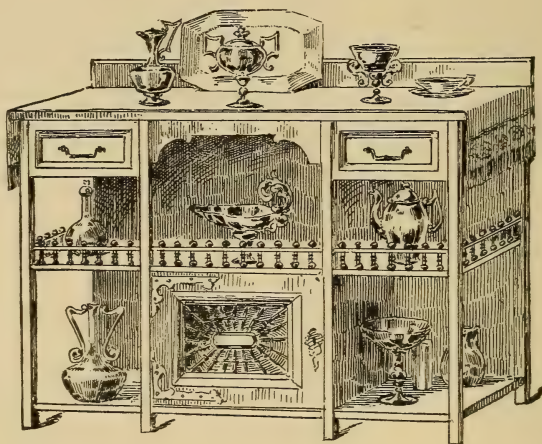


There are several other cuts given, each representing a sideboard, to be made either from the polished wood, or from pine, painted or ebonized.

After the dining room is given all these big necessities, we have only just begun, for there is the housemaid's closet (a name I like better than "butler's pantry," when there is no butler), which is full of the most dainty and tempting of Virginia's possessions, and, for her sake, I could wish that its contents

were mostly bridal presents, and that she takes charge of the china, silver and glass herself. There is a good habit among us, even in the homes of the wealthy, which gives into the careful hands of the mistress of the house the washing of the breakfast and dessert ware.

But let us see what the closet needs. First, there is a sink, with hot and cold water, in the city (or with pump for cold water, in the country)—a dumb waiter or "lift," if the dining room is above the kitchen; and alongside the waiter, Paul should build a shelf, on which hot dishes may be stood as they are lifted from the waiter. Many an accident will be saved by this simple convenience, and Virginia may then feel justified in accepting no excuse for the careless waitress who puts dishes on the clean cloth without wiping off the bottoms very thoroughly.





Against the wall, Paul may put a hanging table, as described in a previous chapter, on "household conveniences."

On the other side of the room is a kitchen dresser, stained like all the rest of the woodwork, a dark walnut.

These things will leave but little bare wall to be papered with a blue and white tile paper, which is varnished with two coats of varnish, and finished by a dado of light oilcloth in something the same style. The varnish on the paper makes it resist the action of the steam

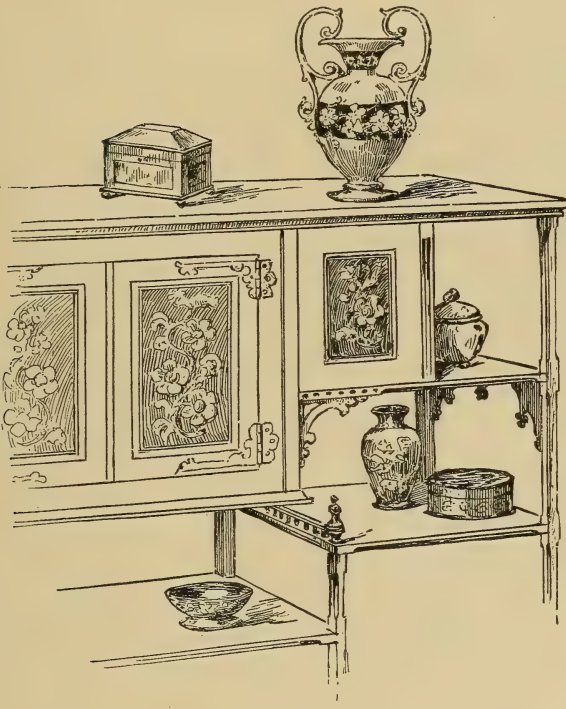
from hot water, and it also allows the walls to be wiped down, from time to time, as though they were painted.

Above the dado, a row of hooks is put, four feet or so from the floor, on which may hang the brooms, brushes and duster bags of the household—which thus rest against the dado and do not soil the wall.

A roller towel should always be at hand—against the door is a good out-of-the-way place—and a small folding towel rack to hold cup towels while they are drying; and close at hand, a basket should

find a place—a receptacle in which lamp rags and scissors, and the mistress' rubber gloves may be kept.

In the closets and drawers of the dresser is the linen, which, if Virginia has been wise, she has chosen as a wedding present; for she will find the first outfit somewhat expensive, the more especially as a generous supply of linen is needed in order to protect any one piece from excessive use, as nothing wears out linen more quickly than being always in the washtub. The list for a small family would be none too large if it included:



Six tablecloths, each two yards square; four dozen napkins, three-quarter size, to match; two tablecloths, three and a half yards by two yards, for family gatherings; one dozen small napkins, for use by occasional guests; one dozen white doylies; one dozen red doylies, for fruit.

Virginia may choose to add two red cloths for breakfast, but she will not if she dislikes them as much as many do.



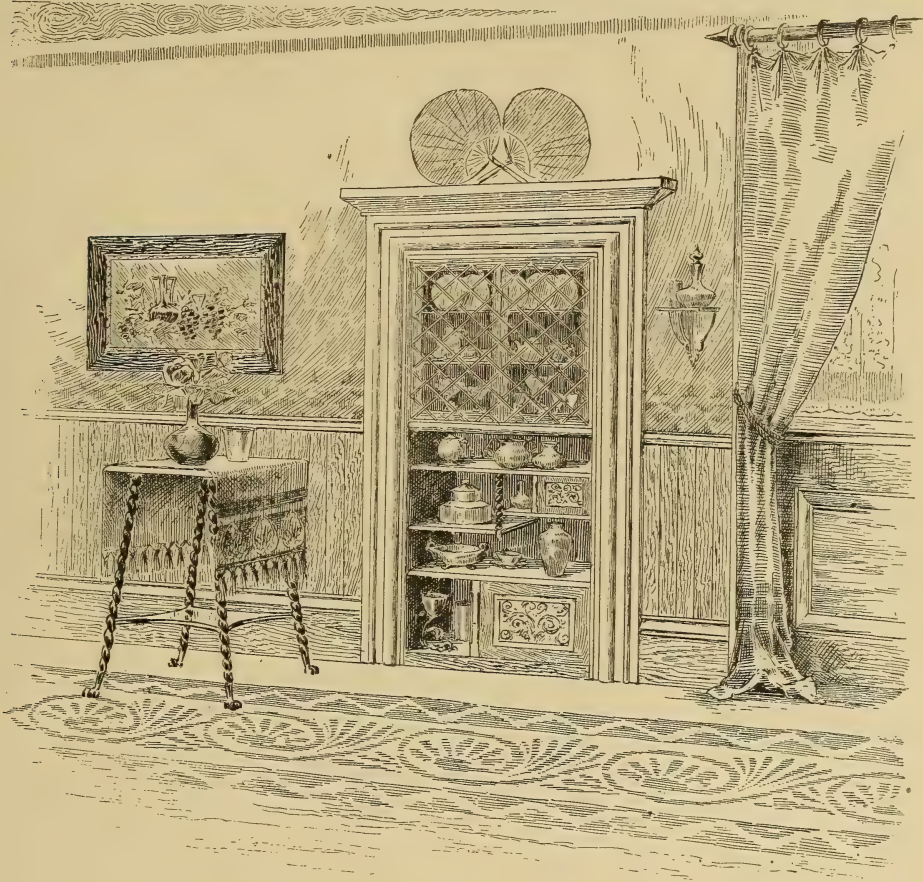
For use beneath the tea tray and the meat dish, any woman can make herself dainty little cloths of fine linen, hemstitched and fringed all round, and outlined across each end in some pretty design, worked with red working cotton. And almost any woman can embroider her initial in the corner of her napkins and the centre of her tablecloths, using white linen floss to work with, selecting letters two inches long for the napkins and three or four inches for the cloth. If an *épergne* cloth is used, the initial may go half a yard away from the exact centre towards the seat of the mistress.

Beside the linen mentioned, Virginia should provide herself with an undercloth of white cotton felting, which is to be bought two yards wide, for this especial purpose. This cloth,

beneath the linen one, adds so much to the soft, rich look of the damask that no table can afford to be without it. Being a sort of cotton flannel it is not hard to wash, and unless fruit juice or wine is upset on it; it is readily freed from stains.

Of course, having linen of uniform pattern is something of an economy, since the napkins then can be used without regard to matching the design of the cloth; but if you have not been fortunate in your choice of a pattern, you have no idea how tired you will become of always seeing the same thing. A small polka dot is a pattern that is usually found in linens of all grades, and the "snow-ball" patterns, and the "ball and leaf," can be found in moderate

grades also. Do not choose a design which covers the cloth entirely; it is far prettier to see the satiny surface of the damask between sparsely scattered bunches. Now-a-days it is about as cheap to buy cloths with a border all round, as to get the same quality by the



yard, and when this is found to be the case, of course the border is an advantage.

Your closet, too, will hold the glass and china—those dainty treasures of home-loving women. You will need a table set of some kind, and the plea that “it is the only thing which can be matched,” is no longer true of white china only. Though, even if it were, I



almost doubt whether the use of white china is advisable in every dish. But, in these days of cheap Trenton ware, designs and colors can be reproduced with very small trouble and expense. There is a white ware of a decided yellowish tinge, made at Trenton, which is very pretty and plain, but as a rule, the decorated ware will make a prettier table. A favorite style, is white with a border of deep buff. On the border, the owner's initial is put in black, at very moderate cost; but this set would be for "best" only, and perhaps may be waited for until Paul's success in business is more fully assured.

All sets, (Trenton or otherwise), as sold in the stores, contain many useless articles, but in nearly all shops you will be allowed to pick out those you need, and are not forced to take everything included under the title of "set." So I advise the following selection in Trenton, either plain white or with a blue design:

Two dozen dinner plates; one dozen breakfast plates; one dozen tea plates; one dozen soup plates; one tureen; one salad bowl; twelve cups and saucers; six meat dishes, graded sizes; four vegetable dishes—two covered and two uncovered; two gravy boats.

This is all the china you will actually need, and you can, if you choose, make a variety by buying your breakfast and tea plates, with cups and saucers, all of one pattern—your other china being of another design. You can also find salad bowl and plates, teapot, milk jug and sugar bowl in some fancy cheap ware, like majolica, for instance, in which clay, many very pretty things are made at lowest possible prices. For instance, I once had a set of dessert plates which cost seven cents apiece, but which were always extravagantly admired as something fine, because they were in delicate colors and pretty designs. It is a good plan for Paul and Virginia to institute the custom of presenting each other with cups on the birthdays as they come round; or, if cups are not needed, then with some of the finer ornaments for the table.

If you have neither silver nor plated ware—and it is all quite a care to keep clean—your coffee may come to the table in the tin pot in which it was made, *provided* the pot is kept scoured to perfection. For the teapot, Japanese, majolica, or the dull blue and grey ware, which is cheapest of all, is in every sense suitable, and can be found in each variety, strong and pretty; while for milk, sugar and spoons, the bright, colored glass, which is made in appropriate shapes, is all anyone could ask. There is a certain blue and white glass which

has a very pretty effect on the table, but the plain white glass is good too, provided it makes no pretense of imitating cut glass.

It is astonishing how little silverware is actually necessary, and Virginia would do well to dispense with all she can, until she can have servants enough to keep it in good order; for dull, unpolished silver bespeaks an overburdened or unthrifty housewife. If you have the things, however, and are willing to care for them in such a way as always to secure a brilliant, clean-looking surface to each object, then it is to be acknowledged that they do vastly increase the beauty of the table. To wash silver, the water should always be very hot and full of soap, besides which, a spoonful of household ammonia may be added. It should never be allowed to drain, but be wiped immediately, and then rubbed and polished with a dry chamois, till the whole surface shines. This washing in *clean* water and wiping while still hot is the main secret of keeping your silver and glass clear and brilliant; but the silver will need, besides, a weekly cleaning with chamois and whiting.

The glasses for the table which does not boast of cut glass, should be clear and as thin as is compatible with strength; for it is heart-breaking to see our delicate goblets snap at the least provocation; tumblers, however, are stronger than goblets, and are found in very pretty designs.

Water glasses should always be white, but finger bowls, it is not only pretty but convenient to have in colors, selecting three of each color, olive, blue, red and amber, to the dozen; so if one is broken and cannot be matched the oddity is not apparent.

Water is no longer served in the great silver ice pitchers, as most people prefer some pretty china or glass trifle for this purpose—the pitchers in ruby glass, shading up to a rich orange, being especially good. Where cracked ice is served on the table, the water is put into decanters, or caraffes, which is the proper name for these water bottles.

Salt is put at each place, in the very ugly salt-shaker, or individual salt-cellar; but this custom is to be deplored, and everyone who can, should use the old fashioned salt-cellars and spoons, being careful to keep the salt free from lumps and smoothly packed in the little holder.

Bread should be served on a flat wooden platter (without text or lettering) with a good knife beside it—this being an economical hint, as it allows one to cut just the quantity of bread needed,

instead of having Bridget send up the great pile of slices, which she cuts for two or for twenty, without discretion, and which, once cut, become stale so quickly. The bread knife should be the subject of a law as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians, which law declares that it shall never be used for anything but bread. It is the only way to keep a satisfactory bread cutter.

Butter is most economically used when moulded into little balls or shells, by means of the paddles and moulds which are made expressly for the purpose; but if these are not obtainable, the common French process of making butter pats is all that one needs. The butter being quite hard, it is scraped lightly with a knife blade, and gathers on it, in a droll looking, wrinkled "shaving," or "quirl," which when about two inches long is ended and laid on a dish, and another one is begun.

Flowers should grace the table at every meal. This may sound extravagant, but I do not mean you to have roses in January and violets in August. In summer and spring, your own garden will furnish a few blossoms, or, out in the field, the wild flowers grow for picking. In autumn the bright leaves fall by myriads, and may even be picked up in our city streets; while all winter, a small plant may live in a fancy vase in the centre of your table, and for this purpose nothing is better than some of our hardy ferns, which you can dig up yourself in the woods,

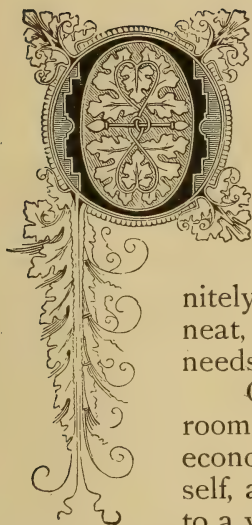


any autumn day, taking care to leave round the roots plenty of native soil. Or, sprigs of English ivy, in a china pot, may be kept green for many months. The only trouble about growing plants is, that people are apt to get them too large at first, and by-and-by they make a bushy hedge on the table, across which people find it impossible to talk. Bearing this in mind, you will plant your flower in a pot which is very low, something like the cut.



## CHAPTER VII.

### BEDROOMS.



NE of two ideas must always be expressed in a bedroom; one, makes the apartment suggest a luxurious, cozy nest, filled, as it is, with the countless knick-knacks of the toilet, and the many nothings, to which the little mistress pays more or less devotion; while the other, which is infinitely to be preferred, makes the bedroom as simple, as neat, as nearly bare, as one can, with due regard to daily needs and to good taste.

Our young housekeeper will not need many bedrooms at first—indeed, she will find it much more economical to limit herself to the three required by herself, a guest, and the maid—for it is a great temptation to a young and happy couple to ask their less fortunate friends to visit their new paradise; and while I do not preach inhospitality, I do urge little company at a time, and the times at rather long intervals.

In your own room, let the walls be of a pale pinky terra-cotta—the very lightest shades—the design being small, and closely covering the ground. The dado should be of cretonne—a white ground with scattered sprays of pink flowers; the deep frieze of the same, or of the lovely marsh-mallow paper, or cretonne paper, which always seems especially suited to bedrooms. The cretonne dado is a good substitute for paper, being stronger in the first place, and, in the second, easily taken down, cleaned and put back. It is fixed to the wall very closely by means of small furniture tacks along the edges—those at the top being concealed by a moulding, which, if you can afford it, may be deep enough for a chair-rail. The cretonne is, of course, put on lengthwise, and if well chosen, is most beautiful for this purpose, and easily put up; but you will hardly find a landlord sufficiently





æsthetic to appreciate your wishes in this matter, so that this dado will probably be at your own expense. The frieze of cretonne is more difficult to manage, but any man can put on a narrow one—say of the Japanese chintzes, which are made in such pretty designs; fan-like things on a white or blue ground, or blue on white ground, and which are only some twelve inches wide. I do not admit cretonne as wall coverings into any room other than a bed-chamber or nursery; but in these they may reign supreme.

The ceiling may be creamy-white, with a faint pink design, and the woodwork should be the same pinkish-buff of most delicate shade.

The pane curtains should be of white Madras or crazy cloth, with a pale blue figure, under cretonne curtains of buff ground with pinkish or dull red design.

For the floor, a pretty matting in natural color, and over it, small rugs in bright colors, will answer nicely; putting one rug before the bureau, one before the washstand, and wherever else necessary, while on each side of the bed, a skin of the Persian goat may give just the needed touches of black and white; and surely there is no small comfort equal to that of stepping out of bed on to a fur rug!

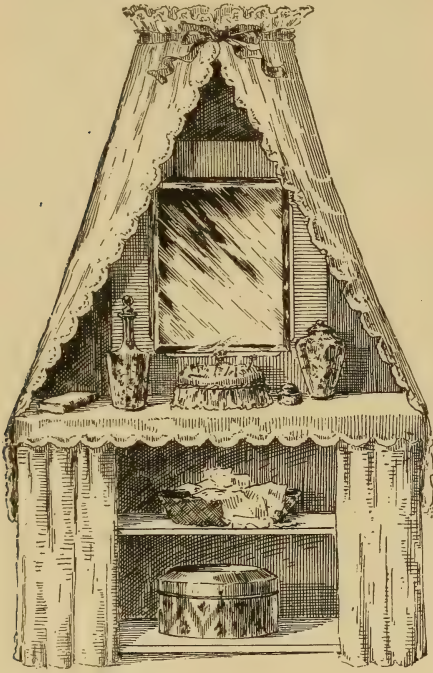
Our great wooden bedsteads should be given up; they are so heavy to move, so impossible to keep entirely clean in all hidden parts, and such nuisances, if once they, by any chance, are visited by the unmentionable insect. Light iron beds are so much better, and with proper springs, they can be made quite as comfortable as their wooden predecessors. Now, a double iron bedstead can be had at almost any price; and for it you will need a set of springs. There is a kind called the Royal Reversible Spring Mattress, which, once owned—though rather expensive—settles the matter of a comfortable bed for all your life. It should be made in two pieces, so that sometimes the middle of the mattress may be changed to the foot or head, and thus avoid the forming of hollows, which come in a mattress which is never turned except in the ordinary way.

For such a bed you will need a bolster, eighteen inches wide by fifty-four inches long, which should weigh some four pounds, and which should be of fairly good goose feathers. Pillows, each of the same weight, should be twenty-seven by thirty inches in size. All this will make your bed the most expensive item in your room, but as it is also the most important one, in sickness or health, it is not the thing to be slighted or saved upon.

A cheap dressing-table does duty for a bureau, and after Virginia



has expended her ingenuity and a few dollars on it, no one will ever suspect it of having begun life as a packing-box. She will need a box of good size (four feet by three, at least), which should be turned on one side, so as to allow the opening to face the room. At the back,



been bought in a white frame, is decorated by enameling the frame a delicate pink. The box is next covered with a cloth of cotton flannel, nailed securely to the top, and on the edges of this, is fastened a curtain, or frill, of cretonne—like the dado or like the window draperies. Over the top, concealing the cotton flannel, is a cloth of fine linen, or dimity, edged all round with torchon lace, and long enough to fall over and hide the line where the frill is joined to the box. Curtains of light flimsy materials (cheese-cloth will do, but Swiss or crazy cloth is better), are draped above the glass in graceful folds, being held in place by a rosette of ribbon, or of the curtain material.

Behind the curtain, the box is divided by one or two shelves, and when the whole inside is neatly papered, these shelves answer almost every purpose of bureau drawers, holding Virginia's underclothes nicely, while her slippers and shoes repose in order on the very bottom plank. On the top of the stand is put a dainty candlestick, a tray, or mat to hold brush and comb, and a little Chinese tub of bright yellow china, for the boot-hook, hairpins, and the various trinkets which come off every night and go on every morning; a box for handkerchiefs, or gloves, the manicure set, pincushion and cologne bottle, provided the last is not the offensive little object done up in a silk bag with only its stopper showing above a mass of fray-out fringe, bows and "hand-paintings!" Away with such nonsense as this! No house is big enough for it! So take your cologne, like an honest woman, from a clear glass bottle, either perfectly plain, or as

richly cut as you can afford, or, perhaps, from one of the small flasks now made so prettily in all the jewel colors.

Closets and wardrobes, too, you must have; and if none are built in the house, you must set your brains to work and invent some. The most absolutely inconvenient house I ever saw, was made habitable by a clever carpenter, with a few hours' work. In one corner of each bedroom he fitted a shelf, about five feet above the floor—the shelf being triangular in shape, with rounded front and rather long sides. This was fixed to the wall, and to its lower surface double hooks were screwed, the shelf covered with cretonne, and around its edges was tacked a cretonne curtain, which just reached the floor. For a little more expense, a better, closer wardrobe may be had, if the carpenter will make you a door and frame to fit under the shelf; the door itself being a frame, filled with burlaps stretched across, and then covered with Japanese paper—the wood of all being painted to match the woodwork of the room.

The awkwardness of a no-closet room may be greatly relieved, if there is space in the room for a box-lounge, precisely like the one recommended for the parlor, as dresses may be laid at full length in the box-part, after one end has been partitioned off as a bonnet box. Indeed, many ladies (whose means would allow them any sort of closet or wardrobe they fancied), adopt these for their dresses, for the plan keeps loopings and trimmings in better order than folding them away, which creases them; or even than hanging them up, which, in course of time, makes them look stringy and dragged. But, apart from all this, I would urge Virginia to have some sort of a lounge in her bedroom, where she can lie down when she needs to, and which will be oftener done than if she must, perforce, go to the more ceremonious parlor, and run the risk of being disturbed by a visitor. The table is also a packing-box incognito, and may serve as its master's private closet, putting one of the sides on hinges to serve as a door, and putting in two shelves. The box is neatly papered, inside and outside, paneled with Japanese leather paper, tacked on closely with brass-headed tacks, leaving around each panel a framework of wood, four inches broad, which is to be enameled pink. With brass hinges and knobs to the door, the table is completed, and while the top may hold Paul's shaving-glass, brush and comb, and all toilet accessories, the shelves beneath may hold his shirts and underclothes; his boots and slippers lying on the very bottom.

The washstand may be another packing-box, covered like the

dressing-table, but instead of cotton flannel on the top, a piece of white oil-cloth may be substituted and the mat of cotton flannel laid on this, the ends and sides being finished with coarse torchon lace. On the shelf beneath, are the towels and bed-linen for the room, and perhaps, an extra blanket for a sudden change of temperature at night.

A set of chinaware—plain white, with china slop-jar to match—will be found to answer every purpose, but, if possible to be had, I should recommend an English set, of yellowish-white ground, with dark red azaleas on it; and there is quite a pretty Trenton set, of daisies on a ground which shades from deep pink to white; but be sure to buy the *jar*, for a china jar is the only proper thing to use at the washstand. It is the only kind which can be kept perfectly clean and sweet.

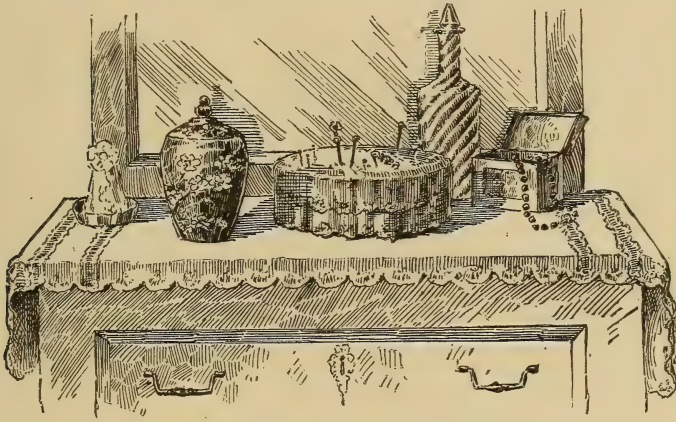
On every washstand there should be a small caraffe or pitcher, in fancy glass, to hold filtered or spring water for the mouth and teeth, the supply being renewed fresh each morning before using. A towel-rack is a necessity; a folding one will prove a great convenience; and near at hand, a bracket fixed to the wall may hold a yellow china tub in which sponges and bath-soap are kept on a drain. The drain may be one from any old soap dish, and the tubs themselves may be obtained at the Japanese stores. Behind the washstand, instead of a splasher, hang a generous curtain, supported on a brass rod run through screw-eyes, fixed in the wall. This curtain is of white checked muslin, or cheese cloth, and is two yards long and two wide, thus fully protecting the wall from a splashing washer, or the careless emptying of the basin and tooth-glass. A screen is a valuable accessory to a bedroom (and it is not necessarily expensive), as in sickness they are invaluable aids in keeping draughts and light from the patients, and no bedroom is complete without one.

The spare room may repeat your own in all respects—save color. Let the walls of this be a faint sage-green, the woodwork a dull indian-red, the ceiling buff. Put curtains of crazy cloth at the window—an ecru ground with dark red figures, tied back by creamy-white ribbons. Over the straw-colored matting, put small imitation Eastern mats, or rugs of dark red ingrain—a mahogany-red is the tone you want to repeat again and again. The lambrequin and toilet curtains should be of sage cretonne, with red roses scattered over it, and the toilet set of cream-white, or of white and brown—something very quiet. For chairs, you will need two at least in each room, besides one easy chair of wicker-work, ebonized and made gay with cretonne



cushions. Pray do not buy any rocking chairs—the rockers gnaw off your pretty paint, and the back swings into your walls and takes out a piece of the paper. Our use of them is mainly habit, and a very bad habit, too. I sometimes look at women, rocking backwards and forwards by the hour, and wonder their brains and their babies' brains are not addled. But I would sooner have my paint gnawed off, and my walls broken by the regulation rocker, than admit within my doors the ugly invention known as the "patent rocker." This adds the sin of being hideous to all its other offences.

If you feel that the bedrooms, as thus described, are not as good as you can afford, you might get a chamber suite for each room you



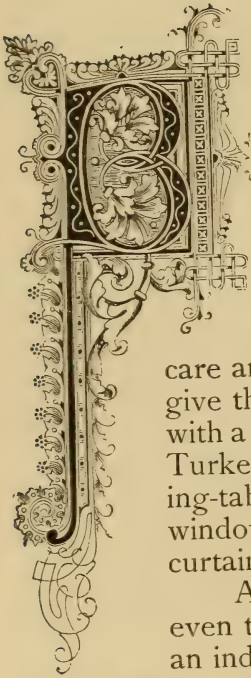
furnish, but carefully avoid the ornate and over-decorated suites that are made in such quantities now-a-days. The set illustrated is really good in design, being a copy of one made in England. It is made in highly-polished wood,

with good glass and smoothly-rolling castors, either antique oak or walnut. You will never tire of its simple solidity; and after all, no make-shift box ever quite takes the place of a comfortable, well-appointed bureau, whatever else it may do.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FAMILY SITTING ROOM.



BEFORE leaving the subject of the bed-chambers entirely, however, and entering upon that of the sitting room, a few words about the maid's room may not be inappropriate.

The maid's room should be as comfortable as her mistress', but may be much plainer. Though one should try to make it as pretty as possible, it should at the same time be so simple and clean looking, that one can easily detect any want of care and neatness. If there are two maids, by all means give them separate beds. A cot for each is all sufficient, with a packing-box washstand quite prettily trimmed with Turkey-red. Have a rag carpet on the floor, and a dressing-table also trimmed with red, and the same red at the windows, over white pane curtains; place in the corner, curtains for a closet, to protect the dresses from dust.

A washstand set of white, full and complete, and even the delicate attention of a screen is none too great an indulgence for these women, who really have no spot in all the house, outside this room, which they can call their own.

The "living-room" will be for some time, only a cosy morning room—half boudoir, half library. On each side the fire-place, bookshelves, low and irregular, may be built into the walls, and let me assure you, a "living-room" without books, tells a sad tale to a thoughtful visitor.

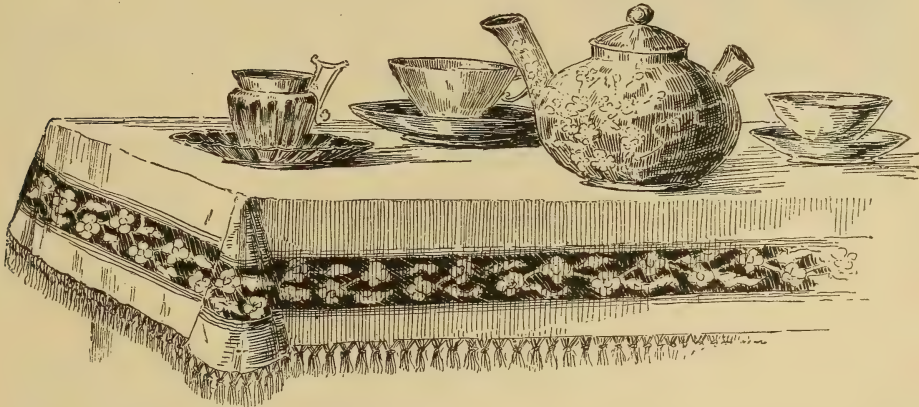
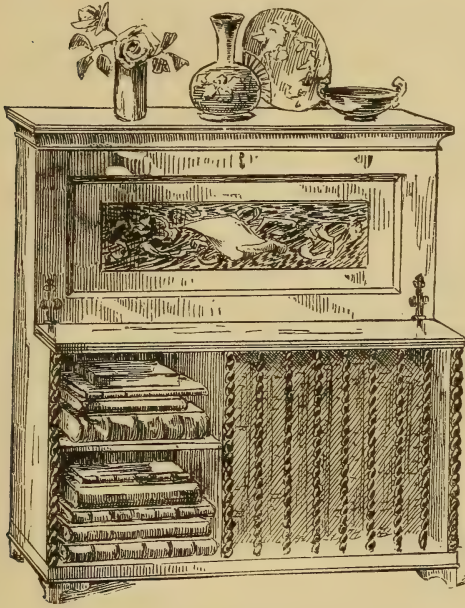
The lounge and general furniture of this room, may be of rattan, made comfortable by cushions of bright cretonne, or of blue denims, with an occasional one of Turkey-red.

The walls, as a background to these, may be a warm bluish-grey with a pink ceiling—the curtains of blue and white crazy cloth, are

alike for both sash and over-curtains—the last being cut off at the sill and hung very full, so that they fall into ample and graceful folds when draped back with cotton cord and tassel.

Every such room should include in its furniture, something which may serve as a writing desk.

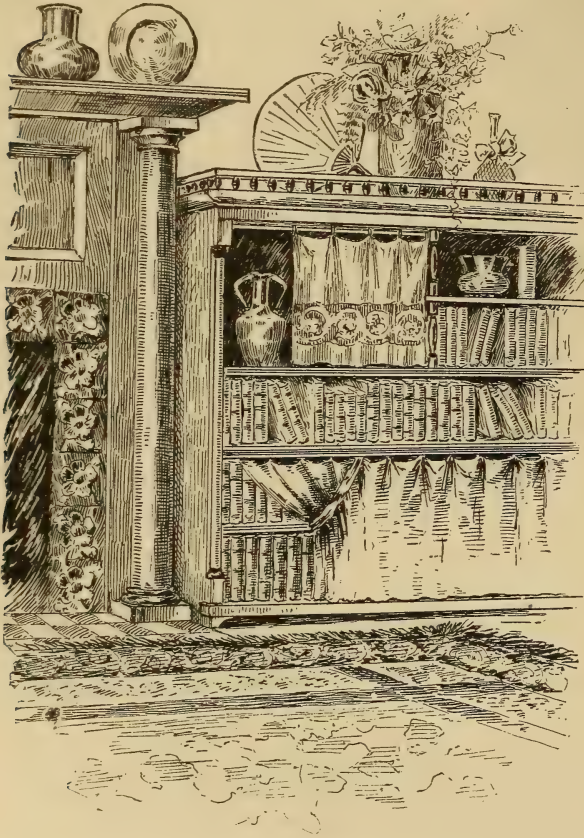
On one wall of the room there should be a little cupboard to hold three or four delicate plates, and cups and saucers, a little box of crackers, tea-pot, cream pitcher and sugar bowl, a caddy with some good tea, and a spirit-lamp or gas-stove of tiny size. With these within reach, Virginia may offer a cheerful cup of tea to an afternoon visitor, without in the least interfering with the work of her one hand-maiden, or



without being obliged to leave her visitor while she herself prepares it—and this act of hospitality is often a most welcome pleasure to a lady, who has encountered an appreciable amount of trouble and fatigue in her effort to make the call at Virginia's suburban, or country home.



In this room may be collected all the relics and memoirs of girlhood's days—the photographs of the dear family, the pictures and books and knick-knacks given to her when she was a child; and she must try to make the whole room speak of *herself* so plainly and strongly, that Paul will always think of it when someone else speaks of “home.”



In all the house I have not spoken of pictures, principally because they are so expensive—if good at all—that few young couples can invest in them. But, if you feel as strongly as I do the need for such pleasures, some pictures will creep into the little home, even if all the necessities—so-called—are not yet to be had.

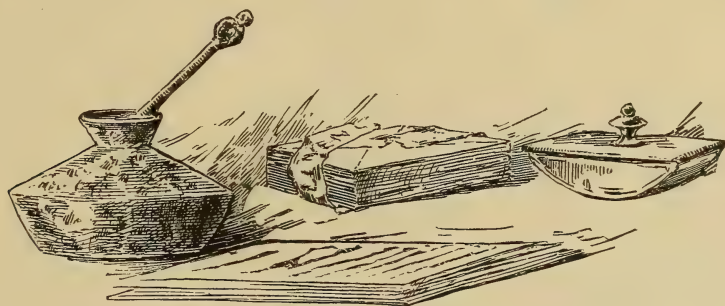
Let me beg of you not to spend money on oil paintings or chromos. The best pictures for your purpose will be always black and white, such as the Adolph Braun autotypes and photographs, or Goupil's photogravures, in which a new process

produces results as soft and rich as the etcher's point and acid.

With these black and white pictures, one or two water-colors will give beauty to your walls, but even here you must know enough to be sure you are getting good work, and if you have not this knowledge, you should not be too proud to ask the advice of some competent friend.

Among the chromos, a new fancy has sprung up of imitating water-colors, and in these, the evils of the chromo are somewhat

less apparent. I have even seen some pleasing bits of color among them, but I know none I should care to recommend, except perhaps, one or two after Ross Turner's marine views; Miss Fidelia Bridgys foreground sketches; and some roses scattered on a white cloth and falling from a low vase—there was no name on the roses, only the initial M. B., but I have seen the same subject so often that I am quite sure it can easily be found at any of the city book-stores and art galleries.



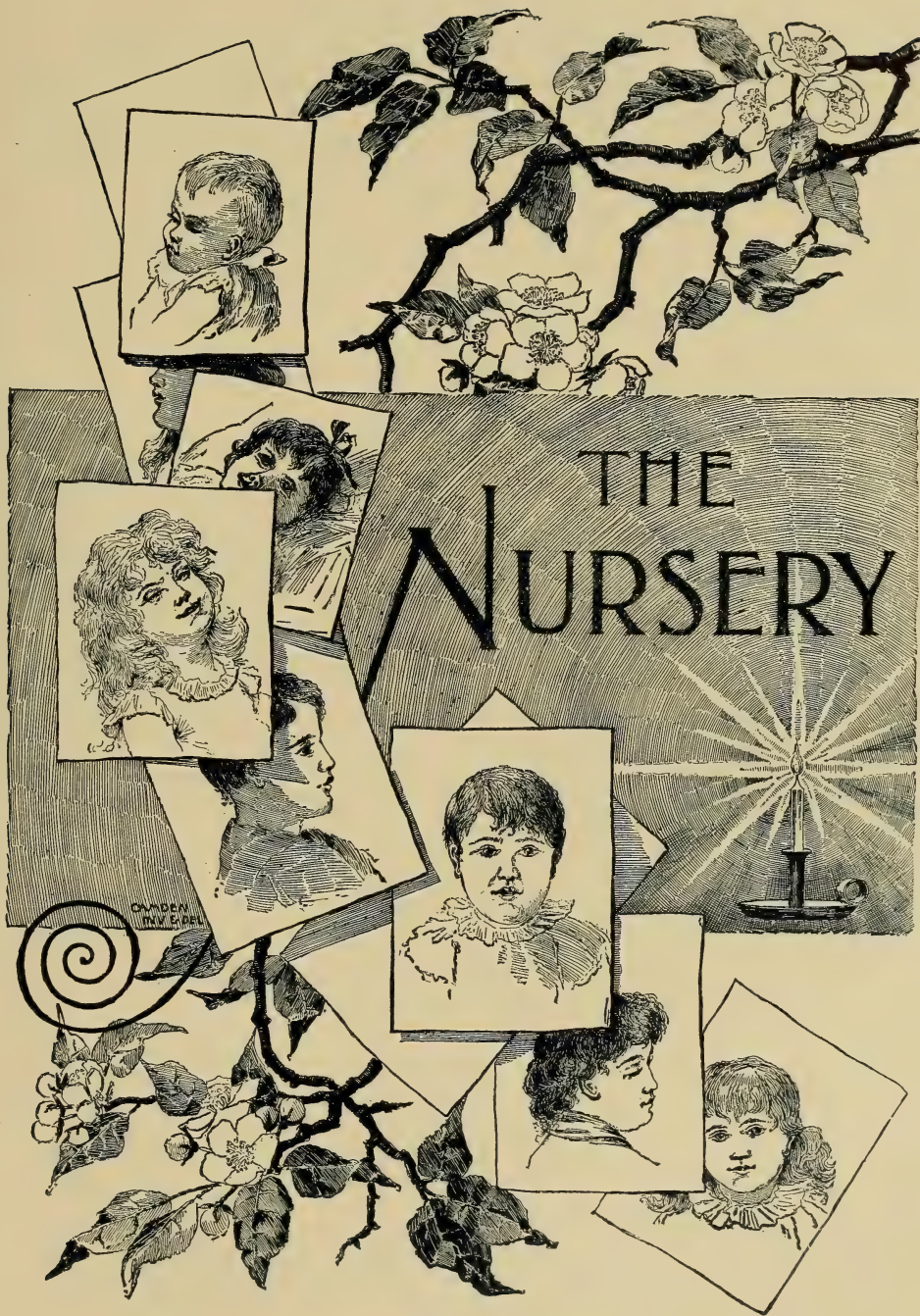
The frames for all pictures, other than oil paintings, should be narrow and simple—some of the most celebrated frame makers advising altogether the use of wood in its natural color, or, at the most, ebonized, or enameled in white. If you prefer the narrow frames of gold, be sure that the gold is *gold leaf*, (and not a lacquer), as lacquer lasts a very short time—its brilliancy soon becoming tarnished. Your pictures will look much better in a plain cherry, or oak band, than in the cheap lacquered frame.

But I feel that I am stepping beyond my first intention when I enter the realm of "pictures," and I therefore draw to a close these papers which I hope may be what I have tried to make them—*thoroughly helpful* in building the "home-nest."









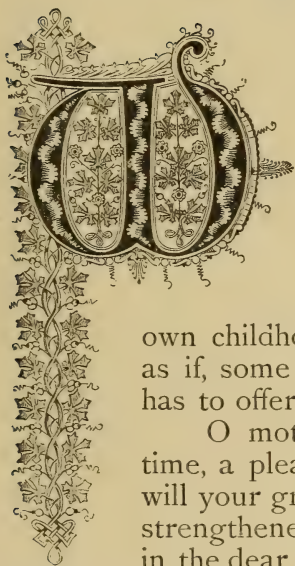




# THE NURSERY.

## CHAPTER I.

### ITS SANITATION, USES AND CONVENIENCES.



**W**HAT a flood of hallowed recollections; what tender smiles does the very word evoke!

Which of us is there who has not stored away in his memory, the recollection of a bright cheery room somewhere, filled with littered toys and merry romping children? Which of us is there who, if he has been denied this recollection as a memory of his own childhood, does not feel himself defrauded, and feel as if, some way, he has missed one of the best things life has to offer?

O mothers! make the nursery life and the nursery time, a pleasant recollection, for many times in after life will your grown son and daughter be withheld from bad, or strengthened in good, as they remember the "good times in the dear old nursery," when they were innocent romping rollicking children.

Its character and influence is far-reaching, and every effort should be made to have it of such importance that it shall be considered thoroughly and constantly in all its bearings and in all its relations, not only to the daily life of the infants who dwell in it, but to the grown sons and daughters who leave it. "Give me," says some one, "your child until he is six years old, and I care not who has him after that." 'Tis here baby's first tears are shed; 'tis here she learns her first lessons—lessons which are softened by mother's loving care, by



father's wise counsel—lessons which if left untaught in childhood, are learned with such bitter force in after life.

But first let us take into consideration the nursery itself as adapted for the use to which it is put. The nursery is practically the *home* of the infant until she shall have attained such an age that she goes to school. If the parents are sufficiently endowed with means, to have a daily governess, the nursery is converted into a school-room, and is christened with this more high-sounding title, but it is the same room in which the child has spent her earliest life.

It should therefore, be a bright sunny room, having, if possible, a pleasant outlook, as we cannot realize to what an extent early training of the eye to look on pleasant objects, has upon after education.

It should be readily warmed in winter, and, as it will be the sewing room of the mother in most cases, it should, if possible, be such as can be kept comparatively cool in summer. This can often be accomplished by trailing vines and outside awnings. There should likewise be outside shutters. Where there are inside blinds, the heat of the sun has an opportunity to partially enter the room before it meets anything to ward it off. There never was a greater mistake in house building than the introduction of inside blinds to take the place of the old-fashioned shutter. Have plenty of air and light and sunshine by all means, but it is not detrimental to health, that the broiling sun should be shut out of a room in which the mother must sit at her monotonous and ever recurring task of darning little socks and mending little trousers.

The selection of the room itself is of utmost importance. A lady, with three little children, was harassed and distressed by constantly recurring diptheric symptoms in one or the other of them; and frequently in all three. The physician was baffled as to the origin of the disease. At last he said: "Where do these children stay during the day time?" "With me, down in the basement dining room. I have my own work to do, so I have made a sitting room of the dining room, and keep my sewing-machine there." The mystery was explained. All day long, the three little tots were kept underground, as it were, like potatoes in a cellar. He had them removed to an upper room, and the change was almost magical. The mother, of course, had added care, in running upstairs, first to see that the children were safe, then down to see that the pudding did not burn; but it is to be doubted that her care was as much increased as it was by the constantly recurring symptoms of diptheria, when it was not





only necessary to keep one child separated from the rest, but to provide a safe place for the other two.

If possible, a nursery should have in it an open fire-place, in which a constant fire should be kept burning for purposes of ventilation, no matter what the other processes of heating may be; but should it be possible to have an open fire-place, by all means have a reliable fender in front of it, to prevent any possibility of accident. It is a great convenience also, as well as a measure of sanitation, for many times, many steps are saved by having an available fire. An iron to heat, baby's milk to warm—a thousand things wanted daily and hourly, may be prepared by the open fire. Next to the open fire, a stove is best, as by starting up a good fire, one may open the stove door, and thus have partial ventilation. To keep up a constant ventilation, have a board made, which shall be about five inches wide and of such length that it will fit snugly in the bottom of the window when the sash is raised, leaving no open space.

When the window is closed down upon this strip, there is a constant circulation of air at the middle of the sash, while below all is tight and draughts are avoided.

If you are planning a nursery, plan plenty of closet-room. If you are *making* a nursery in a house already occupied, and in which closet-room is deficient, make your closets according to the fashion recommended and explained in a foregoing chapter.

The nursery, for purposes of convenience to the mother, should be immediately next to the bath room, in order to save steps, but the sanitation of the bath room should be most carefully looked after, and the room itself kept scrupulously clean, and the children should be early taught that they are not to go into the bath room and dabble in water. Severe colds have resulted from children being carelessly allowed to do this kind of thing. Obedience is a thing that can and should be taught in the very earliest stages of a child's life, and the mother cannot too soon begin to teach a child, what may, or what must not be done. And emphatically the child must not play in the bath room.

Given, a nursery, the most important object of interest therein is "Baby." She may be afflicted with strabismus and a large mouth—she may have no nose worth mentioning and hands like birds' claws—she may in fact, to the casual observer, resemble nothing so much as a frog—but to us she is beautiful. She may rule by force of lung—she may pound us into submission with her



tiny fist, or she may coo her way into the inmost recesses of the hearts of those around her, but all the same she is ruler absolute, the queen around whom all things centre, and a very tyrant.

For her the doors are shut, though others roast—for her the windows are opened, though others freeze, and daily and hourly household matters are regulated to suit “baby’s” wants.

But first, baby must be dressed, and “How shall I make baby’s clothes?” is a question which has caused many a young mother anxious moments, untold in number.

Mother tells what *she* had, mother-in-law tells what *she* had—grandmother insists on many things that were necessities when *she* was a young mother—till in the “multitude of counselors” there is not *wisdom*, but chaos, and the young autocrat bids fair to be unclothed for some time, unless the perplexed young wife be a woman of good common sense, and finally concludes to do her best, or to seek advice from a disinterested but reliable party. Spite of the fact that your best friend, O mother! never had *less* than twelve long dresses for her babies, don’t consider these a necessity. Indeed, there are nearly always too many clothes made for an infant any way.

Have enough good, warm, soft clothing by all means, but remember that a multitude of gathers and ruffles and embroidery, only mean vexation to the child and weariness to the mother. How foolish, how exceedingly foolish it is, for a young mother to trick her infant out every day in dresses which it takes hours to wash and iron, if done properly; and surely, *poorly* ironed finery is worse than none at all.

Make the clothes loose and simple, and comparatively short. Many babies wear dresses, the weight of which, by reason of their length, is too much for their frail bodies to support. If the feet are well covered, say by eighteen inches of clothing, it is all that is really *necessary*; after that every added inch is a question of taste (or ignorance).

The flannel used should be of the softest and finest, and all seams should be carefully and closely “cat-whipped” down, so as to avoid all possibility of roughness. It should likewise contain a little cotton, as all-wool flannel will grow harsh in time with frequent





CLASPING TINY HANDS.



washing, though if washed in *cold* soap-suds, it will retain its first softness very much longer.

All pins should be tabooed, even safety-pins, and there should be no buttons upon the back of an infant's clothes, when it can be avoided. The dresses, of course, must have buttons on them, but these should be very small, and of lace or linen. The petticoats should not open either at the front or back, but be very loose, and button up on both shoulders. Thus equipped, the infant is as comfortable as we can make her.

A baby that is sweet and clean, and comfortable and warm, is well-dressed no matter how plain its clothes are.

Comfortably dressed, the next thing is to find a *name* for the new treasure, and right here comes a grand opportunity for a family fracas. Mother wants the child called "Hepzibah," because her sainted mother bore that name. Mother-in-law wants her called Rebecca, for some equally good reason. So Paul and Virginia compromise by giving the child both names, comforting themselves with the reflection that they can call her "Bessie" or "Beppa," or some other of the ridiculous "make-shifts," so much in vogue at the present day, only to discover after they have the child successfully christened that they have not only pleased neither, but have offended both mothers-in-law.

One of the great mistakes in life, is to give a child one name and call it by another—an abbreviation of the original name, I mean. A *pet* name is one thing, and is engendered by a feeling of tenderness, but it should be such as is used only in the child's immediate family. To name a child "Helen," and call her "Nellie" habitually, whether speaking of or to her; or "Louise," and call her "Lulu," or "Lydia," and call her "Lillie," is all a mistake. It teaches the child a certain lack of self-respect—subtle and small perhaps, but lasting. A child's real name should be part of her individuality, and she should never be permitted to sign herself anything but her proper name. The naming of a child is a thing to which more thought should be devoted, than is usually given. It is not well to give the name of any person *living*, for you cannot calculate as to the future action of either party, nor what occurrences may arise to cause an unpleasant feeling to either on account of joint interest in a name. We can all readily imagine instances where much bitterness would be added to a family feud, by the thought that one party or the other was christened in that way. Many a father or son has cursed the day that gave the two the same name. Many a "good old-fashioned name"



has been given to a child because it was "good enough" in *those* days, without reference to the fact that in *these*, it picked the child out from among his fellows, and made him a subject of ridicule. Give a child a good euphonious name, teach him to respect it and himself, teach him that it is his *individually*, and that on him alone



rests the duty of making it honorable, and then—*call him by it.*

Now comes the trying task of washing her royal highness. Much of the difficulty that young mothers experience in this task, arises from the fear of *hurting* such a very tender and delicate little morsel of humanity. While this is a very natural, it is a

groundless fear. Ordinary care exercised in handling a child, will prevent its being hurt, while very tender handling instils into its unconscious mind (if one may be allowed the expression), a sense of insecurity. This idea once fastened in an infant's mind, the bathing hour is sure to be a regular siege each day.

"I don't see how it is," sighs some weary little mother, flushed with the efforts of the last hour, "baby never cries when mother washes her, and I'm just as careful as I can be." It is the "just as careful" that works the ruin. Handle the baby firmly but without fear. Washing an infant is very much like driving a horse—if you are afraid, the horse is perfectly conscious of the fact—and if you distrust yourself, baby will distrust you also.

Do not stoop over to wash the child, but have its bath-tub upon a chair or stool, at a height entirely convenient to yourself. If Paul be anything of a mechanic, he can construct for you, something which though it may not be a "thing of beauty," will certainly be a "joy forever." Let him construct for you a little carriage, something after the manner of a child's express wagon. Upon this you can place the bath-tub. Fill this in the bath room, by means of a pail, with the required water and wheel it into the nursery. If the bath-tub has, as it should have, a spigot, it will be the work of but a few moments to empty it again, by means of the pail, when it has been returned to the bath room by means of its wheeled carriage. By this means the mother is saved all that terrible lifting of the weight of water. Many an irreparable injury has been done by just such lifting as this, and as I have said and reiterated, it is a mother's solemn duty to save herself when she can.

*Provide yourself with every necessary article before you begin your task.* Don't either catch her up and wrap her in a blanket while you go to hunt the soap or towel, nor leave her soaking in the water. You don't know *what* may happen to her while you are gone, nor what emergency may arise with yourself. Among the things most important, is what is commonly termed a *blanket*, but to my mind, the most convenient form of this article, is a very long, wide, white canton-flannel apron. This is warm and soft, and soaks up the moisture, and, being in the form of an apron fastened to the mother's waist, it cannot well slip down and leave the little one exposed to the air.

The question of soaps, powders and unguents, is one upon which I shall hardly touch, for it is one which the physician should settle. I will only say, beware of most so-called baby powders—one of the



very best things you can use in ordinary cases, being simple corn-starch with a modicum of orris-root added, to give it a faint odor of violets. But there is one thing I must impress upon you, and that children differ as materially in the construction of their skins as they do in that of their brains; and what may prove very healing to the flesh of one child, may be very irritating to another.

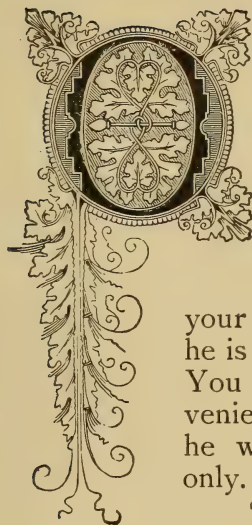
A well-regulated baby should go to sleep after she has been bathed and fed, but they don't always, by any means. Be very careful, however, when the latter is the case, to avoid all draughts, as most serious results may follow carelessness in this respect.





## CHAPTER II.

### AVOIDABLE DEFORMITIES.



NE of the things of the utmost importance, if a mother would have her children grow up symmetrical in form, is to watch her babies with unceasing vigilance during their sleep. One able physician declares that to carelessness upon this point is due most of the shortness of limb not produced by actual disease. "Note your child well," said he to a young mother, "when he is asleep, if you would have him grow up straight. You will find that from your own habit of most conveniently holding him on one particular side, that he will soon grow to prefer to lie upon one side only.

"You will find, too, that during his sleep he will habitually draw up one leg, if lying upon one side—the other leg, if lying upon the other. Turn him often and straighten his legs. This will not only conduce greatly to his comfort but much to your own, for frequently when a baby stirs, and seems inclined to wake, it is because the soft little limbs have grown tired from lying in one position. Turn him over—not too gently, for by this very caution you will be most likely to waken him—draw down his leg, shake and smooth his skirts, give him a pat and he is off for another hour's nap."

Indeed, I have known babies treated in this way to sleep along for five or six hours at a stretch, when otherwise they would have been up, perhaps, in a half hour, with only a half nap. This process can be repeated with safety just so long as the baby will stay asleep. Very often babies waken, not because they wish to rouse at all, but because they want to turn over and do not know how to accomplish it.

It stands to reason that a child habitually lying upon one side, should habitually draw up one particular leg, thus producing, while the bones are soft and forming, a lesser or greater difference in length, and

next, children should be put into short clothes as soon as practicable.

The garments should be so short as to insure at least a moderate degree of freedom of action. It will do the baby good to go naked a little while each day, to kick and fence at her own sweet will. Let the room be warm, hot if you choose, but—let the baby kick. Not only will her lower limbs be developed by this freedom of action, but her lungs will be benefited, her chest be expanded and her muscles be strengthened in all parts of her body.

Let us now pass on to the time when slight defects, either created through ignorance or inborn, have taken hold of the system.

A mother notices that her four-year-old daughter is acquiring a habit of holding her head slightly upon one side. Still it looks "cute," and the child is permitted to do it, without any idea upon the mother's part, that there may be a *cause* for the habit. It grows upon her, however, and becomes confirmed. By the time she is seventeen, one shoulder is higher than the other, and she no longer "looks cute"—she only looks hopelessly awkward—and the mother tries, by scolding and threats of various processes, to break up the "ugly habit." Lo! by some accident it is suddenly discovered, that in all these years, while this "cute," "ugly habit" has been forming, the daughter has been using but one eye, the vision of the other being defective to such a degree as to be practically useless. Had she had spectacles or judicious treatment for her eyes when the *habit* first set in, she would have been as straight as any of her neighbors.

Mary Ann complains of a pain in her back. Her mother says: "Nonsense! Girls ought not to have any backs." But Mary Ann's "back" remains a fixed fact, nevertheless, spite of maternal protest. Aunt Jane suggests a porous plaster, and, the pain growing no better, a porous plaster is forthwith clapped on, though her mother "don't approve of coddling young girls." No relief! Grandmother suggests iodine, Uncle John a blister, and, to make assurance doubly sure, now that she *has* set about the business of curing Mary Ann, the mother puts on *both*, much to Mary Ann's discomfort, but nothing at all to her relief.

Slightly alarmed and almost convinced that Mary Ann's "back" is no fiction, the advice of a physician is asked. He measures and questions, and says finally: "Madame, your daughter's legs are not the same length. Raise the heel of one shoe and the difficulty will be obviated. Every time she takes a step she wrenches her spine and jars her whole body. This in time may produce permanent injury."

The advice is taken, the mother meanwhile blissfully ignorant of

the fact that, probably, to her own ignorance alone, is Mary Ann's defective leg due, and the daughter is restored to comfort; and the family, who "always noticed that she set one heel down kind of heavy, but thought it was only a bad habit," is convinced that Mary Ann's "back" was no sham.

It is the lot of the main body of humanity to endure much physical suffering, but it is the solemn duty of parents to see that their children are saved from unnecessary suffering as far as in them lies, and careful investigation and adjustment of such discrepancies as this, may save your son or daughter years of discomfort.

Perhaps from no other unsuspected infirmity, does such a variety and complication of diseases arise, as from defective vision. This variety is almost infinite. It is the marvel of the many that spectacles are so prevalent in our day, and the wiseacres assign first one reason and then another—one laying it to tight lacing, another to high-heeled shoes, forgetting that spectacles are as common among men as among women. All combine, however, to attack the oculists and declare that it is all nonsense anyway, and merely an effect of the imagination upon which the oculists are but too willing to play. But the truth never seems to strike this same general public (the truth for which the spectacled ones have need to be so thankful), that the scientists who, for love of their kind and their profession, have devoted their lives to the study of the subject in all its ramifications, have discovered a new way to treat old diseases, *i. e.*, by way of the eye, instead of by way of the stomach.

George grows pale and thin and stoop-shouldered. As soon as he commences to study, he becomes sick at the stomach. As this sickness seems to accompany the effort of studying only, his father rather fancies that it comes on because the boy is obliged to go to school; and he seems inclined to force matters with his son. But the mother knows the reality of the boy's suffering. So she doctors him for indigestion—a little soda, a little lime-water, a little mint—all the harmless remedies in fact that are written in the mother's pharmacopœia, not forgetting to give him a liberal dose of warm water once in a while, as an emetic. But all this care does him no permanent good. The moment George begins to study again, or to read, the old trouble is renewed. So often does this occur that his mother determines upon the advice of someone wiser than herself.

"Madame," says the physician, "your boy has no more dyspepsia than you have. He is simply so near-sighted that he can



hardly see beyond his nose. Get spectacles for him. He is growing round-shouldered and hollow-chested from nothing else but a continued effort to see. His sickness of stomach arises from the same cause. Take away his peppermint and give him glasses instead, or what is better, put him into the hands of some professional oculist. The nerves are all in sympathy, and what affects his eyes will likewise affect his brain and stomach." The advice followed, the boy is forthwith cured of his dyspepsia.

In one case, well known to the writer, a young girl was treated during three or four years for violent spells of headache. She took pounds of pills, pints of medicine, for her head, for her stomach, for her spine, for malarial disorders, for neuralgia, for bile. Her hair grew gray, and she bade fair to sink into chronic invalidism. A brilliant idea struck her, and in three months, spectacles had done for her what dosing had not done for her in three years. There had been a constant strain of the nerves of eye and brain, while the poor girl had been trying to fit together two eyes of entirely dissimilar focus.

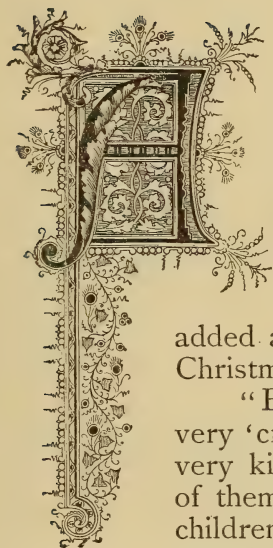
There is one more point upon which it would perhaps be well to speak before closing this paper—the absolute injury to personal appearance caused by permitting a child to suck her thumb. There is perhaps no ill-effect from this during infancy, but if the habit is allowed to continue (as in many cases it is), until the jaw begins to expand to make room for the second teeth, the shape of the mouth is ruined for all time. The upper incisors are pushed outward and their inner edges pushed upward in many cases, so that the lower edges, instead of forming a straight line, as they should, make a "V," lesser or greater in proportion to the habit, and the natural conformation of the mouth. Where you see this peculiar conformation of jaw in an adult, you will in nearly every case, see a corresponding lack of symmetry, if not positive deformity of the thumb.

A mother who prides herself upon her little daughter's pretty mouth, or hand, or both, would do well to see that she is prevented from deforming them by this habit.

It is not necessary to fly to a physician with every little irregularity you may detect in your children, but it is necessary to note everything; and when you are convinced that your child is falling into a fixed habit of some kind, you may be sure that there is some cause, mental or physical, for that habit, and the earlier such defect is corrected the better and happier your child will be. You may be saving your son or daughter life-long suffering, yourself life-long regret.

## CHAPTER III.

### HOLIDAY EVILS.



YOUNG mother, calling upon a neighbor, found her busy cleaning away the Christmas presents.

"What are you doing, Mary?"

"Putting away the Christmas toys."

"What a pity! Why don't you let the children have them and get all the good out of them they can? My children have such a good time with theirs. But, oh dear," she added after a moment, with a sigh, "I sometimes wish Christmas never came around, they get so cross."

"Exactly, Clarice; and it is to prevent just this very 'crossness' that I do as I do. My children have very kind friends, and receive many presents—some of them, in my estimation, entirely too handsome for children to destroy. During Christmas week, when their little friends are coming in and out, I have everything around the nursery, that they may have the pleasure of showing them. But after the tree is down, I gather up the toys together, and oblige the children to make a choice of two toys apiece. The rest are put away. At the end of a week they may have two more, but the *first* two must go back in the closet. By this means I have ever in hand a stock of new toys and amusements. In cases of sickness I get down the whole stock, and many a day have I had occasion to bless this fund of amusement for the sick little ones. The very novelty of it all, half cured their ailments. Very often, too, when I have the time, I invent or make, and lay away, some 'rainy day' or 'case of sickness' amusement, and while it may possess but little intrinsic merit or worth, it is always valuable for its rare appearance, and serves a good purpose."

In these days we are proud to note, among the improvements

of the age, the improved condition of children—the thought that is displayed for them. No longer does the world resound with “Good enough for the children,” but too many toys are a doubtful good. Not only that, but they are a real evil.

After the Christmas season there is always an increase of sickness among children. This is generally ascribed to the sweetmeats. But to the sweetmeats alone is not due one-half. The children are surrounded by scenes of excitement—school entertainments, Sunday-school entertainments, Christmas festivals, New Year’s parties, and



a multiplicity of presents which they hardly know how to play with. The brain is under a constant strain of excitement, the blood deserts the stomach to feed the over-stimulated brain, and the deserted stomach finds it weary work coping with the sweetmeats which it would perhaps have had little difficulty in digesting under more favorable circumstances.

Mothers and philanthropists who do so much for the blessed little ones, beware of undue excitement if you value your children’s health and digestion, and your own peace of mind.



On the question of toys alone, there might much be said. Children have too many toys, and there is too much variety in them. Too much is done to amuse, and too little left to the effort of the child's own mind.

When a mother begins to amuse her baby, let her take heed how she does it, lest at the same time she is sowing the seeds of future trouble for herself, and nervous restlessness for the child. One grand law is, when a child is amused let her *stay* amused. When the mother finds that tapping the scissors on the table is a



thing of interest to the baby, let her continue to do just that, and nothing else, just so long as the baby will continue interested. Do not tap on the chair, or on the stove, or make any change of any kind, as long as you can possibly stand the monotony. It is very wearing, I know, and dreadfully trying to the nerves, but not half so bad, I can assure you, as it will be some months later, when you find you must go from one thing to another in rapid succession, because baby so soon gets tired of one thing. You will thus, even at three months of age, be beginning to inculcate in your baby one of the most valuable lessons a mother can teach a child—steadiness of per-

pose. Mothers realize ordinarily only too late, if ever, the immense importance of beginning *early* to establish in their children such habits and principles as it is most desirable they should possess.

Of these, a habit of self-amusement and of making the best of surroundings, is one of the most valuable. A rag doll and a few



blocks have made many a child happier, than all the steam engines, and soldiers, and rocking-horses, and balls, and balloons that money could buy. Indeed, an old coffee-mill and some clean Indian meal have been an infinite source of amusement, and one grandmother I know, used to confer untold delight by giving the younger ones a



hammer and a box of small nails, and sending them out in the yard to pound them into the seat of an old wooden bench. A little guidance would teach the children to form the nail-heads into stars



and crescents, or bunches, or twos and threes, and thus, besides being an infinite source of amusement, they were a source of education.





DOLLS IN THE ORIENT.

Let the nursery be a place devoted to the babies and their amusements, but let the amount of toys be limited, and never under any but the most unavoidable circumstances, interfere with a child of any age that is quietly and legitimately amusing itself.

The question of children's plays is one of far more import than is generally imagined. The child who plays at "Dolls' Wedding," and has the minister, and the ceremony, and the wedding dress, and the groom, and all the other attendants upon such an occasion, learns to regard *marriage* as a simple ceremony, which is to be thought of as a time for "fuss and feathers," and festivity and fun. The longer the train, the more numerous and costly the gifts, the happier the bride! By the time the girl comes to be married herself, the first sweetness and solemnity is worn off, so often has she "played getting married" when she was a child.

To the child who is permitted to bury one of her dolls and put the rest in mourning for the occasion, the wearing of the mourning garb becomes a hollow mockery, and when she dons it herself for a deceased relative, it is no longer a badge of grief, nor evidence of respect for the dead—it is merely a question of public opinion, and whether it may happen to be becoming.

To the children who are permitted to "play church," to preach, to sing, to *pray*, religion must grow to be a very *peculiar* thing, to say the least. How parents with any idea of the sacredness of religious duties can permit such things, is a mystery.

Cut out with ruthless hand, all that is sacrilegious, vulgar or unrefined from the children's play; give them plenty of food for wholesome fun—give them plenty of opportunity to amuse themselves and each other by their ingenuity and simple devices, and you will have a happy set of children.

"But would you cut out dolls from a little girl's play?"

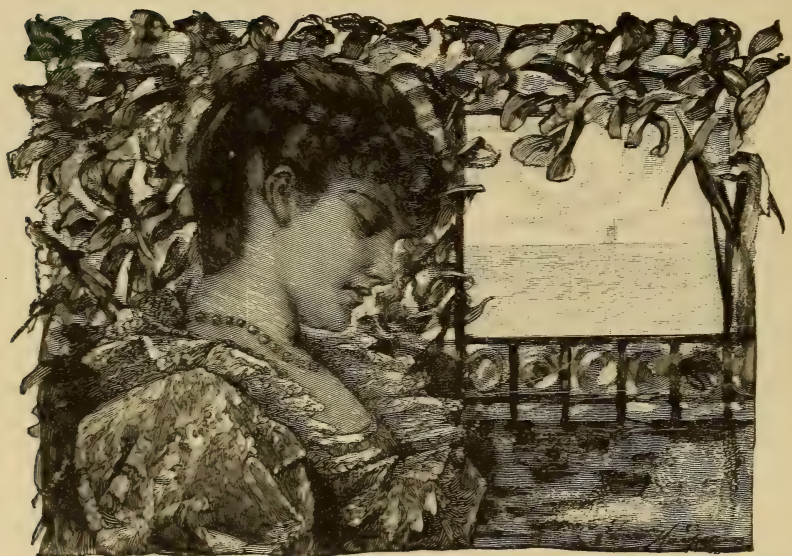
Not by any means! As educators, they are the greatest institution that ever was invented. All nations under the sun have recognized this fact, and to-day, from Greenland to Hindostan, from Tartary to California, are to be found puppets belonging to the growing girls. And our own little girls in the far west, or any other region where toys are scarce, may still be seen nursing the corn-cob or rag baby of early times. Her doll is at once her counselor, her confidante, her slave.

Through her doll, the miniature woman learns to sew, to plan, to make, to mend; and many a mother can trace present ease of



performance of some daily task, back to experience gained in caring for her doll.

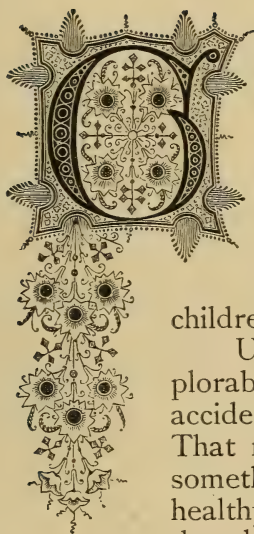
Let them have all the belongings for their baby that you can afford. Give them a bed and bedding, and let them make their own sheets and pillow cases. Provide them with all material, but let them do their own work, and no mother will ever regret the time spent in teaching her daughter to sew for her doll.





## CHAPTER IV.

### CHILDREN'S NERVES.



HILDREN'S nerves! Nonsense! Children haven't any nerves!"

"O but they have!"

"Well, they *oughtn't* to have any, then!"

Ah, *that* may be, or at least, perhaps, we ought not to be able to recognize their action in a child, but on whom is the blame to rest that we are constantly compelled to note the fact that children *do* have nerves?

Upon the parents, without doubt, (unless the deplorable facts of nerves be developed by some untoward accident over which the parents have no control.) That nerves are given to each human organization is something no sane person will deny; and, in a sound, healthy condition, they perform a very important part in the physical economy, being those parts of our system by which we especially "live and move and have our being." But, when by circumstances or careless rearing, these same nerves have been rendered hypersensitive, then indeed are they a curse.

So closely is the whole economy of the nervous system connected that it is absolutely impossible to abuse the set of nerves in one part of the body without the effect being more or less remotely felt in every other part, in the course of time.

But that which more nearly and quickly affects the whole system, is abuse of the nerves of the brain. Hence the especial necessity of keeping the brain of a child as quiet as possible. I do not mean to restrain the child from the normal excitement of acquiring knowledge of all kinds; I allude at present solely to rude or violent shocks; and more especially do I refer to the habit of startling children, "just to see them jump."

A parent can hardly compute the train of evils which may follow from permitting one child to start out at another unexpectedly from some dark corner; nor can such a practice be too severely condemned. Parents themselves, will often run ahead, hide behind the door and jump out with a "Boo!" just as the child reaches the spot. It seems strange that parents can be so criminally thoughtless, but so, unfortunately, it is. The child may laugh and enjoy the fun at the time, but the *effect* remains. And where such tricks are



encouraged or permitted, the amount of nervous strain and mental torture or excitement, undergone by the more sensitive, from the expectation of being startled at any moment, is beyond calculation.

Many children, too, for some reason, are afraid of the dark.

It is due to two causes. Some children are apparently born with this fear. Hence the first cause.

The second cause is the injudicious training

of an ignorant nurse, or a mother, who has sought to frighten the child.

If a mother discovers a child to be afflicted (for it is indeed an affliction) with this disease, (for it certainly is a disease of one set of nerves), let her not seek to rectify the evil, either by "firm treatment" or ridicule. Either course is much to be deprecated. If a

child be found to have an unreasonable fear about *anything*, the very best course is to take no notice of it, so as to make no circumstance of the fact. Then gradually, by example show the child how unreasonable is such a fear.

Some children are very much afraid of horses. Don't *oblige* such children to touch a horse. But whenever occasion offers, in the presence of such a child, pet and pat a horse without seeming to notice the fact that the child is afraid. By degrees your example, if she have perfect faith in her parents, will have such an effect upon her that she herself, almost without knowing it, will do the same thing, unless the fear be one of those inexplicable "rooted aversions" which nothing can erase.

The same system can be practiced with those children who are so unfortunate as to be afraid of the dark.

Try sitting with the child from the latest light, on through twilight into the dark, talking to her pleasantly the while. Perhaps after a few times of such treatment you can say: "Wait here a moment, I am going to get a lamp." Perhaps she will stay, but if she does not feel inclined so to do, don't force her. Wait a few days longer. Try sitting in the absolute dark some evening, and when she calls to know where you are, say quietly, "Here I am." "But you have no light." "No; I like to sit in the dark." "But I can't find you." "Listen to my voice now, and see if you can't tell where I am, and then see if you can't come straight to me without the use of your eyes." In the interest of trying to do something and feeling that you are near, almost all fear is lost and the battle won. Then is the time to tell her quietly that it is foolish to be afraid, but that you know and thoroughly understand how she feels, and that you hope that some day she will have conquered the trouble. If you can recall for her benefit, some time when you were just so foolish, it will do her a tremendous amount of good, and you will be bound together more closely by a bond of sympathy.

Next, don't allow your children to be tickled, if to ever so small a degree, under the chin, round the neck, *anywhere*. It is ruinous to a child's nerves; and thoughtless young mothers who tickle their babies to bring out the "lovely smile," do an immense amount of irreparable mischief, and are storing up for their children numerous future ills.

In short, let children alone as much as possible. To amuse one's self, or any one else, at the expense of one's children in any way, is





THE GOOD-NIGHT LESSON.

to encumber one's self with a debt to nature which there is never going to be any possibility of repaying.

One great source of nerve disturbances, is putting children to bed in the dark. Because, your mother, or even your grandmother, did it, is no reason for *you* persisting in it. And can you not remember the time when all the terrors of the dark were on you? Can you not remember now, with what horrible shapes, the dark was peopled?

"O mamma!" exclaimed a little boy who had been frightened early in babyhood by a wicked little nurse, "when I look into the dark I see all sorts of things; and they scare me!"

"What 'sorts of things,' my baby?"

"Why, little lions with stiff, short hair; and all that kind of thing!"

Would any mother be willing to take the responsibility, if she could only realize it, of the present suffering and after-effects of putting off by himself, *alone* and *in the dark*, a baby, whose imagination peopled the outside world with shapes that were as terrifying to him as that?

It is certainly well for children to go to sleep in the dark, but they must not be *forced* to do so, if you would obtain the best result from

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Children, as grown people, should prepare for sleep in a calm frame of mind; and a child whose mind is even disturbed (let alone terrified), is deprived of one of the best remedies in nature's pharmacopœia. "But I don't put mine to bed; they go themselves. I start them upstairs when the time comes; and that is the last I see of them till morning."

Well! *perhaps* that is a good plan, but I shouldn't like to do it. Do you know, mother, that you are missing the very moment, the very opportunity, that is to make or mar your children's lives? Don't you know that the heart that has been hardened all day long in the sunlight, begins to fail when night comes, and the little sinner longs, of all things, to confess and be forgiven before going to sleep? Don't you know that a word *then*, will, like a key, unlock the secrets of the little breast? Don't you know that lessons taught *then*, remain more immovably fixed in a child's memory than those taught at any other hour of the day! O guard, then, carefully the "children's hour!" See that you improve it to the best of your ability and their good, and do not be afraid to go in and give even your half-grown son a "good-night kiss." It will make none the less a man of him,



and many and many a time in future years, he will hesitate to do some wrong because he remembers the time when "mother kissed him good-night and tucked him in."

"One more good play; then a romp with father," and the



troop are off to bed—in most cases, to sleep soundly until the light wakens them next morning."

Many a mother is agitated over the question as to whether she may "cuddle" her baby to sleep, or whether she must stoically put it to bed by itself at a prescribed hour.



Well, you can, of course, take your own way for it, but most mothers wouldn't miss the sweet recollection of the "cuddling" they gave their babies, and unless *your* babies are unreasonable in their demands, I think that in future years you will feel as they do about it.

The mistake made by many women is in holding the little one too long. A child should never be held a moment after she is really asleep; and quite often it is judicious to put her down before that point is reached. When held too long, putting her down will rouse her, but the first force of sleep having passed off, she will perhaps rouse thoroughly, and the work is all to be gone over again.

Let the children be dressed in winter, in warm flannel night-dresses over their other ones. If this were more frequently done, sudden cases of croup in the middle of the night would be reduced to a minimum. How seldom one hears of such a thing in the day time?

The children throw the covers off, and the chest and arms are exposed to the air, in only a thin covering of muslin, and soon the dreaded "whoop" is heard. Nothing can be more terrifying, but its terrors can be greatly modified by the caution spoken of.

Have you any idea of the restorative power of sleep and rest, or even rest without sleep?

A lady once visiting a neighbor, was surprised to see in bed, the son, about eight years old. Knowing that the child was not sick, she supposed it to be for punishment, but as the relations between mother and child were apparently very friendly, and as the bed had upon it several toys and a book or two, she felt constrained to ask a solution of the puzzle.

"O this is Ned's day; to-morrow it will be Lucy's," answered the mother. But this reply in no wise enlightened the questioner.

"Every month," replied the mother, in answer to another question, "I put each child to bed for one day. I find that they get tired out, and the one complete day's rest builds them up. If I did not do this, I should soon find them growing languid, and probably would be obliged to administer a tonic. But the rest restores them to a normal condition, and they rise next day as chipper as a cricket."

"But you let them have their playthings. Aren't you afraid you'll encourage them in laziness?" asked the neighbor, disapprovingly (for neither her mother, nor her grandmother, had ever taken a hand in such unheard-of performance as this).

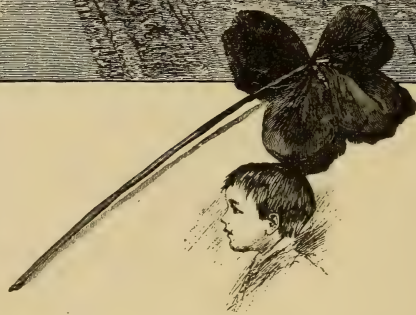
"Bless your heart, no!" laughed the mother. "Why *shouldn't*

they have their playthings? They're not put to bed for punishment ; they're put to bed to rest. They can do just as they please, but they can not get out of bed, and the active young muscles have time to recuperate. When they get tired and cross, I might scold them, or I might give them a little medicine, and tell them not to run so much,



I suppose, but if they were up and and dressed, they *would* run, and neither the scolding or the medicine would have any effect. *Now*, I know they are *not* running and are getting what they most need.

I try to make these days as pleasant as possible for them ; and what most children would regard as a punishment, they accept with a good grace. Many an illness have I warded off by this plan—for I have used it always. I am convinced that many of the ills attendant upon childhood may be met with rest and proper diet."

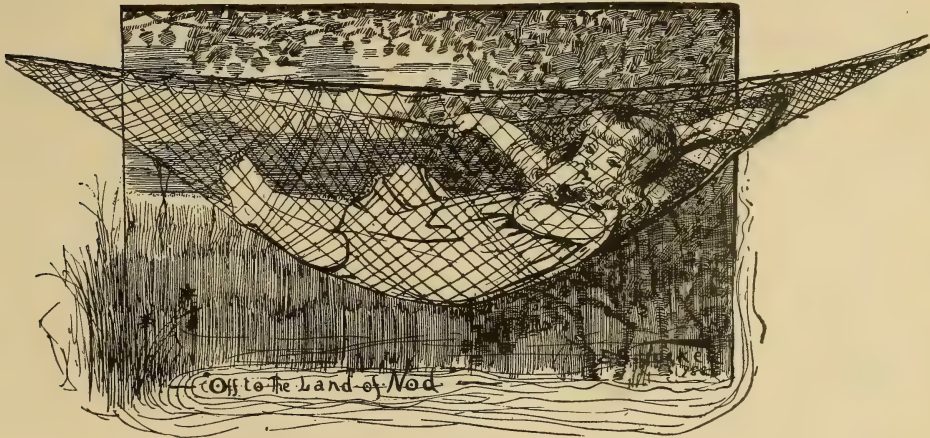




So, the next day, tired, cross Lucy was put through the same process ; and if one might judge by the expression of the little girl's face on the third day, the remedy, as applied, had been very effective.

There is nothing more conducive to baby-slumber in the summer-time, than out-door air. In accordance with this theory, many children are put to sleep out-of-doors in their coaches. This is hardly a good plan, as the coach itself is hot with various pillows and paddings, and is provocative of very profuse perspiration. The nicest thing for baby to take her morning nap in, is a hammock. This can be hung up anywhere, at any time, and is light and cool. Hung in a corner, sheltered from draught and sun, baby is doing her very best for herself as she softly takes her morning nap.

Not only out of doors, is a hammock a great convenience, but in the house also, providing the infant is not left in it too long at a time. But if a mother has her own work to do, and her child is at an age when it is likely to crawl off the bed and fall down stairs, it is a wonderful accommodation to have secure hooks put up in different rooms of the house, where the hammock can be hung and the baby put to sleep at will, and can be watched without any trouble or fear upon the mother's part. This is truly a "household convenience."







# INFANCY







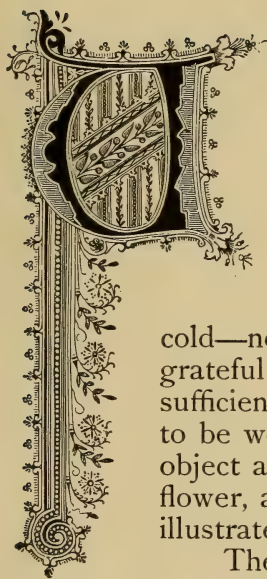


# INFANCY.

*J. AUBREY DAVIS, M. D.*

## CHAPTER I.

### THE INFANT.



PON the first sight of a new-born infant everyone is struck by the idea of its weakness and helplessness; and we very often take improper methods of strengthening it. At first, it may be observed, that the child ought not come in contact with anything that may violently or too suddenly affect its senses; on which account, it should not be exposed either to great heat or cold—not to strong light, nor odors of any kind, however grateful to adults, the unpleasant effects of which are sufficiently manifested by the infant itself. It is designed to be weak and tender, in this infant state, as is every object around us, which a glance at the budding leaf and flower, as well as the young of the inferior animals, will illustrate.

They are all in their several conditions proportionately weak, and cannot exist without exterior support, but they need nothing but what nature has provided for them. Seeds require soil, sunshine and moisture, to make them germinate and burst forth into the infant plant—the same elements then nourishing it that caused its being. So, if the tender infant be born of healthy parents, proper food and nursing, with ordinary attention to screen it from

extreme heat and cold, are the elements whose fostering influences it requires; if it has these it will need nothing more. I wish to warn mothers against the practice of giving a newly-born infant a dose of oil, or something equally disagreeable, as it needs nothing whatever during the first twenty-four hours. Nature has provided for



this by making the first nourishment peculiarly different from that which follows, and does away with the necessity for any such harmful practice. No baby has ever starved during this period, but many have died from the effects of an injudiciously administered dose. If you cannot resist the temptation of giving it something, let it

be a little sweetened milk and water, but never anything else.

Let the child's clothing be ample, but avoid smothering it by placing it under heavy covers, causing it to breathe impure air. If the temperature of the room is such that its face needs covering at all, use a thin handkerchief, or something similar, and then see that it does not rest on the face, but above it. If you use a flannel bandage around the abdomen, do not make it too tight, or allow the pin to come in contact with the body. These may seem trivial points, but many a poor child has been dosed for colic, and like ailments, and finally the doctor's rest has been broken, only to find a tight bandage or misplaced pin. Much pressure is positively injurious, as the soft abdomen and its contents have not been accustomed to such treatment, and will not now tolerate it without making a protest against it.

But besides this, the infant requires freedom on other accounts; the state of infancy and childhood is impatient of restraint in this respect, through the restless activity incident to its youth, which makes it delight to be in constant motion, and see everything in motion around it. Nature knows no other use for clothing, but to defend from the cold. All that is necessary, therefore, for this purpose, is to wrap the child in a soft, loose covering, not too heavy, to which ornamentation may be added without doing mischief. But the business of dressing an infant has become a secret which none but adepts must pretend to understand. The child itself, however, discloses to us the impropriety of such dressing, by the happiness and delight it expresses every time its day-dress is removed and its night-clothes put on, which are looser and less confining to the waist and lower limbs.

The method of dressing has laid the foundation for many a bad figure, and what is worse, of very bad health through the greater part of life. The infant being dressed, and having undergone such other little discipline as has been mentioned, is usually so far fatigued as to fall into a sound sleep. We will consider it as in this state, and leave it a while to be refreshed, while I endeavor to conduct my reader through the various other duties which the infant requires from day to day, till it happily arrives at an age free from the peculiar hazards of infancy.

Cleanliness is of great importance in infancy. As a rule they should have a warm bath every morning. After three or four months, a reduction in the temperature of the water may be made,





THE QUEEN'S TREASURE.

but never give a cold bath without your physician's directions.

Children will often suffer great discomfort from chafing of those parts exposed to moisture, which should be overcome by the application of violet or some other equally bland powder.

A child, by a slight amount of attention, can be taught a habit very early in life; in sleeping, for example, great regularity should be observed in placing the child in bed at stated times. It is altogether a foolish and unnecessary practice to rock or walk about with a child until it falls asleep, and the habit, once formed, is one very difficult to break. Begin as you mean to go on; lay the child in its crib awake, and if nature requires it, sleep will soon come, but if not, no ordinary amount of walking or rocking will induce it. An infant a month old should sleep twenty out of twenty-four hours, and this without either being rocked or carried about.

What has been said in regard to sleep is equally true of feeding. Nothing can be more pernicious to a child, as far as its comfort and rest are concerned, (to say nothing of the comfort of mother and nurse), than the practice of feeding it as a panacea for all its discomforts, every time it cries or appears restless. Children for the first six or eight weeks should be fed every two hours, at regular intervals, and not at chance times as opportunity may offer. Again, both for the good of the child and the rest of the mother, feeding should be discouraged as much as possible, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the evening and five o'clock in the morning, and you will be surprised, after adhering to this rule as nearly as possible, to find that baby will disturb you very little between these hours.

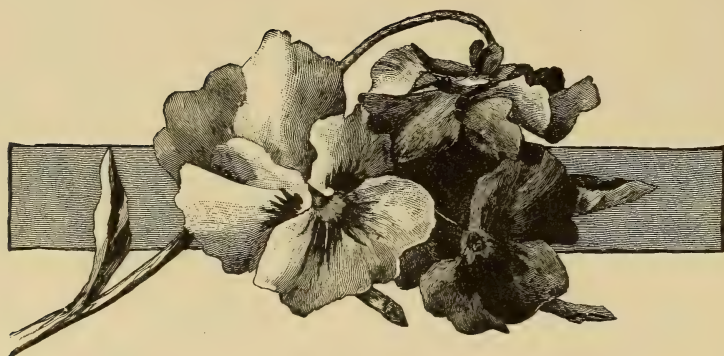
An infant should always have a bed, crib or cradle of its own, and should never sleep in the bed with its mother or nurse. In this connection, it may be noted that a cradle without rockers is to be preferred, and the same objections which apply to cradle rocking, apply with equal force to the senseless jolting upon the knee, as so commonly practiced. An infant should be allowed to lie in its crib a considerable portion of the time, instead of continually being held in the arms and against the person of the nurse.

During the summer months, the more a child is in the fresh air, the better, and the same in winter, whenever the weather will permit, if properly and sufficiently clothed. When I say "properly," I do not mean to bundle up its head so that it can scarcely breathe, and thus deprive it of the very benefit for which you take it out. We know that the request of a friend or neighbor to "see baby's feet" is



irresistible, but many a poor child owes the initial chill of a protracted illness to having its poor little feet and legs exposed in an uncertain temperature, to gratify this foolish though pardonable request. If this most desirable and very necessary "outing" is entrusted to a nurse, it may be well for you to observe that most of the allotted time is not spent in the kitchen of a more or less distant neighbor, instead of in the open air.

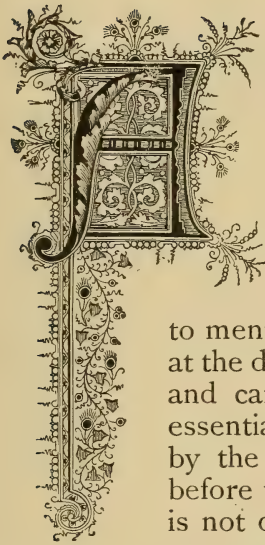
Do not be too anxious to make your children stand or walk. Because one child walks at a certain time, is no reason why another should; it is more a question of the strength of the child. The infant will endeavor to stand of its own accord as soon as its strength will permit, and if you attempt to force it, you run a great risk of producing that too frequent deformity, "bowed legs."





## CHAPTER II.

### FEEDING.



S has been before remarked, the food of an infant for the first few months after birth, should consist exclusively of milk. When nature has refused the supply, undoubtedly our very best substitute is cows' milk, properly prepared.

Arrow-root, corn-starch, and other farinaceous foods are positively injurious to a child under three or four months of age. And I wish to mention here that the bulk of the artificial foods, sold at the drug stores, is made up largely of these ingredients, and cannot be well digested by young infants. The essential change of starch into sugar is produced largely by the admixture of saliva, in chewing the food, and before the child has reached a certain age, this secretion is not only scant, but is deficient in the one constituent necessary to bring about this change.

A very small quantity of one of these preparations may sometimes be added to milk, simply to prevent the tendency to the formation of large firm curds; but in any considerable quantity they are absolutely hurtful, and dependence upon farinaceous food as a staple, will almost surely produce intestinal trouble.

It will fail moreover, to supply the essential elements for the building up of bone and muscle.

As a food, starch only makes fat and produces heat.

After the child is nine months of age, milk should still be made the staple, but the diet may be varied by the addition of oat-meal boiled to a jelly, wheaten-grits, barley-flour, rice, farina, bread crumbs, and chicken or mutton broth.

After a year and a half, bread and butter, baked potatoes, and ripe fruits may be added. But milk should still be the staple until

three years of age. While on the one hand, confinement to one article of diet, unless it be pure rich milk, should be avoided, and a varied diet allowed, care should be taken, on the other hand, to exclude those substances which contain but little nutriment, or are difficult of digestion, such as pastry, confectionery—unless of the simplest forms—cabbage, turnips, the skins or rinds of fruits, etc. Most children are fed too often and too much. The resultant indigestion is the fruitful cause of disorders of the stomach and bowels, and if such disturbance be added to the prostrating effects of summer weather, and especially at the teething period, a formidable complication is presented. Too much stress can hardly be placed on the evil of overfeeding—a mistake so common that intelligent observers have estimated it as the chief cause of the mortality of infancy. It must be remembered that it is not the amount taken, but the amount digested, that is to be taken into consideration.



No absolutely hard and fast rule can be laid down as to the exact quantity of food to be allowed. The amount will vary with the age and constitution of the child.

Changes will be necessary on account of changing strength of the child, remembering that the natural digestive powers of some are stronger than others; again, sickness and teething will call for unusual care in diet.

As an approximate guide, it may be assumed that a healthy infant will require from three-fourths to one pint of milk daily during the first month, increasing during the second and third months to a pint and a half, and after that, to two or even three pints per day.

For infants brought up entirely by hand, the addition of lime-water to the milk, tends to neutralize the acid of the stomach and prevent colic and distress. The addition of one or two tablespoonfuls is not sufficient, and a less quantity than one-fourth the bulk of the entire mixture, will fail to have any effect.

To boil milk, makes it much more difficult of digestion. As long as milk forms the staple of the feeding, the addition of lime-water to each meal's allowance will be beneficial. Pure, cool—not cold—water

is generally very acceptable to an infant, and prevents it from overloading its stomach in feeding, by supplying the physiological demand for fluids.

It should be remembered that milk readily absorbs odors and septic germs, and quickly ferments and sours. It should be kept in scrupulously clean vessels, and intelligently guarded from all contaminating influences. Unless assured of its perfect sweetness, it would be well always to test it with blue litmus paper, which can be obtained at any drug store, and which will turn red after being dipped into the milk, if there is any acidity about it.

There is probably too much importance attached to the procuring of milk from one cow alone, and the advantages of this practice have been very seriously questioned.

In cities, this would be impracticable, and unless your dairyman is thoroughly reliable, your private can will contain the usual mixture, and not the milk of his choice cow alone. Again, it is probable that a cow is subject to the same fluctuations of health that you are, and at times the milk will be poor or indifferent, and not nearly equal to the mixed milk of the herd.

Scrupulous cleanliness of the nursing bottle is required. The plain white glass feeding bottle, with a rubber nipple, as sold in the shops, is to be preferred to all complex feeding apparatus with glass or rubber tubing, and the child should be encouraged to use it until of an age when solid or semi-solid food may be allowed. The bottle should never be used a second time without previous washing with scalding water, after which it should be filled with a solution of bi-carbonate of soda; and this should be allowed to remain in it, until it is again wanted for use. It is always well to keep both bottle and nipple in duplicate, and use them alternately.

The rubber nipple should be turned inside out, after using, washed clean, and kept in a solution of bi-carbonate of soda until again needed.

The food provided by nature contains just the right proportion of fats, sugar, caseine, salts, and water, and this is what we must attempt to approximate in preparing an artificial food. Cows' milk contains less fat and much less sugar, and the caseine divides up into large firm curds, and not into the fine flaky particles that we see regurgitated from the over-full stomach of the nursing infant. We overcome these discrepancies by adding cream, to increase the quantity of fat; sugar of milk to increase the sugar; and diluting with



water—preferably lime-water—to cause the separation of the caseine into minute particles.

Condensed milk apparently does well in some cases, but on the whole is unsatisfactory. It contains an abundance of sugar, and makes fat quickly, but it is poor fat, and will not be converted into muscle. Babies fed on condensed milk alone, are usually very large, flabby, and pale, cutting their teeth very late, and showing a great tendency towards the development of rickets. It is often of great service to children with a tendency to chronic constipation, if alternated with the ordinary prepared bottle. In this way it exerts a laxative action by virtue of its large proportion of sugar.

When circumstances make it desirable to use condensed milk, care should be taken that it be not used in excess. A small teaspoonful is enough to make four ounces of rich milk. Barley-water makes a very useful diluent for this preparation.

Far superior to condensed milk, is what is known in our cities as "Evaporated Milk," which makes an excellent food for infants.

To one fluid ounce of this, add seven fluid ounces of water, previously boiled, making a half-pint in all; to this, add two good teaspoonfuls of sugar of milk, which will make it agreeable and nourishing in most cases. This quantity is usually sufficient for two meals.

The accurate adaptation of diet is by no means an easy task in many cases, and only general rules can be given, which must be modified in individual cases where they do not seem to be successful. The object is to keep up the nutrition of the body with the least irritation to the digestive organs, and that food is the best which will best serve these purposes.

The following tables contain instructions, both as to what, and when, to feed the nursing as well as the bottle-fed baby, and it is hoped will be of service to most mothers, in teaching what otherwise can only be learned by long, and often sad, experience.



## CHAPTER III.

### ARTIFICIAL FOOD.



THE following schedule of the diet of a hand-fed infant from birth upwards, will serve as a suggestive and useful guide:

Diet during the first week, should consist of: Cream, two teaspoonfuls; whey, three teaspoonfuls; water (hot), three teaspoonfuls; sugar of milk, twenty grains. This portion should be given every two hours from five o'clock in the morning, to eleven o'clock in the evening, and in some instances, once or twice during the night.

Diet from the second to the fifth week: Cream, two teaspoonfuls; milk, one tablespoonful; sugar of milk, twenty grains (about one level teaspoonful); water, two tablespoonfuls. Given every two hours, between five o'clock in the morning, and eleven o'clock in the evening.

Diet from the fifth week to the end of the second month: Milk, two tablespoonfuls; cream, one tablespoonful; sugar of milk, thirty grains; water, three tablespoonfuls. This portion to be given every two hours.

Diet during the third month: Milk, five tablespoonfuls; cream, one tablespoonful; sugar of milk, forty grains; water, two tablespoonfuls. This quantity to be taken every two and one-half hours.

During the fourth and fifth months, increase the milk to seven tablespoonfuls, and give every three hours.

Diet during the sixth month: Milk, ten tablespoonfuls; cream, one tablespoonful; sugar of milk, sixty grains; water, two tablespoonfuls. This portion to be given four times daily. Two other meals, morning and mid-day, may be as follows: Milk, ten tablespoonfuls; cream, two tablespoonfuls; Mellin's Food, two table-

spoonfuls; hot water, two tablespoonfuls. Dissolve the Mellin's Food in the hot water, and add, with stirring, to the previously mixed milk and cream.

Through the eighth and ninth months, five meals a day will be sufficient, at seven, and half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and two, six and ten o'clock in the evening: Milk, twelve tablespoonfuls; cream, two tablespoonfuls; sugar of Milk, sixty grains; water, two tablespoonfuls. This portion for the first and last meals. For the other three meals, a tablespoonful of Mellin's Food may be added, or a teaspoonful of "flour ball" may be given twice daily, instead of the Mellin's Food—at the second and fourth meals.

Diet of the tenth and eleventh months: First meal, seven o'clock in the morning—Milk, one-half pint; cream, two tablespoonfuls; Mellin's Food, one tablespoonful (or "flour ball," two teaspoonfuls); water, two tablespoonfuls. Second meal, half-past ten in the morning—a half-pint of milk. Third meal, two o'clock in the afternoon—the yolk of an egg, lightly boiled, with stale bread crumbs. Fourth meal, six o'clock in the evening—same as the first. Fifth meal, ten o'clock in the evening—same as the second. On alternate days, the third meal may consist of a teacupful of beef-tea, containing a few stale bread crumbs.

Beef-tea for an infant, is made in the following way:—half a pound of fresh rump steak, free from fat, is cut into small pieces, and put with one pint of cold water into a covered tin saucepan.

This must stand by the side of the fire for four hours; then be allowed to simmer gently (never boil) for two hours, and finally be thoroughly skimmed to remove all grease.

A further variation can be made, by occasionally using mutton, chicken, or veal broths, instead of beef-tea.

"Flour ball" is prepared by placing flour, preferably unbolten, in a muslin bag, and closing the bag so as to firmly confine the flour, afterwards putting it in a suitable vessel, covering it with water, and boiling for eight or ten hours. After removing from the water, hang up to dry, then remove the bag, and the outer part of the "flour ball" can be peeled off, exposing a centre, looking like yellow chalk. This can be grated and rubbed up into a paste, with a small quantity of the water or milk, before being added to the bulk of the food. After one year, the diet for a bottle-fed child will be practically the same as for those that have been nursed, and reference to the previous table will meet all requirements.



During the summer months, when there is greatest danger of the milk being contaminated, all danger is removed by the process of sterilization. This is readily done by putting the milk in open bottles, and placing them in a perforated vessel, or on a wire screen, which will fit into a larger vessel, containing sufficient water to boil for several hours. In this way the steam will have free access to the milk, destroying all germs without boiling the milk. This may be kept up for three or four hours, and then the milk will keep for twenty-four hours without any danger of change taking place.

You can have an absolutely sterilized milk by repeating the simple process for three consecutive days, after which the milk will last for three weeks without change, during the hottest weather.

This apparatus can be readily made by any tinsmith for a nominal sum, and can be kept on the range or oil-stove all day long, where every bottle, prepared according to the above table, will be made absolutely sweet and clean. Then it is only necessary to exercise care in regard to cleanliness of the rubber nipples, and a fair amount of judgment in other matters, to insure freedom from those very troublesome digestive disturbances, to which so many children are heir.

Feed every two hours, for six weeks; from six weeks to four months—every three hours. From the age of four months until two, four or six teeth are cut—when additional food may be given—every four hours.

But under no circumstances, unless positive necessity compels, give an infant any food whatever, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the evening, and five o'clock in the morning.

From seven or eight months, to one year, five meals: Six or seven o'clock in the morning—a cup of pure milk, with two teaspoonfuls of farina, oatmeal, rice or barley-flour. It is well to alternate rice with oatmeal or farina. Eleven o'clock in the morning—milk with bread crumbs, milk-crackers or rusk. Twice a week at this meal the yolk of an egg, beaten with a teacup of milk, and beef-tea, and chicken or mutton broth, may be given. At about ten months, a piece of rare beef to suck. Two o'clock in the afternoon—one cup of milk. Five o'clock in the afternoon—a meal essentially the same as that at seven o'clock in the morning. Eleven o'clock in the evening—a cup of milk, if wanted.

A healthy child between ten and twelve months, requires from a pint and one-half to one quart of milk, in twenty-four hours.

From one year to eighteen months: Seven o'clock in the morn-

ing—same as before with a slice of bread or rusk well soaked in milk. Eleven o'clock in the morning—a drink of milk, with bread and butter or crackers. One o'clock in the afternoon—a cup of beef-tea, or piece of rare beef; chicken or mutton broth, with bread, rusk or milk-crackers; a mealy potato, moistened with beef gravy; one or two tablespoonfuls of light pudding, rice or corn-starch. Six o'clock in the evening—same as breakfast. Eleven o'clock in the evening—milk, if required.

A healthy child, between one year and eighteen months, will take three pints of milk in twenty-four hours.

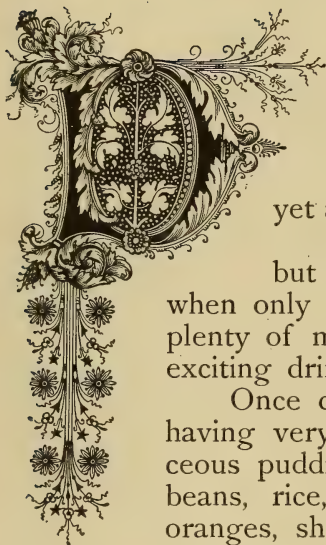
From eighteen months to two years: Seven o'clock in the morning—cup of milk, rusk, bread and butter; occasionally the yolk of one egg. Eleven o'clock in the morning—a cup of milk, or rice and milk, with ripe fruit occasionally. One o'clock in the afternoon—rare beef, broth, soups not too rich, baked potatoes with gravy, milk or simply water as drink; small quantities of custard or light pudding. Six o'clock in the evening—bread and butter, rice and milk, and occasionally stewed fruit.

Between two and three years, the same diet may be continued, substituting the eleven o'clock in the morning, and one o'clock in the afternoon meals, for one at twelve o'clock, noon. Meat can be given every day, with vegetables (except cabbage, turnips, and parsnips). The morning and evening meals should consist principally of milk.



## CHAPTER IV.

### DIET AND CARE OF CHILDREN.



DIET during childhood will require from its rational guardians as much attention as that of infancy. The passions at this age overpower the instinct, and reason has not yet asserted its throne.

Children should have four meals per day, but meat only at one, or at most, two; the latter when only a small quantity is allowed at once. Give plenty of milk, but avoid coffee, strong tea, or other exciting drinks.

Once cooked, succulent meat—without sauce, and having very little condiments—eggs, plenty of farinaceous pudding, mealy potatoes, carrots, spinach, green beans, rice, bread, fresh butter, roasted apples, and oranges, should form the staple of the nursery commissariat. As to quantity, it will regulate itself to a certain degree. It is only in case of prominent and persistent excess, in one direction or the other, that we should bring adult reason to bear on infantile instinct.

Avoid monotony by all means. It is a great inconvenience to any one in after life, to have been subjected to such a circumscribed bill of fare that he cannot eat this or that. Children should be especially guarded against family whims; and if the parents are conscious of prejudices against any of the ordinary foods of mankind, they should educate their children to take them as a matter of course. You will be astonished to know how ingrained some of these idiosyncrasies become; indeed, after full manhood, they may be concealed, but are never quite overcome; and few of the minor thorns in the “rosebed” are so vexatious to oneself and others.





SILVERY LAUGHTER.

The frequency with which a mother must act as nurse to her sick child, induces me to make a few remarks on this important duty. The frequency of children's diseases is, however, not the only reason why I seize this opportunity to address them on this subject. What a difference is there between a child in perfect health, and the same child when ill! When well, it is all joy, life and fun; frequently, however, receiving a sudden check in the midst of its light-heartedness, causing it to cry immoderately; but after the squeezed finger, or other injured part, has been "kissed to make it well," or some other equally successful treatment has been adopted, we find the tears, like an April shower, dried up, once again, to give place to joyous sunshine of happy childhood. How very easy under such circumstances to attend to a child.

But when illness comes, first the child becomes indifferent to what previously amused it; it loses its merriment; now and then it may make a fruitless attempt at playfulness, but, as its illness increases, it becomes more fretful; so much so, that nothing seems to go right with it. It cries to be laid down, but is no sooner put down than it cries to be taken up again. It is thirsty, and frequently asks or makes signs for a drink; but nothing you offer pleases its taste, and it pushes away the cup, irritated all the more by what you, with the most kindly feelings, have done to promote its comfort. This state of things continues for a longer or shorter period, but you hope on, bearing it all, and forgetting your weariness in your anxiety for the life of your little one. After a time a change comes, and amendment begins; still the little one is cross and fractious, if not more so than ever, and it is only by degrees that all those childish ways return which we so much enjoy and rejoice in, and which we discover that illness did not destroy, but only for a season took away. All this is mentioned that you may not be disheartened, but happy in the love and interest you take in your little ones, and be able to observe, and be a great help to your physician, by giving him the result of your observations during his absence.

Crying is the only language an infant has to express its distress. "The baby must be ill," is all this tells one person, but another, who has nursed sick children, will gather from it much more; she will be able to judge whether it is suffering from its head, lungs or stomach. The cries of a baby with pain in its stomach are prolonged, loud and passionate, accompanied by the shedding of a profusion of tears, and the drawing up of the legs; as the pain passes off, these are stretched



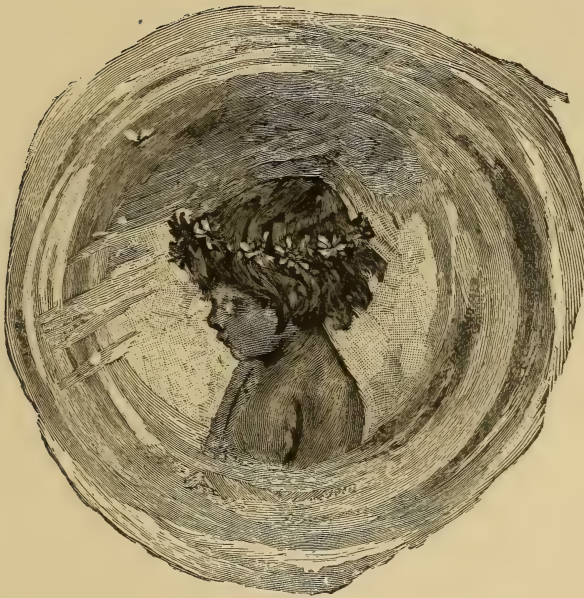
out again, and with many little convulsive sobs it drops off into a quiet sleep. If it has inflammation of the chest, it does not cry aloud, it sheds no tears; but every now and then, after a deeper breath than usual, or after a cough, it will give a short, sharp cry, which it seems to stifle before wholly finished, and this, because



the effort makes the breathing more painful. If the disease is in the head, it will utter a series of sharp, piercing shrieks, and between whiles, a low moan or wail, or perhaps will lie perfectly quiet, as if dozing, till pain wakes it up again. You must notice the position in which the child seems most comfortable; whether it be lying down

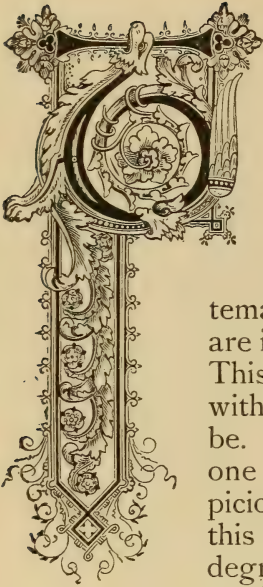


in bed, or propped up by pillows into almost the sitting posture; whether the light distresses it, and whether its general restlessness increases towards night. Always inform the doctor if the child has been delirious; if the cough has been troublesome, coming on in paroxysms; if it is short, hacking, tight or loose; whether there has been thirst, or a disposition to vomit. All of these points are readily observed, and of great value to the physician; and you can in this way give him a concise and useful account of the little patient.



## CHAPTER V.

### DENTITION.



THE term "dentition," as here employed, refers simply to the normal processes—usually beginning between the fifth and seventh months and ending between the twenty-fourth and thirtieth months—by which the teeth are liberated from their osseous and fibrous coverings, and made subservient to mastication and speech.

In this connection I will endeavor to point out some of the disturbances both local and systematic, which, occurring simultaneously with teething, are in a large percentage of cases, due to this process. This is the first crisis of infancy, and will be attended with very little or very great suffering, as the case may be. Under circumstances favorable in every respect, one or two teeth may show without arousing the suspicions of the most watchful mother. Unfortunately, this is a rare occurrence, and you will observe every degree of suffering, from a slight febrile action and tender gums (causing fretfulness and a disposition to bite on every hard substance within reach), to the most serious and alarming disturbances of health, often ending in convulsions.

Always bear in mind that there are extremists who overestimate the danger of teething, and again there are those who underrate the difficulties which may attend it. However this may be, every reader is in all probability aware that it is during this period that the greatest number of deaths occur.

It is only reasonable, therefore, to infer that teething has a large share, in the production and aggravation of the derangements of

health so common and so serious at this time of life. The nervous perturbation occasioned by the eruptions of the teeth, increases the liability to disease, and at the same time lessens the resistive power of the child. Thus it is not only more sensitive to the ordinary causes of derangement—to the impressions of cold or the irritation from unsuitable food—but it is also less able to combat disease. At this period, the brain and nervous system, the stomach and intestinal tract, and the circulatory and respiratory systems, show an increased, though varying liability to irritation.

Other important changes are taking place at the same time, notably in the stomach and intestinal tract, preparing these for the reception and digestion of solid food, increasing the susceptibility to abnormal processes. For these varied reasons, slight disturbances, such as improper clothing, atmospheric variations, intense or prolonged heat, cold or dampness, miasmata, indigestion, excitement of the nervous system by fright or anger, or anything which causes a modification in the normal standard of healthy life, may find pronounced expression in a disturbance of the otherwise physiological process of dentition. That multitudes of children escape in part or altogether the evils with which others, having feebler powers of resistance, are afflicted, does not disprove the theory that dentition is frequently a disturbing element.

There are varying degrees of susceptibility, differences of environment, of hygienic care, quality of food, clothing, and habits taught and allowed, which enter into the maintenance of infantile health, the influences of which can only be approximately estimated. Viewing dentition, therefore, either as a principal factor in the production of constitutional disturbances, or as a single link in the chain of deranged activities, it is surely desirable that every mother should have a knowledge of the process.

No other portion of the human organism offers such a complex association of tissues as is found in the mouth; no other has such diversified physiological functions—being connected by direct continuity of structure with the stomach, intestines and lungs, eyes, ears and nose, as well as being intimately connected with most of these organs by a very intricate system of nerves. Therefore, through this connection, we can account for reflex action which make perfectly clear many apparently unaccountable disturbances. Examples of such effects, are the pallor produced by fright, and the suffusion of the face and neck in blushing. The body of an infant is not a



miniature adult organism, but is characterized by peculiarities of structure and function. The brain is proportionately larger than in the adult, but is imperfectly developed, and both it and its coverings are much more vascular than during adult life, and consequently we have a greater liability to brain inflammations than in after life.

The abdomen is also proportionately larger, and the mucous membrane lining the alimentary tract is soft, vascular and extremely sensitive, rendering it very liable to disorder on the slightest provocation. Generally, between the fifth and seventh months, the eruption or cutting of the teeth begins. This is a double process, consisting of the gradual elongation and rising of the teeth, and the coincident absorption of the overlaying tissues. The gums grow thinner and thinner, and finally allow the teeth to escape. It is, therefore, the removal of tissue by absorption which allows the teeth to come through. If the equilibrium between growth and absorption is maintained, the process will terminate without pain or danger, and if the tooth advances too rapidly—as is often the case—it becomes a mechanical irritant. Normal gum tissue is comparatively insensible, but when inflamed, it becomes exceedingly tender and congested, and if allowed to continue will pass on into suppuration. Under such circumstances, the slightest touch will cause great pain, and often the child, in attempting to feed, will jerk back its head, a manœuvre which is frequently mistaken for an evidence of colic; but a little observation will enable one to readily make the distinction.

Dismiss the idea that the pain during teething is caused by the blunt tooth forcibly tearing its way through the tough gum tissue, for, as I have said before, this takes place largely by absorption, and most of the pain and suffering is caused by a recurrent pressure on the nerves and blood-vessels supplying the pulp of the tooth, giving rise to a true toothache, comparable only to that exquisite torture experienced in after life as the result of an exposed and irritated nerve.

Usually the first indication of advancing teeth is an increased flow of saliva, called “drooling”—a healthy manifestation, as it serves to keep the mouth cool and moist. There is a disposition to carry everything to the mouth, as if pressure relieved the irritation, and rubbing the gums with the finger is very grateful to the little sufferer. Discomfort of a more pronounced type will usually cause a hot and dry mouth, and more or less fever will be apparent. Frequently a slight disturbance of the bowels will set in, which is

beneficial rather than otherwise, requiring care, however, that it does not itself become a source of danger. Flushing of one or both cheeks may appear, followed usually by a slight eruption—tooth rash—usually on the cheek, but often extending over the whole body. Itching of the nose, twitching of muscles, fretfulness, restless sleep, or wakefulness, thirst and loss of appetite, are symptoms of increasing irritation.

This may go on from bad to worse, until finally, convulsions ensue. In such cases medication apparently does little or no good, and resorting to the lancet is probably the only rational method of furnishing permanent relief. All measures for the child's general welfare should receive very careful consideration during the teething period. Avoid, by all means, anything producing mental or emotional excitement, draughts, nostrums, and sleeping cordials; at the same time insisting upon proper ventilation, outdoor exercise, and proper clothing and food. Give the child unusual hygienic care, remembering that at any time a slight disturbance which, at other times would be trifling, may be attended with great danger.

That many constitutional disturbances during teething are due to the resistance of gum tissue, is clearly proven by the prompt disappearance of all trouble after lancing.

By lancing, I do not mean the barbarous practice of roughly rasping the gums with a thimble or the milled edge of a coin, but the complete severance of the intervening tissues by the sharp and skillfully handled lancet. These former methods have brought the latter into undeserved disrepute.

The arguments used against lancing, that many children pass through this critical period without having to resort to the lancet, does not offset the fact that many children die from convulsions and kindred ailments, directly caused by excessive irritation during teething, when they might have been saved if this comparatively harmless instrument had been brought into use.

Do not be deluded by the teaching, that if the tooth does not quickly protrude, a cicatrix or scar will form and make the tooth harder to cut than before, for this scar tissue has an inherent tendency to break down on the slightest pressure, and will cause no future trouble. The suggestion of lancing the gums frequently meets with strong opposition on the part of mothers, because of their dread of suffering being inflicted on their little ones. But the pain is very trifling, and only momentary, as may be inferred from



the readiness with which a child submits to the operation after it has once been experienced.

The relief is immediate, complete, and permanent, and withholding it, under such circumstances, is positively cruel.

The following general suggestions will be of practical value:

Proper exercise always involves a rational style of dress; for ill-fitting and uncomfortable clothing is soon rejected by those who rejoice in natural movements of the limbs.

It is even more necessary for girls, than for boys, that they be provided with a proper play ground, for they cannot be allowed to wander about the country like their brothers, and the "funeral processions," falsely called exercise, are almost useless.

Money expended for expensive apparatus for exercising certain parts of the body, would be used much more judiciously in paying for the use of a field or lawn, where the children may romp, when so inclined.

While strongly advocating plenty of good, healthy out-door exercise for girls, I wish to caution you against encouraging them in trying to equal or surpass their brothers

in athletic feats. These attempts may be productive of a great deal of harm, the fruits of which they will reap sooner or later. While it is not a commendable practice for older children to take violent exercise immediately after meals, it is far more harmful to





allow them to take a nap, until at least an hour has elapsed.

That it is a good practice for boys and girls to play together, is made manifest by the fact of its diversifying and enlivening the girls' exercise, and at the same time having a tendency to tone down the general deportment of the boys. Under these circumstances, it is always advisable for the parents to begin early to look after the moral side of these associations, lest what would be an advantage, should prove most disastrous to both.





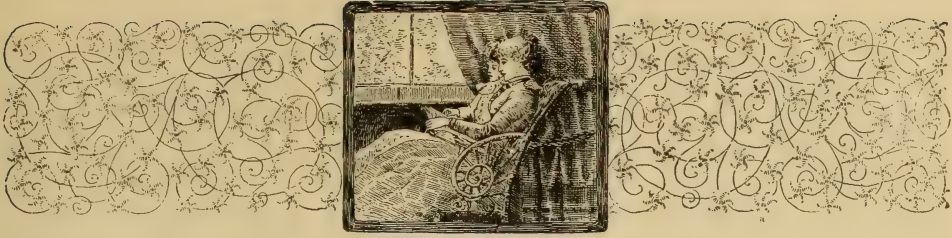
HOME



TRAINING







# HOME TRAINING.

## CHAPTER I.

### HOME EDUCATION.



So to the exact definition of the word "education," there are almost as many opinions as there are people.

"'Tis education forms the common mind," says the wise man, but *does* education form the common mind—that is, the education of the present day?

It seems a pity that, as in converting the heathen, so much money should be spent, so much time and effort consumed, and so little apparent result.

Is not the fault, let us ask, rather that of the educators, than that of those to be educated?

Have they reached the root of the matter? Are they not striving to deal more with theory and result, than with aim?

Then the question arises, as to what is *true* education. Does it consist in the study of many books, the recitation of many lessons, the ability to scan Latin poetry or detect a Greek accent? Let parents and guardians put these questions to themselves.

True education is that which best renders a man or woman, or even a child, able to take his or her allotted place in the world, in such a way as to be of the most use to the human race. And is this to be found in the study of books or in figuring on slates?

Emphatically—*No!* The education which *truly* educates, and without which all other is almost as naught, is *home education*.

To well conducted *home education* may the most satisfactory results in "book-learning" be traced. Ask any teacher—let her period of experience be ever so limited—ask *her*, I say, some questions relative to the subject, and her reply will invariably be, that



those among her scholars who have the best *home training*, even though their parents are ignorant, are her aptest scholars; or, at least, if not as brilliant as some others, they make up in application and general conduct all that they lack in natural aptitude.

Home training, home education, is the keynote to good American citizenship, and we householders, men and women, upon each of whom falls the mantle of responsibility for a greater or less number



of the men and women of the future, should look to our methods of home training with utmost care, that those men and women may be, in the truest sense of the word, good citizens, and of the most use to their fellows.

One great defect in the home education of children is that their parents give them too much advice. Advice and counsel are generally regarded as interchangeable terms, but there really seems to be a difference which, though slight, is decided. *Counsel* is never given unasked; *advice* may be given in the most unprovoked manner. Counsel is a "reasoning together;" advice is the individual opinion of the advisers.

Children who have no parents to advise them, are regarded as very badly off, as indeed they are, but would not all such as need advice be better for *counsel* instead? To offer advice is to say how one would act upon some particular occasion brought to note, under the stress of some peculiar circumstances; but would it not be better for the future of that child, that counsel should be taken together—the circumstances, incentives and general aspect of the situation be closely inspected, as far as possible, and counsel given as the *proper* thing to do in all such cases, rather than as to what the *adviser* would do under these particular circumstances?

Further, too, if less *advice* and more *example* were given to our children, both their lives and ours would not be one-half so hard.

Listen to the mother speak of her child, "So cross that nothing can be done with her," and note the fretful, whining, peevish, *cross* tone in which she *herself* relates the circumstances.

Mark the father who reproves his son for speaking disrespectfully to his mother, and then note the tone which that same father employs towards that same mother, when things are not right.

No, clearly, what the world is waiting for—the only thing that will come near perfecting a reform of the world in general—is for the *parents* to be and do that which they *advise* their children to do and be.

If parents speak of their children as quarrelsome among themselves, you have only to note the manner in which those same parents speak to each other, to find the cause of the fault.

When a parent perceives a new fault cropping out in the child, it is his or her first duty to see whether that child is not reproducing its elders, and if so, wisely say nothing, lest the child's attention be attracted to the parent's fault, and it is thus enabled to draw its own condemnatory conclusion.

Rather, let the fault be corrected in the parent, and it will gradually disappear in the child.

What a mistake it is for parents to enter into hot discussion before their children ! And how much greater the mistake for one parent to intimate that the other knows nothing whatever of the subject under discussion, no matter what the opinion expressed. All discussion on household points, where opinions are likely to be greatly at variance, should be carefully kept for privacy ; otherwise the children gradually imbibe the idea that the opinion of the parent who does not agree with them, is of little value, and grow accustomed, with the natural sharpness of children, to apply to the parent who, they think, will comply with their wishes. When one hears a child say, after being refused something by one parent, "I'm going to ask *Papa*," or, "*Mama* will give it to me," one may readily determine the attitude of the parents towards each other ; and a most uncomfortable attitude it is, at home and abroad. There is nothing in the world more damaging to the respect a child should have for its parents, than this one thing ; and if parents would preserve their dignity in the eyes of their children, let them, at almost any legitimate cost, keep harmony in the household.

In fact, all matters in which but two are concerned, are best kept strictly between those two, especially if the matters aforesaid are a little unpleasant. In no case is this more true than in that of reproof. Reproof should always be administered when there is no third party to witness the disgrace. A reproof given at an unwise time has often been the means of hastening the result it was designed to avert. And above all, *be sure that it is deserved.*

There is nothing which will so tend to ruin the disposition, temper, and indirectly, the *character* of either child or adult, as that of being subjected to unjust accusation. Once having been wrongly accused, even in a little thing, it rankles and rankles, till, to a sullen and morbid disposition, the offence of the accuser, no matter how strong the circumstantial evidence is against the accused, assumes enormous proportions—proportions as widely far of justice as was the accusation in the first place.

An unjust accusation, if in connection with grave matters, will often cause a recklessness, a desperation, that fills the ungoverned mind with but one desire—revenge for the smart inflicted, combined with a settled determination to have the "game as well as the name"—a combination leading surely to ruin.

It behooves parents and employers to think twice before they accuse either their children or their servants of some act which they themselves have not witnessed, lest by so doing they do an irreparable injury or make a life-long enemy.

Passing beyond the questions of example and precept, we come to active "Home Training."

"What shall I do with my girl?" writes some mother to some periodical, and rather fancies she has proposed a new and startling conundrum.

If we might offer a humble suggestion, madame, "Teach her to use a hammer." "Oh," shrieks the mother, in horror, "My delicate Angelina! Why, she'd ruin her hands." Yes, madame, I repeat, in spite of your horrified shriek, a hammer, and what's more, a saw and a gimlet, and so on all through the list of carpenters' tools. I perceive by this time, madame, that you are petrified, and have no more words, so I'll just go on with my discourse. You thought it a most delightful accomplishment when your delicate daughter learned to hammer out of a sheet of brass, impossible storks standing in highly improbable water, gazing in an apparent fit of "green and yellow melancholy" at some distorted cat-tails. Did it hurt her hands? Not half as much as it did your ears, I'll be bound. She may be too delicate to dust a room, but she is not too delicate to use a hammer, or she would have died of the "brass fever" before this. Besides, if she be delicate, the exercise will be wholesome for her, will develop her chest, expand her lungs, make her blood flow more freely.

"What would her grandmother ——"

Tut! excuse me for interrupting you so summarily, but you have told me your grandmother was a woman of sense. Believe me, if she were living now, she would see the good of the girl and yourself in it all.

The Grandmothers! Dear old souls! Bless their dear hearts and kindly faces! For how many sins of omission and commission have they not been held responsible!

Let her learn to "drive a nail home" deftly and securely. Let her learn to saw and to plane. It will not hurt her mentally or morally, (though it may socially, with a certain class) and it will do her an immense deal of good physically, besides having the effect of making her much more useful as a household element. Have you any idea what an immense amount of comfort about the house is a



woman who can drive a nail straight where it is intended to be, or who can place, with the aid of saw and plane, a shelf where it is wanted. Have you ever had to await the leisure of the "men folks" for the thousand and one trifles that serve to make the comfort and convenience of "life below stairs." If so, you have wished a hundred times that you could do the work without waiting. It is just as feminine for a woman to use a hammer on something useful, as to use that same instrument in evolving unutterable designs from brass.

There is implanted in every soul (albeit many times overrun by neglected weeds) the beautiful, hardy, healthy plant—a desire to be useful.

Give a child an idea that the box he is idly constructing may be of use, and his work assumes new proportions in his eyes. From an idler and mere consumer of material, he has arisen to the dignity of a producer, and the pleasure of the work is tenfold, to say nothing of all such things being of themselves an education to the child. Educate your children up to the needs of the present day, and remember when you are inclined, on principle, to prefer the "good old-fashioned ways," that they were once new fashions, and perhaps much deprecated as such. Remember, too, that if you are not advancing with the age, and giving the good old lady every comfort, luxury, and convenience of the day, that your purse can afford, you are not doing your full duty by your "grandmother."

But the great source of the evils of the present day in girl-training, is comprised in a few words of the matron who had trainable daughters:

"To what boarding-school are you going to send your daughter next year, when she graduates at the academy?"

"None."

"Not send her to boarding-school! What on earth are you going to do with her?"

"Keep her at home and get acquainted with her."

Aye! "Get acquainted with her." How few, how lamentably few women are "acquainted with their own daughters." At an early age they are sent to school (and rightly and properly) and the mother's influence, as evinced in baby associations, begins to wane. There the mother has been the one to please and advise with; even in baby plays, companions of a similar age step in, and the mother and daughter slightly but surely grow apart. From twelve to eighteen the child develops into womanhood—a new light dawns upon

her, a new thoughtfulness seizes her, and she is no longer what she was. A mother sends her child to boarding-school for three to four years, for what? Alack-a-day! "to be finished," (and too often is the finishing process complete in one sense of the word) and expects the principal to return to her, the daughter she has voluntarily sent from her. She is grieved and disappointed that her daughter no longer comes to her as she should—that she seems reticent and disinclined to talk of things nearest her heart. But she forgets that she has turned her daughter from her at a time when her whole nature was developing, and when she, herself, should have been the one to watch the bud unfold into a blossom; should have watched the plant, and, with her own tender watchfulness, her ever ready sympathy for the girl's mistakes and childish, womanly sorrows, have taught her to lean on her as her earthly counselor. All this is not hypothetical; it has been done, it can be done, and there is no more sweet, more lasting bond than a truly sympathetic mother and daughter.

Boarding-schools, in their effect on nine girls out of ten, are pernicious. Be the teacher ever so wise, ever so gentle, ever so judicious, it is impossible to give sixty growing girls, aye, or even twenty, the mother's oversight they should have. Regular hours are good, regular lessons are good, but all this is possible at home, and the herding together is bad, immeasurably bad.

Send your children to boarding-school in their very early days, if you will, or must, but after they get to be twelve years old, keep them at home, establish their health, physical and mental, and "get acquainted with them."

- "My little daughter grows apace;  
Her dolls are now quite out of date;  
It seems that I must take their place,  
We have become such friends of late.  
We might be ministers of state,  
Discussing projects of great peril,  
Such strange new questionings dilate  
The beauty of my little girl.
- "How tall she grows! What subtle grace  
Doth every movement animate;  
With garments gathered for the race  
She stands, a goddess slim and straight.  
Young Artemis, when she was eight,  
Among the myrtle bloom and laurel—  
I doubt if she could more than mate  
The beauty of my little girl.

## QUEEN OF HOME.

The baby passes from her face,  
Leaving the lines more delicate,  
Till in her features I can trace  
Her mother's smile, serene, sedate.  
'Tis something at the hands of fate,  
To watch the onward years unfurl  
Each line which goes to consecrate  
The beauty of my little girl.

## ENVOY.

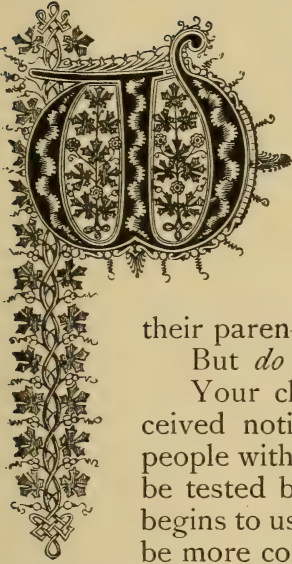
Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait.  
Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl;  
And when Thou countest at the Gate  
Thy jewels, count my little girl."





## CHAPTER II.

WHY?



“WHY?” asks the child, “*Why* is it right?” “Because I say so,” answers the mother. All wrong, mother; nothing in the world was ever right *because you said so*. You are making an untrue statement, and laying up trouble for yourself in the future at the same time.

“Children should accept the dictum of their parents, unquestioning.”

But *do they?* *That* is the question.

Your child comes into the world without any preconceived notion of the kind of world it is, or the kind of people with whom his lot has been cast. Everything must be tested by him (you among the rest) from the time he begins to use his first reasoning powers; and while it would be more convenient, for a period, that our troubles should not be increased by our being obliged to answer questions about every little thing, continually, don't you know that it is this very thing that builds up in the *boy* the *judgment* of the man? If you simply say to a boy, “Don't do that.” “Why?” “Because I say so,” you give him a rule for that particular occasion, but nothing that can be of any service to him at any future time.

Remember, that the majority of children are sharp-witted and clear-seeing, and if you want them to be of real, solid, use to you, give them *reasons* for their actions, so that they may act from *reason* and *principle*, and not from blind obedience to another's will. There come plenty of times, even in a child's life, when neither parent is at hand to guide or command. If such children have been accustomed to blind obedience, they have no fund of judgment on which to draw, and are utterly at a loss how to act.

“Delighted, then she hugged it to her breast,  
When, lo, it burst and scattered from her hand;  
In vain she searched and grieving could not rest,  
And felt a grief she did not understand.  
Oft in the years to come, my darling child,  
When pretty, light-hued visions catch your eye,  
And joyous pleasures have your soul beguiled,  
’Twill break your heart to see them fleeting by.  
Then father’s hand may not be near to aid  
Though for his help your heart will often yearn,  
For hopes will burst and cherished joys will fade,  
Life’s bitter lessons you must live to learn.”

The relation between parent and child should be that between a loving counselor and one seeking knowledge—not that existing between master and slave. Children only gain such knowledge as they *seek*, and their ever expanding brains are constantly seeking wherewith to be filled.

Remember, too, that until they have *proved* your infallibility, until they have questioned within themselves or aloud, as to the motives of your actions, they are not *sure* that you always have a good reason.

If you have proved to your child that you are never arbitrary in your decisions, orders, or instructions, he will learn to trust *you* blindly, while *proving* the rest of the world.

If you say to a child so brought up, “Do thus and so,” he will not question. He *knows* by experience that you are right, he knows it not so much from the *result*, as from the fact that he has learned a lesson from putting *reason* and *result* together.

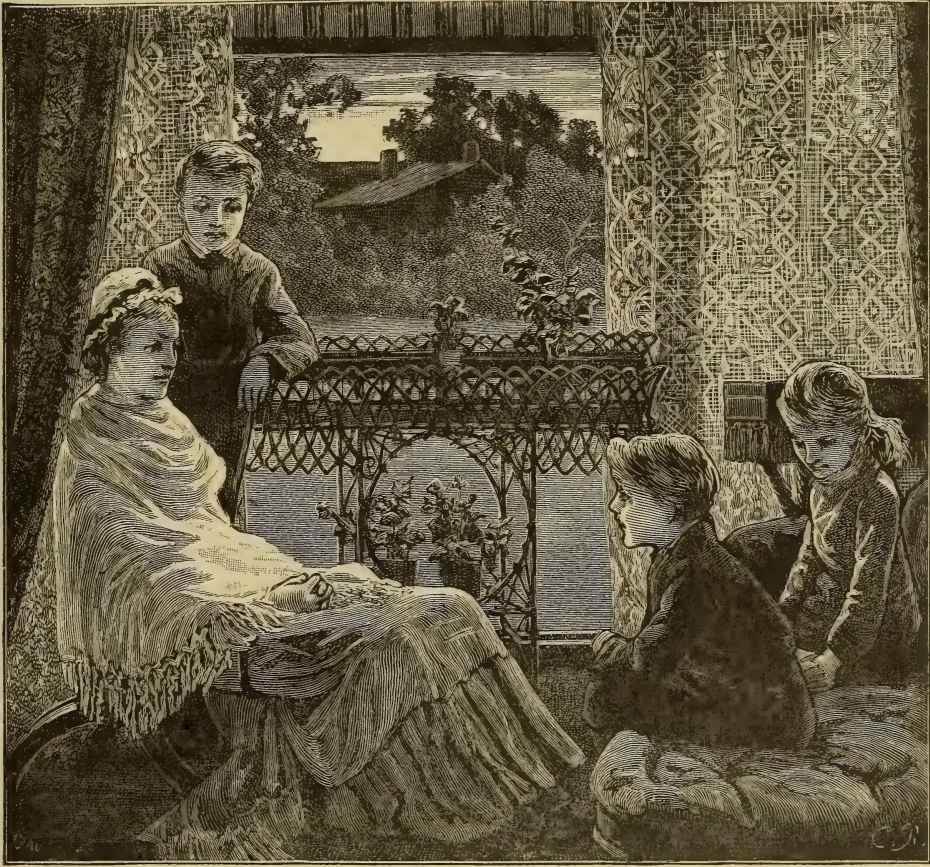
Be careful to avoid giving orders for which you have no particular reason beyond the caprice of the moment, when that order affects your child’s comfort.

Your children will judge of you as men and women, and their respect is naturally much lessened for a parent who has no other reason than “because I say so,” (even if they *be* your own offspring) and woe to the parent who proves an autocrat instead of a loving counselor.

If you say, “Don’t go out this morning, Henry,” “Why, mother?” “Because I say so,” to-morrow, and each succeeding day, you will be tried with the same question, “Say, mother, can’t I go out *this morning*, right after breakfast?” until your patience is exhausted, and your son’s temper and sullenness, if he possess those qualities, are



aroused. But if you say to him in answer to "Why?" "Because, at this season of the year the dew is very heavy, and you will get your feet very wet. After ten o'clock the sun will have dried it all off, and then you can go out every day," the matter is settled, the child is satisfied, and he knows without further question as each "to-



day" turns up, that he is *not* to go out till ten o'clock *because* the grass is not sufficiently dry.

Do your best to inculcate reason and principle, and don't be too tired, or too cross, or too dignified to answer a respectful "why."

Finances, since the world began, have been an ever fruitful source of dissension, and the question of the finances of the domestic circle,



has been one rife with disturbances of the worst kind. The common cry is now, (as it has been always, if one could only remember) that *women* do not know how to take care of money. True, many of them do not. But, likewise, they lack judgment in many other ways, where a clear judgment is necessary. However, a careful analysis of the subject will soon show that it is not the quality itself, which is lacking in the sex, as a sex; it is the special education necessary to the full development of such qualities, that is lacking.

Judgment is given to some people, men and women, in an eminent degree. In others it is an almost artificial quality, if one may use the expression—a quality so formed and ingrounded by a particular form of education (either by intention or by circumstance,) as to be almost natural, but merely in reality, a second nature.

The fault to be deplored in the wife, is really due to the father-in-law. Someone has said "the education of a girl should begin twenty years before she is born." While this seems like beginning pretty far back, there is much truth in the statement. But, suppose that this suggestion has not been acted upon in by-gone years, the future judgment of a girl should begin much earlier in life, than is generally supposed. Teach the boys and girls to have opinions of their own whenever practicable. Parents do not begin sufficiently early, to consult with their children upon points in which the children, themselves, are particularly interested.

Beginning with the point of dress: Many grown women have said, "I never bought a dress for myself in my life. Mother always did it for me. She knows a great deal better what I want than I do myself." Why should the mother know best? What has she been thinking of, to allow that daughter to grow up in ignorance of her own *tastes*, even? It has been criminal neglect upon her part, and equal indifference upon the daughter's part, to allow eighteen or twenty years to slip by without a reliable judgment being formed in the daughter's character. What do the mothers expect the daughters to do at the time when they *must* judge—whether they will or not—not only for themselves, but for others, and do it unaided by the mind and heart forever passed away from them. "Time enough!" Indeed, no! The time is now, *now*, while the children are little. When your child leaves to you to decide, for him or her, which shall be done, where there is no question of principle involved in either course, oblige that child to exercise its own judgment and powers of selection. When clothing a girl, begin early to take her with you to

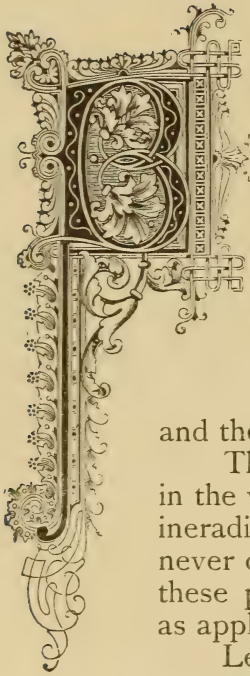
the various places of purchase. Explain to her *why* you buy such goods and refuse others. Having selected some half-dozen pieces of goods, any one of which would be suitable for your purpose, leave it to *her* choice as to which it shall be. A little later along, a small income should be given, and a judicious spending of this income inculcated. It might begin with a very small amount, to be devoted to gloves, whilst the rest of the wardrobe is provided by the mother. This could be added to, and the shoes be the next article which the child is expected to provide for herself. She would soon know that the more care she exercised both in buying and caring for her articles of dress, after they were purchased, the more money she would have on hand, (for the income should be given with the express understanding that what she saved, after dressing herself in accordance with the prevailing neatness, shall be exclusively, absolutely her own, to do as she pleases with.) And too, she soon learns to spend that surplus in the way which will give her most real pleasure.

O mothers! do teach your daughters to exercise judgment in their early youth, and do not leave it until they, too, have daughters of their own, and in their utter ignorance are obliged to depend upon others for counsel (often ill-advised) or else learn by bitter experience, after marriage, lessons which they should have been learning almost from their cradle up.



## CHAPTER III.

### SMALL TRUSTS.



UT you speak only of girls? Are my boys not to be taken notice of, too?"

Your boys! I should think so, indeed, madame, but remember, that with all that is said of girls or boys, the mother must strive her very best to study out the individuality and characteristics of each child—a training that might be most effective with a son, might ruin a daughter—that which was beneficial to the older daughter, entirely unfit for the second one.

There can be only general suggestions made, and these apply equally to all children, regardless of sex.

There are some things with which boys will meet in the way of temptations, petty, perhaps, but having an ineradicable influence, nevertheless, which will, perhaps, never come to a girl, and after taking up two or three of these points, the remaining remarks may be considered as applicable to both sexes.

Let us take up, first, the question of small trusts.

By reason of their business relations and the nature of their surroundings, men have reposed in their keeping, many more sacred trusts than are ever given into the keeping of women, and for this reason it behooves a mother to look *especially* after this branch of her *son's* home education. "Eternal vigilance" should be the watch-word, and *small* trusts should be rigidly looked after.

We read of the "Great Unwashed," but story has been comparatively silent in regard to the "Great Unfaithful." Yet their name is legion, a legion which can hold its own, nay, even put to rout, the members of the "Unwashed." The "Unfaithful" are not



only those who deny the tenets of religion, who beat their wives, who starve their children, who steal their neighbor's wives or goods, who betray bank trusts. There is another tribe of unfaithful ones which far outnumbers any or all of these. It is those who betray *small* trusts. Babies are taught with their earliest breath to repeat

“Little drops of water, little grains of sand,”

and one would think, that a race of human beings into whom this had been ground, day after day, year after year, century after century, would finally have absorbed some sense of the great importance of little things, and of moral obligation in the minor matters of life. How utterly at fault this premise is, nine-tenths of the people with whom one has small dealings, are an evidence. You make an engagement with Jones to go to the Park, for instance, for an afternoon walk. Reaching the rendezvous, and not seeing him, after a good half-hour of waiting, you, being a man exceedingly particular as to engagements, are naturally rather incensed.

Seeing him later, you say, “Hello, Jones! You’re a nice sort of a fellow! I waited for you a half-hour yesterday.”

“Did? Why, it was so frightfully hot that I didn’t think you’d go, so I stayed at home and kept cool,” and Jones is as complacent as if *he* were the one who had kept his engagement, and *you* were the one at fault, (more so, in fact, we fancy.)

If Smith borrows five thousand dollars, he is extremely anxious to pay it, and would regard himself a scoundrel if he did not refund the money the first moment he could. If he borrows five *cents* to pay his car-fare, he seldom, if ever, thinks of his obligation again.

Five cents is a small matter, perhaps, in the abstract. The question considered is not one of *sum*, but *principle*.

“He who borrows and does not repay,” says some one, “is guilty of stealing.” (Not intentionally, perhaps, but he is certainly guilty of *keeping* that which is not his own, even if he have not originally abstracted it without the knowledge of the owner.) When a man asks for a *gift*, it is *one* thing, but when he desires a *loan*, his moral obligation to repay that loan, be it large or small, is precisely the same.

To ask for a loan is to give a tacit I. O. U. and the act should be so regarded by every one.

Another class of those faithless to small trusts, is that which

intrenches itself behind the ever ready "O, I forgot." When such people forget, it is not thoughtlessness but a culpable failure to remember.

It is a fact, so well demonstrated, that elaboration on the subject here is unnecessary, that the memory can be stimulated by a strong desire to remember, and the one who will do something *if he thinks* of it, generally manages to forget all about it, and this short-coming is all sufficient for him as an excuse, and should, in his estimation, pass current with you as a plea for pardon. That you should be put to inconvenience by their forgetfulness is certainly unpleasant for you, and as such, is a fact to be deplored, but it is something with which they have nothing to do, though they *sympathize* with you in your discomfort.

Such forgetfulness, if not a sin of commission is certainly a sin of omission.

To relate a fact, a man, (a gentleman and a business man,) said once upon a time laughingly, "People used to ask me to attend to their commissions, but I made it a point to forget their commissions and leave their bundles in the cars so often, that they have given up asking me any more," and he chuckled as if he had done a really smart thing, instead of a very selfish one.

It is, doubtless, an annoyance to any man to be constantly burdened with commissions, but how much more manly to honestly say so, than to accept a trust, if ever so small, with the distinct intention of betraying it, or at least, the distinct intention of doing nothing to keep it in mind.

There would be dignity in saying, "I really have no time to attend to anything for anybody," and the speaker would attain the reputation for being a very busy man, instead of a very selfish one. (However, the latter opinion would be the more true, perhaps.) By so doing he would confer a real favor, for someone else would attend to the commission, either for love or for money, and the disappointed one would *not* be disappointed after all.

The selfish ones are not always those who take the largest apple in the basket, nor the warmest place by the fire, neither are the unfaithful ones always those who betray bank trusts, or loving hearts.

Blessed, indeed, is he of whom it can be truthfully said, "He was faithful in little things."

The next thing about which I feel called upon to speak in the special training for boys, because to boys will the temptation mainly come—is treating.

Mothers, let me tell you what a mother said to me once, and see if you do not find much truth in her argument.

She had growing boys, and one of them, about fifteen, wanted some money. "I gave you some money yesterday, where is it?" "I treated Harry to soda-water at the drug store, and bought some candy for Nettie and Mary Wild."

"My son, I have told you that I objected to your treating your boy and girl friends to *anything*. Soda-water and candy are harmless in themselves to a degree, and if you had felt the necessity of two glasses of soda-water, and had brought the candy home to your sisters, I would not have had one word to say, but I do not like it."

It seemed to me at the time, counsel that was likely to do the boy harm by teaching him to be selfish, but my talk with her, and sober reflection, showed me that the harm the sons were likely to receive in that way, was not nearly so likely to be lasting as the evil which she dreaded for them.

"No," said she in continuance to me afterward, "I am convinced that the habit of treating, even ice-cream, soda-water, peanuts or candy is a bad one. It leads to extravagance, and very often, instead of arising from a desire to be generous, it is the outgrowth of a desire to "look big," and outdo some fellow creature. I believe that most of the harm done in liquor drinking is done by the "treaters." One treats, and another treats, and by the time five have treated, the whole five are intoxicated.

A boy falls into the habit of spending his money on his companions, and soon the time comes when soda-water and peanuts are no longer cared for by those companions, and candy is childish. Then what? The habit of treating is strong upon him. "What will they have?" "What must he do?" Mentally canvassing the tastes of his companions, he thinks cigars or cigarettes will be about the thing, though he doesn't smoke himself, perhaps, because "Mother" has been able to guard him from that vice. So it goes. Then someone else "treats" to cigars, and so he takes one because he "don't like to look queer. Don't you see how it walks up step by step?"

I did see, and I thought it was a question which called for careful thought on the part of all mothers who wish to do their "very best" for the darlings of their hearts, their growing sons.

"Reflect," she added, after a few moments' pause.

I *did* reflect, and though I could still see a possibility of an incul-



cation of selfishness by her course, there was so much good, sound common sense in her argument that I was convinced that her method would be likely to inculcate the least of two evils.

Next to treating comes the practice of *trading*.

One of the practices frequently indulged in, in childhood, and one against which parents should firmly set their faces, is that of trading among themselves, commonly known by the elegant term of "swapping." While children should have full possession of their own things, (for only in that way can there be inbred in them a thorough sense of the personal rights of others,) I do believe also that that right should not extend to parting with their possessions.

The habit of "swapping" engenders, or fosters, if it does not engender, two very undesirable characteristics—a desire for gain and a discontentment with articles possessed—and children grow accustomed to looking around to see if someone else has not some more desirable possession than their own.

Those inclined to be unscrupulous, learn early to "drive a sharp bargain" with those younger or more innocent than themselves, and woe to the mother whose son becomes a "little less than honest" in his childhood.

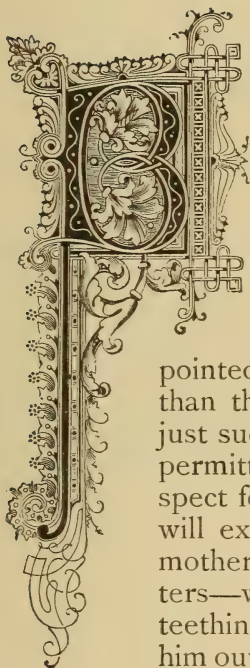
"You would have my son a "molly-coddle"! I want him to be a man!" exclaims some indignant father.

Softly, my dear sir! *These* are not the things that make *men*. They are merely a question of fine principle, and what is a man without true principle? The true man is the one who is taught from his earliest infancy to respect the rights of the weak, be it in business or pleasure.



## CHAPTER IV.

### HOME RELATIONS AND HOME MANNERS.



Y "relations" I had not meant relatives, and yet, perhaps, would it not be as well to speak a little of relatives, and their bearing upon our family relations?

The two who have my most profound sympathy, are the average mother-in-law, and the so-called "old maid aunt."

No class of people, if we may strictly call them a class, has been more abused or has had pointed at it more aimless, not to say reprehensible jokes, than the mother-in-law and the "old maid aunt," and in just such wretched efforts as these, lies a poison, that, if permitted, will enter the child's mind, and cause a disrespect for the elder ones of the family; a disrespect that will extend by imperceptible degrees to the father and mother. When *paterfamilias* finds himself in close quarters—when *materfamilias* is sick in bed, and baby is teething, and cook is gone, for whom does he send to help him out of his difficulty? His good friend Jack Shepherd, who made that last excellent joke on mothers-in-law?

Not a bit of it! *For the much abused mother-in-law herself*, and thankful enough is he to see her come in, and glad enough is he to hear her trotting and singing to the baby in the middle of the night, and rejoiced enough is he to find himself sitting down to a warm breakfast the next morning; albeit he goes out of the house the next day and permits without protest, Tom, Dick or Harry to repeat their execrable sallies against "the old lady," even if he does not have a fling at her himself.

And what about the children? Who can wrap up a cut finger so well as "Grandma?" Who makes such lovely cookies—such





GRANDMA.



charming ginger-nuts? Who knows such efficacious remedies for a cold? Who always has peppermint in her pocket as a sovereign cure for broken heads?

And Grandpa! By-the-way, why don't we have a few jokes about him? Would you know the secret? Listen, and I will whisper it to you. It is because these same jokes (?) are made by the opposite sex, and the women are too generous and pitiful of the old man's failings, while the men *will* not because Grandpa is a *man*, and so the dear old gentleman goes scot-free. And spite of all they may say, we will not believe it is not a very pleasant sight to any man, to see Grandma and Grandpa seated at their fireside. And any man who cannot remember their visits in his own childhood, has missed one of the pleasantest recollections that life can hold.

And "old maid aunts!" Poor things! Where would some households have been without this very useful appendage, I would like to inquire? How many unsung martyrs have there been among these, only the Great Hereafter will show. How many young, lovable women, with hearts full of warmth, and souls full of longing, have sacrificed themselves to the needs of a growing family in a brother's or sister's bereaved household, history does not say, but they are legion. And what has been their reward in many instances? Only to be twitted by the very ones for whom they have sacrificed all, with the fact that they are "old maids!" But it is pleasing to note that the tide is changing, and the "old maid" of the past *is* a thing of the past.

Mr. Fink, in his late work on "Love," demonstrates, among other things, that the heroine of the popular novel is no longer as young as she once was.

Life, in fiction, with all its exaggeration, is but the exponent of the times after all. There must be a certain amount of realism in it, in order that it may *pay*. Therefore, if society itself were not undergoing a change, we would not find this same change in works which deal only with fictitious characters.

It is gradually being conceded that a woman's life is not lived out by the time she is twenty-five. It is dawning upon the youthful mind, that a woman may live to be thirty or even forty, and still have the fire of romance burning in her heart; and the school miss of sixteen more rarely sneers, when her aunt, of thirty-five, dares to think of marriage.

This change is due to pressure brought to bear in two different



GRANDPA.



directions : First—the re-incorporation into general use, of the good old-fashioned word “woman.” There are no longer, as there were fifteen or twenty years ago, “old young girls ;” women, young and old, are *women*. A girl of eighteen is a *girl*, but she is likewise a *young woman* in general estimation ; a woman of twenty-five is the same.

But the most important factor of the whole matter—the one which really supercedes the introduction of the word “woman” as a primary cause (the latter being in a great measure the origin of the former) is *fashion*. Not that it has grown to be “the fashion” to do thus or so, but that fashion, as evinced in dress, has done much to produce this much-to-be-desired result.

There is no longer a distinct line between the dress of the woman of twenty and that of the woman of thirty ; the dress of the woman of sixty, without being “kittenish,” in any degree, may, with propriety, conform in a great measure to that of the woman of twenty-five.

It has thus grown impossible for men and women to decide at a first glance with any certainty, upon the age of the woman whom they are studying for their next novel. In truth, *age* has gradually been forgotten in *facts*. The theory that to certain years alone, belongs romance, has given place to the *fact* that it is to be found at all ages.

Likewise have the old and the young woman, grown insensibly to ignore the difference in years existing between them, thinking only of the pleasure the friendship gives. All this has done much to engender firmness and steadiness of purpose in the young, while at the same time it has brightened and made beautiful, the lives of those older, and has certainly been greatly to the advantage of all.

The relation of husband and wife to each other, is a very sacred one, and one of which but little can be said.

The tendency of to-day towards treating lightly, both “in song and story,” the marriage relation, is pernicious in the highest degree. The relation of no two married people is precisely the same as that existing between any other couple. There is no possibility of laying down any rules for the adjustment of two characters to a life in common, except in one case. It stands to reason that two people who have chosen, half-blindly as one may say, to live together and make their interests and associations common, must, in the natural course of things, find much to differ about. Now, when this is the case, there is obviously but one thing to do—for one party or the other to retreat from the position assumed, or, to agree to disagree.



Now then, no matter which attitude affairs assume, *lay it down as an unalterable rule that you will tell nobody of your disagreements, not even your mother or your dearest friend.* There is where so much trouble has started. A family difficulty assumes double proportions after it has been talked over with someone else. If I would give one rule to married people it is to "suffer and be strong." Above *all* things, do not let your children suspect that there is anything but harmony. And let there *be* harmony. If there be necessity for discussion about a thing, which must finally come before the child, let the discussion be entirely over before the subject is broached, and only the result presented to his view.

Can you expect to keep your children from quarrelling over little things, if your own discussions are conducted with acrimony?



Can you expect your children to form any kind of clear judgment if you yourself dismiss with contempt any opinion that happens to disagree with your own? Remember, that your children are miniature men and women, and in most cases, faithful copies of yourselves.

Teach your sons to protect their sisters, and to treat them as a gentleman should treat a lady. Teach your daughters to look after their brothers' interest, and as a lady should treat a gentleman. Teach them that the dress of politeness is for *home* wear, not a garb to be assumed for company, and enforce all this lesson by your own actions.

A young lady was considerably touched and amused by an incident that occurred with a neighbor's children. Hearing the patter of feet one day, and the prattle of childish voices, she went to the front door. There, squeezed up close in a corner of the door-way, was a little girl, aged three, and in front of her, his little arms stretched to their full length, was her brother, of five; still in skirts. "Please excuse us, Miss Louise," said the boy apologetically, "but Lallie was *so* afraid of the sheep" (a flock was passing at the time) "and," he added anxiously, with still more apology in his tone, for fear the young lady should consider his little sister a coward, "their feet are *very* hard you know." She looked in the boy's face and saw there the protection of bravery. *He* was quite as much afraid of the sheep as was his sister, but, at all hazards, she must be protected; so he had put her in a safe position and placed himself between her and danger.

And this same small woman, when she grew a year or so older, used to trot around with the most motherly air and protect his interests. She would see that he had his scarf on, and a pocket handkerchief in his pocket, and no matter where she was or what was given her, she never ate more than half of it—the other half was carried home to her brother. "Saints?" Not a bit of it! "Quarrel?" Of course they did! But they always stood by each other, and woe to the person who took up their quarrels. "Nurdy boy!" she would exclaim fiercely, "he *no* nurdy boy, he *good* boy!" when perhaps she had just berated him soundly herself.

A tender, admiring friendship existing between a brother and sister is a saving grace for both, and such can, I believe, be inculcated, by judicious treatment and *example*.

Nevertheless, while thoroughly believing in early training in almost all directions, there is one point upon which I want to enter a most earnest protest. This is the *care of the baby*, as it is imposed upon the older children. It is not fair to the older son, that his skating should be interfered with because the youngest of six brothers and sisters must be amused. It is not fair to the older daughter, that the afternoons of her young life should be spent in wheeling up and down, up and down, in weary monotony, the latest importation from Babyland, when she should be gaining vigor and freshness on her own account. From the time, when at three year's of age, she is able to "sit on the floor and shake the rattle for Baby," the growing girl is made to assume the cares and responsibilities of maternity, without any of





A GUARDIAN BROTHER.



its compensations. Is it any wonder, that she acquires an exaggerated idea of the weight of those same cares and responsibilities?

Is it any wonder, that, as the yearly baby is added to the flock, there is in her heart a growing resentment, as she looks forward to all the long years of baby-tending, before they shall all be "out of arms?" Is it any wonder that this resentment finally

culminates and finds voice in the assertion that she "just *hates* children?" Is it any wonder that a feeling, very far from sisterly, enters her heart against the new-comer, when he only represents to her, added hours of trotting, singing, rattle-shaking or coach-pushing?

That women are so eager to shirk or shift the responsibilities and cares of maternity, is considered one of the crying evils of the day. But do the reformers reflect that it is in a great measure, as I have said, because they have, in their own homes, already experienced the cares without the compensating joys and maternal love? They have lost all

the good of their own beautiful play-time; their budding womanhood has been warped and cramped; their education has been interfered with, perhaps, "and *now*" they say to themselves, "I am *free* and I mean to stay so."

Mothers, think *twice* before, except in extreme necessity, you allow one child to feel the burden of the care of a little brother or sister.



## CHAPTER V.

### OBSERVATION—DIRECTNESS OF SPEECH—SELF-CONTROL.



THE habit of observation, and the power of discrimination, while they may be, and no doubt are, in most cases innate, are likewise, too, things that require cultivation for their best development.

Don't decide every little thing for your children till they are grown up, and then lose your patience because they seem to lack judgment.

It is well, too, to habituate them to recite, in clear, concise terms, any little incident which may have happened.

Trollope, in his "Armadale," gives an excellent idea on this subject. Among Miss Gwilt's earliest recollections, was the fact that her mother was accustomed to take her by the hand, walk with her rapidly around the block, and immediately upon her entrance into the house, oblige her to tell, with equal rapidity and clearness, all that she had observed in this race of four blocks.

Another idea, proved to be advantageous, is to have children close their eyes, turn around once or twice, and immediately upon opening their eyes, describe as accurately as possible the object upon which their eye has fallen.

There is nothing, perhaps, better adapted to this form of education than the blackboard. A simple picture, a single sentence, may draw out the little ones into most interested and interesting discussions, and give them such food for thought, and ideas on the subject of observation of the simple objects by which they are surrounded, as will be of more benefit to them than hours of study from books.

Do it in what way seems best to you, but teach your children to





EARLY TRAINING.



be observant, and to form good honest opinions and judgment from what they observe. You are conferring on them a great boon by this course.

But let their conclusions be given in the clearest and most direct language of which they are capable.

Of all the talents distributed among mankind, that of directness of speech, seems to be the one which has been most sparingly given. Those, whose "communication be yea, yea; nay, nay," are indeed among the "mighty few."

To how few, how very few, has been given the power to make a direct reply to the simplest question.

Not long ago, a lady asked an agent of a well-known railroad, "Can I buy a ticket to-day and come back on it to-morrow?" To the dispassionate observer, the simplest reply would seem to be either "yes" or "no," (the agent need not even have added "madame" had he felt indisposed so to do) but, drawing himself up with dignity, he replied magnificently and impressively, "If you so desire."

This was hardly true, if he sought to be scrupulously truthful. Her *ability* to obtain the ticket was in no way affected by her desire.

In another instance, a gentleman, walking up to a railroad official, and holding out his ticket for inspection, in order that there might be no doubt as to his destination, inquired (indicating at the same time with his finger, a certain section of carriages) "Is that my train?" The gate-man, inclined to be facetious, (poor man! he had not then learned that humor does not add to the market value of a railway employé) replied in a loud tone in order that all his fellows might hear and appreciate his wit, "No sir! that ain't your train; that there train belongs to this here railway company."

The gentleman said nothing and passed on, but, unfortunately for the man at the gate, his victim was a director of the road, and the next morning the offender was promptly dismissed (as he would have been in any case had the circumstance come to the notice of the company).

This style of reply is not confined, however, to railway employés by any means. One finds it in all classes and professions. One more instance and I am done. "Did a postal card come here in regard to a book left here?" inquired a lady of the proprietor of a drug store. "There was a communication to that effect," replied he of the drugs.

If this style be unsatisfactory in an employé, how much more unsatisfactory is it in an employer. How much trouble would be saved if each employer would give an absolutely direct order as to the manner of performing some duty. Orders or explanations given in an indirect, half-way manner, are never satisfactory to the employé, and are the cause of much disturbance, finally, to the employer, (who, by the way, can seldom be brought to think that the fault rests with him or her.)

He or she generally supposes "any one would know better than that."

The fault it is to be feared, has its foundation laid in childhood. When you say to your son, "James, did you go out this afternoon?" and he replies, "Why, George was sick, and I went out to see him." When he reaches, "George was sick" stop him right there. Let him answer your question first, and give afterwards any explanation he may deem necessary. Let him say first, "Yes, father." One cannot too soon teach his children to give a direct reply to a direct demand, and the habit that many children have, of offering some explanation or excuse, the moment they are asked a question, instead of replying to it at once, is a pernicious one. It not only tends to promote a weak, hesitating, roundabout style of *language*, but it tends to destroy in a great measure that compact, forcible, vigorous style of *thought*, which is a most desirable quality for man or woman, no matter what the walk of life.

One of the most desirable, or perhaps, absolutely *the* most desirable, of the gifts given to the human race for their well-being, is that of self-control.

Self-control is a power given to few, except in a slight degree, but in every human being is implanted the germ which, by careful watching and judicious training, becomes the sturdy tree about which all the other virtues and attributes cling, as the vine to the oak; and without which support, few of these virtues would ever grow sufficiently tall to be in any way conspicuous.

What fills our drunkard's graves? Lack of self-control; for few are those addicted to intoxication but will tell you they know it is wrong, but they "can't help it." Some there be, 'tis true, who maintain that they do no wrong, and they really seem to believe it, but these are few indeed.

What fills our prisons? This same deadly evil, want of self-control. The impulse to do wrong, the longing for another's prop-

erty or his wife, the anger that sears the brain and shrivels the heart, seizes a man, and, having been taught little or no self-government, he loses his self-control and gives rein to the plunging beast of passion, which carries him over the precipice; and the man that *would* have been, but for one moment's madness, is dashed below, and, if not crushed for all time, remains at best but a cripple.

What is true of our drunkards' graves, our prisons, and our almshouses, is likewise true of our insane asylums. There are many cases of positive insanity that have arisen from a demoniacal temper. It is argued that the disease which produced the insanity produced the vile temper. Supposing this premise to be correct, the converse of the proposition is equally true, *i. e.*, what would have controlled the *temper* would have gone a great way towards controlling the disease.

Children have been known to fall down in fits, real convulsions of an epileptic nature, because some desired article was refused. What then? Such nervous irritability can be controlled in a great measure by judicious management on the part of a parent.

Look at the almost babes-in-arms, one reads of frequently being arraigned before this judge or that—for what? *Murder!* A fit of anger over some trifle, and the boy of eleven whips out a knife and plunges it into the breast of a boy of nine. A mother refuses to allow her son to go somewhere or do something, and he forthwith brains her with an axe or a flat-iron! And the verdict is insanity! Insanity? Not a bit of it. It is pure wicked want of self-control, for which the murdered parent herself is mainly responsible. O, mothers! mothers! Little do you think of the *awful* responsibility you are taking on yourselves when you permit your children to display fits of temper, towards yourself or their playmates, without serious reproof, because in your estimation “they are so little that they do not know it is wrong.”

Take to heart the fact that such a course of training is well calculated to fit them for the gallows. The sad story of a poor mother told not long ago needs no comment. “I had lost one child,” she said, “and I indulged the second one. I never attempted to control him, nor taught him to control himself.” At last,” she added, brokenly, tears choking her voice, “at last the law took it out of my hands; they *hung* him.”

O, mothers, if you would have your sons and daughters good citizens, respected and self-respecting; if you would work for their eternal welfare, teach them self-control.



## CHAPTER VI.

### SCHOOL.



O important a matter is it, and such a subject of general discussion and public interest has it become, that one may well give at least a brief consideration to the subject of school, touching upon the most important points and those worthy of the gravest consideration.

There comes a day when the mother feels that the nursery is deserted by its noisy occupants—that the house remains in order after it is put to rights in the morning, and suddenly she is struck with a vague pain, as she is seized with a realizing sense that even the “Baby has gone to school.”

“The baby has gone to school; ah me!

What will the mother do,  
With never a call to button or pin,  
Or tie a little shoe?

How can she keep herself busy all day,  
With the little “hindering thing” away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,  
Another “good-by” to say,  
And the mother stands at the door to see  
Her baby march away;  
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,  
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,  
When the children one by one  
Will go from their home out into the world,  
To battle with life alone.

And not even the baby be left to cheer  
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,  
Thrown down in careless haste,  
And tries to think how it would seem  
If nothing were displaced;  
If the house were always still as this  
How could she bear the loneliness?”

At just what age the "Baby" shall go to school, will, of course, always be a mooted question, and, possibly, it is one which should be settled much by circumstances.

But through long experience and close observation, I am assured that the view taken by Dr. Davis (in common with most other leading physicians of the day) is the correct one :

"Truly, one of the crying evils of to-day, is our present system of education.

Children of entirely different mental capacity and power of endurance, as well as differing in aptitude and inclination, are far too early sent off to school to be 'educated.'

Rarely, indeed, is there even a distinction made in regard to sex, and the girl must submit to the same restrictions, and master the same difficult problems as her brother.

Often, I am sorry to say, the child is hurried off to school at the earliest possible age, in order that the parents may avoid the noise and worry caused by their children when at home.

There they sit in cramped or constrained positions—often breathing impure air—for a good part of the day, under strict surveillance, pursuing tasks that are in themselves irksome. And all this is called 'being educated.'

It is a sad thing to realize, that this glorious nation of ours is rapidly becoming one of 'big heads and little bodies,' and, largely, because of the faulty methods of schooling our children.

It is a common error for people to confound schooling and education. The latter consists of a proper development of the moral and physical qualities, as well as the mental, and not the over-development of any one, at the expense of the others.

Home should be the educational centre for every child. There your son should learn adoration for God, obedience to parents, and subjection to State, and after having this foundation, the minor lessons will follow in due time, and will be put to better uses when acquired.

Unfortunately our present system of education is for the development of the intellect alone; when every young head is considered an ordinary receptacle, into which knowledge may be poured, molten hot, without any reference to quality or quantity.

Our child is jostled about, and finally driven to the wall, because he cannot compete with 'Tom, Dick and Harry;' humiliated, and finally discouraged beyond degree, by his failure at a task, for which he is unfitted, or that is especially repugnant to him.

The smart child is usually the pet of the family, and his parents are frequently complimented on his brilliancy.

Undoubtedly this is gratifying, but how often do you see the boy at the foot of the class, physically his superior, and often finally, his peer intellectually as well, and all because your 'bright child's' over-crammed brain has received its proverbial 'last straw,' and is now wholly or partially retired from study on account of a constant headache, neuralgia, eye-strain or insomnia; or still more sorrowful, may already have in its shattered nervous system, the seeds of that dread disease, chorea (St. Vitus' dance), from which—if it ever recover—it will be the unwilling heir to a long list of ills."

What if your neighbor's son quotes Shakspeare at seven, and your niece writes poetry at eight, while your own little daughter, at *nine*, can hardly read? What if your own daughter knew all her letters at three, could read at four, and write at five, while your son at seven shows an utter disinclination for books?

Do not let that distress you. "The time is not yet." Do not *force* your child to brain-work. The system of school, as it is carried on, is often utterly distasteful to children, while judicious home-teaching will give most wonderful results. Indeed, one little realizes the effect of *little* things in the actual daily education of children. They are full of nerves and impressions, and a child can often be insensibly led by some most unimportant circumstance to most important conclusions. I call to mind two instances—both in the line of mathematics. The first, a little girl, who had had the most wretched time learning her tables. Through weeks did this mite of a six-year-old, struggle through the dreaded task, but never did she get successfully beyond "twice twelve are twenty-four." Finally her mother, who was likewise her teacher, concluded to give the child a new book, as the one she had was somewhat dilapidated. The new book purchased—*in one week every table was learned perfectly*, and that, apparently, without any change in the method of teaching. Explain it who will, by what psychological process he may, the fact remains that the new book was the impetus which carried the child over the "*Pons Asinorum*,"

The second case in question, was a boy who *could* not learn long division. Every one probably remembers the time when he or she struggled with the immensities presented by this branch of arithmetic. Well, this boy struggled in common with his fellows, but with a less happy result. He bade fair to stay just there all his life. He tried



faithfully, till life and spirit were gone from him. One day he exclaimed suddenly, "I see it now!" and ever after there was no trouble. Why he should "see it," just at that particular moment, no one, not even himself, could tell. No one was explaining it to him at the time. It just "came to" him.

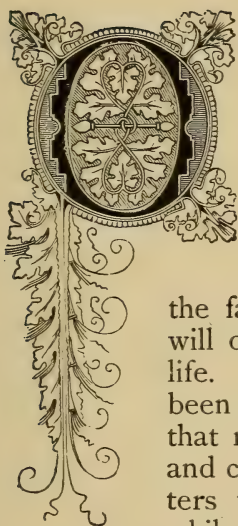
"But you don't tell me when to begin to teach my child to read?" says some one.

Truly! I cannot, nor can any one. It should depend upon circumstances and individual capacity so largely, that it must always be a matter of experiment, but this much I *can* say—it is better, *far* better, to defer it a year too late, than to be *one day too soon*.



## CHAPTER VII.

### SELECTION OF PROFESSIONS.



OUR country is rife, from end to end, with discussions in regard to the education of women as wives and mothers. There have been many things said, by the wise and the unwise, on all sides, but the majority have seemed to forget that statistics show a greater proportion of women than men among our population. Hence the fact that some few *must* be left over, whether they will or not, to grace (or disgrace) some other walk in life. There is much truth in some things that have been said—very little in the rest. But I do believe that most women are trying, as far as their lights go, and circumstances will permit, to bring up their daughters to lead useful lives; and to so train them, that while, perhaps, their advantages of real home-life have been few, their sense of right and love of duty will lead them, should they become wives, to do all in their power to make themselves worthy as home-makers and home-keepers. It is an unfortunate fact, not to be denied by the truthful, however, that in the middle class, a very considerable percentage of the fathers, either cannot, or *will* not, earn a sufficient amount to support their own families. Upon their children then, boys and girls, devolves a very fair share of the family support. While it is not worth while to open a discussion, in all candor, what opportunity have *these* girls to learn household arts? And because their fathers had families which they were unable to support, should the *girls* be reviled for lack of knowledge which they have had no opportunity to gain?

But leaving all this out of the question, how many *men* train their *sons* so that they may be good *husbands*? Surely this is to be considered. It is a difficult matter, perhaps, for a *woman* to train

her son to be a good husband, and under her own husband's eye try to make the son all that the father is *not*. Clearly, this duty should devolve upon the fathers themselves. There is much, *much* said about the women who marry, ignorant of household duties; but think of the *men* who marry, utterly ignorant of so simple a duty as *carving*. No! gentlemen, let us have a just consideration of all sides of the question; and while you are counseling your wives as to their duties towards your future son-in-law, do not forget that your future daughter-in-law has a right to expect from your hands a man as perfect as you can mould from the material with which the Lord has provided you. Teach them, by your example and practice and precept, that "home" is something more than a mere stopping place, and that, in order to have a household what it should be, they too have duties of which they should become at least cognizant, before they take upon themselves the sacred offices of husband and father.

But let us suppose that all this has been done. The time comes when the boy must be provided with a calling.

"John," said an old lady once, to her nephew, who had just preached his initial sermon, "what ever possessed you to enter the ministry?" "The Lord called me, aunt," answered the young man solemnly. "Are you *sure*, John?" asked the aunt anxiously. "Are you sure it was not *some other noise you heard?*"

There it is! "Some other noise." So many men, in all professions and trades, seem to have "heard some other noise" than a legitimate call to the one in which they are laboring. These failures are in most cases the result of unfortunate circumstances. In these days of struggle for daily bread, a man must many times "catch at a chance" that is utterly distasteful to him; otherwise not only he, but those who in their old age are dependent on him, would starve. Many times, too, a profession, business or trade is handed down from generation to generation. The son of a banker must enter the banking-house, no matter how distasteful to him the office and accounts. He is brought up with that idea, and it seldom occurs to him to look forward to anything else.

And who so appropriate to step into a physician's practice, and inherit from his father a ready-made clientele, and a good start in life, as that same father's son?

When the day shall come that the farmer may say to the lawyer, "I have a son who is not adapted to be a farmer, but I think he will



make a good lawyer; he has a great fondness for it. But I cannot spare him; have you a son to exchange for him?" When such exchanges as these can be made, men will find their true places, and there will not be "going up and down the earth," as there are to-day, so many sad-eyed, mind-weary men—men worn out by friction with an uncongenial occupation.

Still there might be more done to combat the difficulty, if parents would give a little more judicious and unprejudiced thought over the matter, being willing to give up some cherished plan if it interferes with the boy's manifest inclination.

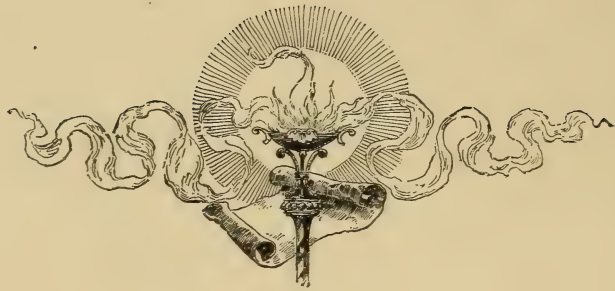
The question of a boy's calling is too often left until he *needs* one. A boy goes through school, and when he has completed his allotted term, he is expected to accept the first chance that offers, and "do for himself." The first chance may be a mercantile life, and that may be utterly distasteful to him in every way. No matter! It is a chance, and chances are few. There is no time to waste, and forthwith he is clapped into the counting-room, to remain there, perhaps, as an under-clerk for the next twenty-five years.

The question of a boy's career is not one to be settled in a moment, after he grows up. He should be educated gradually towards it. His tastes, proclivities and characteristics should be carefully watched, and he should be educated towards the point where all that there is in him will tell best; remembering always that education is *that which educates*, not that which is studied (or acquired, even). The boy himself should be consulted as to his wishes, and these should receive an adequate amount of consideration. He should be led to examine his wishes from all points of view, and the question of his calling should be a frequent topic of conversation between him and his parents, always with the idea that he is not to be hurried. When he has decided, let his education go towards fitting him for what he has chosen. Let him finish out his remaining school-days in studying such things as will be of use to him in his profession, always presupposing that he, meanwhile, continues his study of the ordinary branches in school. Why insist on your boy learning Greek and Hebrew when he has a predilection for mathematics and physics, or even mechanics, simply because you have made it the dream of your life that he should enter the ministry? Surely a good mechanic, a mechanic who does his work heartily and because he loves it, is more acceptable of God than an inferior minister! Surely a good farmer or shoe-

maker is more to be respected as a man, than a poor lawyer or physician !

If you have somewhat settled, by the aid of your son's own wishes, as to what his career is to be, there may occur to you many an opportunity of furthering your plans, when otherwise you would have passed them by. Often men have lost what were the very best opportunities of their lives, for want of a definite plan which would have made them available.

So I say to you again, do not decide your boy's fate for him. Take him into your confidence, and gain his. And, having found out what *he* wants, do your very best to place him according to *his* wishes, and not according to some pet idea of your own.



# THE SICK ROOM





but they tell the story of coming danger only too plainly. Headache, sleeplessness, irritability of temper, neuralgic pains about the head and heart, unrefreshful sleep, nervous dyspepsia, dull eyes, heaviness of the head and stupid feeling after meals, worry about trifles, unreasonable anger, tingling and numbness in the limbs, cold feet and hands, flushed face and burning ears, palpitation of the heart, and irregular, weak and unsteady pulse. When you note these symptoms, beware, the brain and nerves are about to break down, and it may be insanity, perhaps death."

Dr. Hammond well says, "beware;" and nowhere more than in the hurry-scurry of American business methods is the warning needed; and it should not only be *heeded*, but heeded in a proper manner.

There are more people who kill themselves in trying to take care of themselves than the world in general imagines.

When a man or woman begins to be conscious that "something is wrong," that languor and lassitude have their hold, or nervousness and sleeplessness prevail, the first thing generally, is to resort either to stimulants or to quack medicines (in many cases synonymous terms). A little whiskey "builds a man right up and gives him vigor for the day's work!"—a glass of bitters "tones a woman up and makes her feel like a new woman!"

No doubt of it! The exhilaration of spirits, or alcoholic tonic, is not to be denied, but it is the exhilaration of the fire which is fed momentarily into increased brightness by the very water which is meanwhile its doom.

No, the proper course is a systematic caring for one's self. The invalid state being produced primarily by overwork, and secondarily by its attendant evils—indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, etc.—the first thing naturally is to reduce the amount of work. Sometimes the strain of daily bread-winning will not permit any relaxation in regard to this, but to such we say, spare yourselves when you can. Don't anticipate *to-night* the business worries that should properly belong to to-morrow.

Next—take all the time for sleep that you can possibly allow. The brain, overtaxed, is like an Octopus—it seizes and feeds upon all around it. Many an illness has been warded off by a prolonged sleep. While the devourer slept, Nature had time to restore the weary body and strengthen it to resist the demands upon it.

Many a woman has succumbed to sudden illness or chronic invalidism because constant strain and improper amount of rest had

predisposed her system to disease. Mothers of little children are brought under more strain than the outside world appreciates. Even the father, who sees the trying nights, knows little of the equally trying days, and when he returns at night, to find his wife weary and disheartened, he does not realize that her day's work has been but a continuation of that of the night before, with added duties and less rest.

It should be a mother's sacred duty to make up, if possible, during the day, at least some part of the rest lost the night before; and it should be a man's duty to provide for this emergency if possible, either by conscientiously sharing the duties of the night, or seeing that someone takes his wife's place as "baby-tender" for at least a portion of the day, thus giving her a chance to gain her much needed rest.

Next—regular living and simple diet, with the heaviest meal when the blood is least called upon to feed the brain, and thus has opportunity to amply aid in the process of digestion.

Here is another point for the consideration of the mother, and one upon which women are prone to be careless, often criminally so. They fall into the way of eating a little of this, tasting a little of that, until normal appetite is destroyed, and the "grim destroyer," indigestion, in one of its many forms, has taken firm hold of its victim. A rigid course of simple diet should be undertaken, and the sufferer will be perfectly astonished at the excellent result of a little general care in this respect.

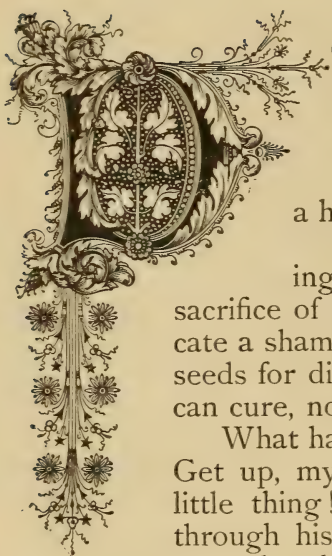
A cup of hot water in the morning (slightly salted, if preferred) taken some little time before breakfast, is an excellent thing with which to begin the attack upon the digestive organs. Slightly acid fruits (such as oranges) and oat-meal, with good bread and butter and milk, form a solid, nourishing but light diet. The stomach is thus not overtaxed. If hunger sets in before the prescribed time for luncheon, take again a little something light, or make that the lunch hour, so that the weakened organs may not be strained by want of food.

Very soon a regular habit is produced, the system is gradually toned up, and the invalid is rejuvenated.

Do not imagine that one must live on oat-meal and such things *always*. In a short time the patient may go back to the food he really enjoys, but he has learned, perhaps, by this time, not only to *enjoy simple food*, but to do all things (eating included) in moderation, so that Nature is not soon called upon again to restore her disturbed balance.

## CHAPTER II.

### SMALL AILMENTS.



DOUBTLESS, much reform is due to overzealous work of fanatics, but he who makes the unqualified statement, as published in an article on health, a short time past, "Teach your daughters to be ashamed of a headache," certainly commits a grave error.

To teach a child to desire health as a blessing, to be greatly prized and worthy of much sacrifice of artificial pleasure, is one thing, but to inculcate a shame of being ill, is entirely another—it is to sow seeds for diseases in after life, which no amount of care can cure, no amount of remorse can alleviate.

What has happened to the child? Only a little fall! Get up, my son! Be a man! Don't cry for such a little thing! "But my knee *hurts*," persists the child through his tears. "Nonsense! what if it does? Run around and forget all about it?"

Six months later, the mother learns to her unspeakable sorrow, that perfect rest at the time of that "little fall," was absolutely necessary, to allow nature to repair the injury—an injury for which there is now no remedy, though artificial methods have been resorted to for weeks, to the torture of the child, to try to effect the cure which nature would have made in a few days, with care upon the part of mother and patient.

One child, well known to the writer, "had a bad habit of crying" as a baby. The parents endured it, albeit not always stoically, for a certain length of time. Now, babies do not cry, day in and day out, for nothing, but these parents assumed, as do many other parents, that the child was "cross." So when the child grew older, old enough as they thought to understand, she was punished for her perverse fretfulness. The feelings of the parents



can better be imagined than described, when they discovered, as the child very slowly learned to walk, that one little leg was shorter than the other, and that she gave evidence of incurable hip disease. Poor little creature! The misery she had endured as a fretful, speechless, misunderstood baby, is beyond computation.

A child complains of a headache, a sick stomach, a stiff neck—any one of the thousand ills that

child flesh is heir to— all trifles in themselves perhaps.

Dismissed summarily she becomes reticent about



her ailments, and the mother never learns of the hundred imprudences the child commits.

When adults have so little judgment in regard to a right mode of living, what especial exercise of that faculty can we expect to see exhibited by children? A child may readily eat imprudently, but if

she never complains of the result of the imprudence, she may continue to eat imprudently directly under the eyes of the most careful, watchful mother; for, many times, even the simplest diet should be avoided as aggravating a state of the stomach which needs only rest for recuperation. She may drink ice-cold water or milk, after she has become much heated, and if the mother never sees the performance, and the child is never supposed to complain of attendant discomfort, the process is likely to be repeated once too often, and she is sacrificed on the shrine of ignorance—ignorance on the part of the child as to proper care—on the part of the mother, as to the actions of the child.

There are many things in childhood of so slight a nature as to seem absolutely unimportant, but these slight derangements, if allowed full sway, often result in diseases of the gravest character—and while I would not for one moment recommend the course of treatment for children known as “molly coddling,” I would most certainly urge upon mothers the necessity of *knowing*, by personal inspection, that all is right with their children.

How much irreparable injury has been done by over-jumping of rope; by racing under a tropical sun; by bathing in an exposed place in the heat of the day; much, if not all, of which might have been avoided if the mother had carefully investigated a little pain in the head or stomach, and not waited for weeks, to learn through wretched results, that her child “has been in the habit” of committing through ignorance, utmost imprudences.

When children have an ache or a pain, it is not always something for *them* to be ashamed of, but rather a matter of reproach to the parents, as being the inherited result of imprudence, or the effect of ignorance or carelessness upon the part of parents.

A child should never be permitted to suffer an unnecessary pain, even if of slight duration, as the strain upon the nerves is something, the effect of which we can hardly calculate. A gathering finger can be relieved in a few moments, by placing the finger in water as hot as can be borne, increasing the heat from moment to moment. In a short time the pus has arisen to the surface, where a fine needle will produce instant relief. To be sure it may be necessary to repeat the same process in the course of a few hours, but why not give relief when you can? In most cases this treatment hastens the consummation of the trouble to such an extent that the one opening is all-sufficient, and instead of three or four days of poulticing and



misery, ending only with the surgeon's knife, the whole thing is practically over in a few hours.

"Only a toothache," is the remark when some forlorn little member of the household presents herself, in a state of distress, before a visitor, and as it is "only a toothache," the sufferer does not receive sympathy in any degree commensurate to the misery she is enduring. Perhaps she is facetiously or impatiently asked, why she does not have it out. But, let me tell you, it takes a courage that all do not possess, to have a tooth out, even when it is the known relief for suffering. It is an operation before which strong men have quailed, and yet a little child is laughed at, or reproved, for not submitting to it bravely and at once. Some physician has said: "We give our friend with the toothache but scanty sympathy, but for the one with the cancer we have great pity. The pain of each is precisely like the other."

The pain of the earache is quite as difficult to bear as that of the toothache, and one has the added conviction that it is impossible to remove the offending member, and thus do away with the trouble forever. Few will believe, unless convinced by experience, the intimate connection existing between the throat and the ear. A butler who lived in a family where there were two or three medical students among the sons, was quite disgusted, upon applying to one of them for a remedy for growing deafness, to receive a gargle. Vainly he insisted that it was his ear in which he was deaf, not his throat. The student insisted that the gargle would cure it. Much to the butler's astonishment the student's declaration proved true.

The condition of the ear depends much upon the condition of the throat. The air passages between the two become clogged or closed by inflammation, and the result is often entire or partial deafness. If the tonsils become swollen from cold, the pressure upon the ear glands is great, and often earache is merely the result of a cold in the throat. Another source of discomfort to the ear is teething, and the cutting of the sixth and twelfth year molars seems to be especially attended with this complaint. Whether the children, being older, are better able to locate their ailments or not, is hardly to be judged, but it seems fair to conclude that that which can be produced in such a marked degree at those stages, may certainly accompany the same process earlier in life.

Blows upon the side of the head, or any undue pressure brought to bear upon the ear, may often produce like results. One of the worst cases of earache (both as to intensity and duration) ever



known to the writer, was caused by the victim being forced by school companions to hang by his knees head-downwards from a fence. The rush of blood to an already sensitive ear produced a congestion, which caused intense prolonged agony. Children should be taught, from the beginning, in their play to carefully avoid hurting a playfellow's head in any way, as the brain and the eye, as well as the ear, are in danger.

It is considered very funny by some would-be facetious adults to pick children up by the ears, to make them "see London," as it is called; to pretend to whisper to them, and instead, shout or blow in the ear. These practices are highly reprehensible and cannot be too severely condemned. Last, but not least, comes cold, which settles in the ear itself and is the cause of intense pain, often causing gatherings and abscesses.

Repeated attacks of earache will produce a thickening of the drum of the ear, if not actual perforation, and a permanent dullness of hearing. The pain of earache is one of the hardest to bear, and the nerves become terribly tried. A child who is, from one cause or another, frequently attacked by this complaint, becomes thin and pale. The nerves are jarred from recurring pain, the digestion is disordered in consequence, and appetite fails. The brain becomes weary from loss of sleep, and the victim is indeed in a pitiable plight. Guard the children as carefully as possible from all draughts, to avoid the possibility of catching cold. See that their feet are thoroughly protected from dampness. If their feet are wet, insist upon a change of stockings and shoes. Never allow one child to box the ears of another, whether that other is your own or not. Teach children early to guard their ears as they would their eyes, and do everything you can to keep their general health in good condition. Frequently, if a child has delicate ears, a fit of constipation or an attack of fever will produce earache.

Heat, judiciously applied, is absolutely the only known relief for earache. And of all the "heats" hot steam is the most soothing. It is in this lies the virtue of the hop bag, but it soon grows cold, and is worse than useless.

The easiest, and most effective and soothing method of applying steam, is to wet a piece of flannel and lay it, in several thicknesses, over a small iron well heated, but not too hot to be held in the hand or conveniently placed upon the pillow so that the steam may enter the ear. The steam will permeate every crevice as no fluid can do, and relief is soon experienced, unless there be a positive gathering or abscess. Even in the event of this being the case, relief is much

hastened. As said before, if a finger be red and angry, and threatened with a run-around, if the patient will endure dipping it in water almost boiling, the pus will be brought to the surface in a few moments. Frequently, under such treatment, no poulticing is necessary. So with the hot steam. If the cause of the pain in the ear be a real gathering, the application of the hot steam very much hastens the process. Sometimes in the course of a half-hour the cause of the trouble may be distinctly seen just at the entrance of the ear, in the shape of a white spot, which shows how quickly and surely the steam has done its work.

One attack renders the victim prone to renewed trials of like nature. A tonic should be given, the appetite tempted by savory but nourishing food, till the system has gained its normal condition. After this is done, the child should undergo a thorough examination by some specialist able to locate the cause of the frequent recurrence of the attacks; when "he hasn't done one thing to bring it on." Parents will probably be surprised, in many cases, to learn that the cause of the disease has nothing whatever to do with the ear directly, and that severe treatment of the throat will be required for its cure, but it should be remembered that the trouble is a painful and serious one, and no effort should be spared by parents to relieve their children as far as possible from frequent attacks of "simple earache."

But with all our care, with the utmost vigilance, spite of rigid sanitary rules, illness will creep into the family, and one member or the other succumbs to a sickness more or less violent, more or less lengthened, as the case may be. Then comes the time for the long, and often weary nursing, for which we are not always prepared, and about which so many of us are lamentably ignorant. Even in the simplest matters, the preparation of the simplest foods for the sick, the treatment of the patient herself, is this ignorance displayed, in most cases, greatly to the detriment of the invalid.

"Can you make beef-tea?" asks the physician. "O, certainly," answers the nurse *pro tem.*, with an accent of disdain in her tone, as if beef-tea for the invalid were as simple a matter as soup for the well. And thereupon proceeds to serve up the most unappetizing, greasy decoction, in the most unappetizing manner, lamenting meanwhile that her patient has no appetite.

Feeling the importance of this matter of *food for invalids*, in contradistinction to that prepared for the well, there will be given, a little later on, methods of preparing, in the very best way, and as sanctioned by physicians themselves, such food as invalids require.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE NURSE AND PATIENT.



THE sick are, except children, easy of management. Certain concessions and allowances must be made to the natural idiosyncrasy of the individual, and when this is done, together with the proper nursing, little or no difficulty need be experienced. As a rule, much more time and labor is spent in the unnecessary detail, of fixing and fussing in the sick-room, than is devoted to the absolute requisites of good nursing and comfort. The first care should be, that the room in which a sick person is confined, be neither a sombre, forbidding chamber, with heavy drapings and stuffy furniture, which enforce repression of spirits and suppression of light, nor the place of resort for friends and gossiping neighbors. This does not entail the necessity of rigid plainness of furnishing, nor severe restraint in manner, nor the exclusion of every element of cheerfulness. Remove the curtains, if such hang about the bed, as was the usage years ago. Much must depend upon the physician's advice as to the surroundings of the patient, meaning, of course, by a patient, not that person who is confined to the house and forbidden the street for a day or two, simply for some slight malaise or digestive indisposition, but the person who is suffering from disability of protracted kind—such as infectious disease of some specific form, continued fevers running a definite course, nervous disease, injury of surgical character, etc. The confessed invalid suffering from debility or age, comes under the head of patient.

The essential qualifications of a good nurse need not here be dwelt upon at length, for it will be impossible to furnish each home



with a trained nurse. A few words said about the nurse may not, however, be amiss. Few who undertake nursing, will understand at the outset of a serious case, the grave necessity of conserving their own strength, health and vitality. The fond mother, excited over the doctor's announcement that her first-born is seriously ill, plans to take full charge of the child. She is influenced, in her determination by some of the following reasons, *i. e.* either from pure love for her child, which blinds her to every other consideration, or from the indulgence of her maternal selfishness, which makes her jealous of another's service to what is hers, or, from the false sentiment aroused in her mind, by some sensational story of privation and endurance suffered by another fond mother, somewhere or other, who for days and nights did not leave a sick one's bedside; or again, perhaps, from the worst form of vanity, which impresses her with the desire to hear, when the child shall be convalescing, the story related of her own great and enduring fidelity.

Do not fall into any such. Let the mother-nurse's primary and sole desire be, to do the best for the child, whether by her own or another's nursing. Suppose the mother to have ensconsed herself as sole nurse, what follows? In almost every instance, the strength and nerve of the nurse soon become exhausted, and she becomes the prey to fancied symptoms and nervous anxiety. This not only tells materially upon her efficiency as a nurse, but also soon exercises a depressing effect upon the patient. Even a child will quickly become impressed, and not beneficially impressed, by the constant overhanging of a pale, nervous or tear-stained face, and strained or sobbing voice.

The maternal devotion which prompts sacrifice of self, is by no means to be ridiculed. It is often necessary, no assistance being near, or none available. But the instances are not common in which it is necessary. Let the mother remember that, of her life and strength and duties, she owes something to others than the sick, and that voluntary as the excessive sacrifice in one direction may be, it is unwise and unjustifiable.

Those untrained for nursing acquire most in their first cases from the exigencies arising, and from the exercise of rational judgment. From the physician in attendance, the direct instruction as to medication will be received and much learned—not in the way of knowledge of drugs, their indications and effects, but in the way of regular study and discipline of self and patient. There are,



MORNING GLORIES.



however, many things the knowledge of which can be acquired and put to use, which will in no way interfere with the course of treatment or the physician's prerogatives, but which will militate greatly to the comfort of all concerned—things the detail of which may entirely escape the attention of the busy doctor. These may be put together and classed under the great head of "Sanitation of the Sick-room." The general sanitation and hygienic arrangements, and the direction of them, will be looked after by the physician, but he cannot be expected to examine every minute detail followed in the execution of his instructions.

A most common occurrence in a sick-room, is the hurry and bustle of making the room ready for the physician's visit. His daily visit is paid in the morning! Many things are allowed to fall into disorder during the following portion of the day. Upon his entry the room is neatly tidied up, the covers smoothly spread, and scraps, debris and articles of clothing removed from sight. After his departure, they are again allowed to fall into disorder, to be again hastily rearranged next morning. Let the sick-room require no preparation, no setting to rights for the visit of the doctor; let there be no hurry of setting right before a visitor, who is permitted to see the sick one, is admitted to the room. Let there be no hurry, nor semblance of hurry; patients dislike it. Learn to do things rapidly and quickly, and without apparent haste, but keep the room in proper order.

Dishes in which food has been brought can be promptly removed—not allowed to remain for hours upon chairs or upon the stand. Soiled clothing should be put at once into the proper place in the house, and the whole room have the appearance of comfort and order, which, be assured, will afford as much comfort to the patient, as pleasure to the visitor. There is no necessity for the set formality of arrangements that might be made for a reception—there should be *order*.

The nurse must, for the patient's benefit, be wide-awake, alert, and capable of using, to the very best advantage, cool, quiet judgment together with a full amount of common sense. To do this, certain care is to be given to self. Twelve hours is fully long enough to remain in constant attendance on the sick. Sleep and rest must be procured, a few hours devoted to taking exercise of some kind, to effecting a change of thought and feeling—for example, by a little reading—and to freshening the person.



Noises affect sick people very painfully; not the loud, necessary, constant noises of which they know the cause, but the unexpected, irregular, startling noises. A thoughtful nurse will look to it, that there are no creaking doors, no rattling windows, no falling of books nor dragging of chairs in or about her sick. Conversations ought never be carried on in painfully suppressed whispers, especially if the patient be sleeping, but, if you please, in the natural voice and in subdued tones. This does not rouse the patient with the sense of something unusual going on. Whispering excites the curiosity and arouses expectation. Persons conversing with a patient should occupy such a position that they can be seen by the patient without exertion, and should never address her from behind.

Avoid coddling your patient by continual pattings and caressings. Do not give the impression of suffocation by constantly hovering about and hanging over the head of the bed. Ample watchfulness can be exercised without this form of annoyance to the patient, and without compelling her to breathe the air from your lungs and mouth.

In making changes of the bed or clothing, or in performing any act for comfort, do it well and at once, and without haste. Do not fix a pillow or a spread half a dozen times in as many minutes, to suit you yourself, when once fixing should do.

Let patients feel that service is not rendered in cold, perfunctory manner, but that there is a kindly and considerate sympathetic influence surrounding them. Gain their confidence by the manifest desire to assist and relieve, avoiding the coldness of a purely business-like attitude toward them.

Exacting and irritable patients must be gently and firmly controlled, not humored nor forced.

Avoid, also, continual questioning as to physical feelings, and be careful to prevent visitors from making remarks that, while they are intended to be sympathetic, are really very depressing. A doleful, sympathetic, "I am so sorry you are not feeling so well to-day. It must be very discouraging," will do more harm in three minutes than can be undone in three hours.

Never speak suddenly to a patient, nor impart startling intelligence without preparation. The nurse may appear to wait anxiously for the doctor's preparation for departure, and then hail him as he is at the door with, "I want to ask you about Mrs. ——'s symptoms," or something akin to it, and steps outside to talk. Perhaps the

conversation is carried on just outside the door, where Mrs. — can catch now and then a word of it, wondering all the time what there is about her so alarming, that the doctor and nurse cannot speak of it openly. The anxiety and suspense can do her no good, and has been unnecessarily aroused, since the nurse might easily have taken some other opportunity of speaking to the doctor. Such an occurrence is, however, not infrequent, and springs from thoughtlessness, or an ignorant desire to appear mysterious and important. It is reprehensible, and to be avoided.

Do not awaken the patient soon after falling asleep. In sickness, the brain, like other parts of the body, is weakened and depressed, requiring all the rest possible to strengthen it. Disturb the rest of the brain and you make it less likely to be resumed, till finally, sleep and rest become impossible, from what the physician terms "irritability" of the brain.

Patients like changes, and pleasing appearances, and are very grateful for them. Change a piece of furniture about, set the chairs differently, change the bedspread, turn the swinging mirror in the bureau to a different angle, vary the position of the little nosegays that friends send in, etc. If some of the changes be not agreeable it is soon remedied.

Preserve an equable temper, and an expression of cheerfulness and content—never a strained, forced hilarity—but be something pleasing to look upon. If weary, conceal it from your patient by the air of willing energy, for even the sick dislike the assistance that is rendered by a nurse who seems overtired, or whose manner is a constant complaint against trouble.

Reading aloud is often an affliction to patients, borne because done in kindness, and because there is no alternative—for many patients feel that they must be entertained as long as strength lasts to endure it. As a rule, patients who have not the energy to read, have not the inclination to be read to; and if there are interesting events happening, it is better to tell them than to read them.

And now for a word to the patient herself. While you are, of course, entitled to every consideration as an invalid, those who are waiting upon you have some rights also, which you are bound to respect. A nervous and naturally irritable patient can aid very materially in her own recovery, by a judicious exercise of self-control, a little of which is still left to every human being whose reason is

not in any degree impaired. Think of the many steps, the weary hours, the lifting, the carrying, the devotion night and day, and then, if possible, try to alleviate the cares of the watchers by a little thoughtfulness upon your own part. If your faithful and long-suffering nurse has just come up from the kitchen with a glass of milk for you, do not send her down again immediately for something which you might as well have remembered before.

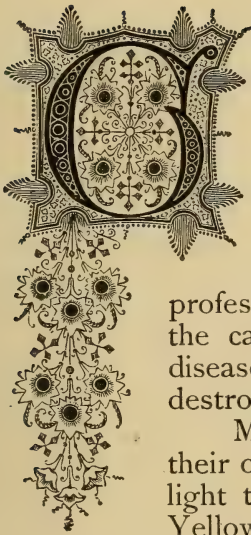
If you cannot, by reason of your disease, aid your nurse in this way, you can, very materially, by bearing as patiently, and with as little outward irritation as possible, the necessary discomforts of a sick-room.





## CHAPTER IV.

### CLEANLINESS.



LEANLINESS must be regarded as one of the chief essentials in a sick-room and about the sick. Not simply housewifely cleanliness, but universal sanitary cleanliness of everything in the room, from the spoon used for medicine or nourishment, to the chamber-set, on the washstand.

To-day, the medical profession and every profession and business allied to it, is astir to discover the causes of disease, the specific poisons to which diseases are due, and the best and surest means of destroying those poisons.

Many of the most fatal diseases have been traced to their origin, and much epidemic infection spared by the light thrown out by recent investigation and research. Yellow, typhus and typhoid fevers have, after close attention and study, been traced to their sources, near and remote. Knowledge of the origin and of the character of the specific poison of a disease is of a twofold value. It enables us to prevent the spread of infection, and to combat its presence. The study of the theory of germ proliferation has yielded amazing results in the way of furnishing the means of checking epidemics, and by placing in the hands of every one, if not the power of destroying these germs, at least the power to prevent their proliferation. The destruction of these forms of germ life, and the prevention of their original development, while belonging to the department of sanitation, may be as accurately placed in the subdivision of cleanliness—antiseptic cleanliness.

Little need be said of the necessity of personal cleanliness; there can be no excuse for its absence, or the proper precaution for cleanliness of clothes, linen and bedding, except in certain forms of

disease. The following hints may be accepted and practiced, unless at variance with the instructions of the attending physician.

Every housewife knows the rapidity with which dust, dirt, lint, etc., accumulate in a furnished house, and how much greater the accumulation is when furnaces and stoves are in use. In the summer, when the house can be open to a great extent, dusting and removal of dirt is a matter of but trifling annoyance, but when the weather necessitates windows and doors to be kept closed, except for the required ventilation, it is not so easy to spare annoyance to a bedridden person while cleaning the room. It is not always judicious to wrap the patient up, throw open the windows, and dust away till all is brushed clean, hence other means must be adopted. Where the floor is bare (which, by the way, is regarded by many to be best for sick-rooms—hospital wards are uncarpeted, and for sanitary reasons) the process is simple enough, a damp cloth, *not wet*, can be passed gently over the floor, the lint and dirt accumulated and removed. The dampness will prevent the spreading of clouds of dust. Care must be used not to wet the floor sufficiently to leave a continued dampness in the room. If mats or strips of carpet are in use to subdue the sounds of the footfall, such can be shaken, beaten and aired, out of the room. Dusting can be done with the dust-cloth. This process should be repeated often enough to preserve sweetness and cleanliness. Where rooms are carpeted, a damp broom or damp cloth on a broom, will prevent the flying of much of the dust during the sweeping.

The patient's body must be washed, and clothing changed with sufficient frequency to preserve sweetness. It is not rare to find that even an anxious and watchful mother will allow a sick child to remain in the same clothes for two or three days. This is more apt to occur when there is necessity for sufficient clothing to permit of the child sitting up part of the day. A very popular idea is, that if a child is suffering from croup or cold, it may not be washed for fear of more cold. If properly washed, the risk is a minimum.

Many diseases require that special attention be given to the cleanliness of the surroundings. In diphtheria everything used in the sick-room should be thoroughly cleaned before being used by other members of the family. Handkerchiefs, towels, etc., that have been permeated by the poisonous exhalations from diphtheria, must be washed and disinfected to perfect cleanliness. Protracted boiling will destroy germs of this kind. The nurse attending upon cases of

contagion, will do well to wear wash materials, or if that is not possible and woollens are worn, the woollen stuffs should be cleansed of infection by subjection to heat or fumigation, before going among healthy people, especially among children. Precautions are infinitely better than cures, and no proper precaution should be spared.

Malignant scarlet fever has been communicated through the medium of the hair and beard of the physician, the clothing having been changed, but no thought given to hair and beard.

Scarlet fever cases, as well as cases of diphtheria, small-pox, yellow fever and cholera, should be isolated, and every means, looking to cleanliness and disinfection, adopted. Clothing worn by the patient must be washed, boiled and aired; bedding and bed clothing disinfected by heat or fumigation; also drapings, curtains, lambrequins, etc. Let extra precautions be used to prevent contact with the healthy during convalescence. In small-pox, the precautions should be, if possible, still more rigid, and the subsequent cleanliness more carefully looked to.

To purify by heat, the clothing or bedding must be submitted, for some considerable time, to a temperature of not less than from 300° to 400° Fahrenheit. For instance—bake in an oven raised to that amount of heat. The best means of fumigation is to have the articles thoroughly saturated with the gaseous acid (sulphurous) contained in the fumes of burning sulphur. (The *very best* thing for safety is to destroy such clothing by fire.) Rooms, which have contained patients suffering from the infections mentioned, should be fumigated with sulphur. Sulphur is often burned and lime slacked near a patient with diphtheria, or membranous croup, with the hope of effecting disintegration of the membranous deposits in the air passages. Quicklime is an excellent germicide, but is more destructive to wearing apparel than heat or sulphur, although some colors are destroyed by either lime or sulphur.

In typhus, typhoid and yellow fevers, precautions *must be* taken regarding every exhalation, secretion and excretion of the body. These diseases are contagious, infectious and dependent upon germ life. Therefore, every precaution is necessary. The outbreak of typhoid has been traced to great distances. For instance—typhoid fever occurred in a family surrounded by the very best sanitary conditions. Investigations revealed the fact that the first of the family to be attacked were children who had taken quantities of milk. Typhoid was found to have broken out among children in other



families supplied with milk from the same dairy. The cows yielding the milk were found to feed in pasture, through which ran a small stream of water. This little stream was found to receive, higher up, the drainings from houses in which typhoid fever had, for some time, been epidemic. No precautions had been taken to destroy the typhoid poison germs in the infected neighborhood, and from this stream the cows had obtained all the water they drank. The poison procreating in the stream was taken by the cows, the milk they produced giving rise to the disease in different locations. Where foul odors exist in the sick-room, disinfectants may be used to purify the air, in addition to the necessary ventilation. Carbolic acid, tar, thymol, camphor, etc., are put in convenient form for use for this purpose, and can be had of any druggist.

It has been found that certain preparations, dissolved in water, possess the property of preventing development and increase of the forms of bacilli (germ life), and possibly the property of destroying them. In making certain of the capital operations, especially in opening the abdomen, it has been the habit of many surgeons to operate within the spray of water bearing a percentage of carbolic acid or some other substance believed to prevent septic infection of the exposed parts by contact with air. This has given rise to the use of so-termed antiseptic dressing for wounds. It is found that water containing corrosive sublimate (corrosive chloride of mercury) prevents development of these germs; one part to ten thousand parts, up to one part to two thousand parts of water is used, which would be about from six to thirty grains to the gallon. It cleanses vessels, and can be used for clothes, hands and bandages. It must be borne in mind that every solution of corrosive sublimate is violently poisonous, and if kept about must be carefully labeled and protected as a poison. For the sake of absolute safety it would better not be kept longer than the necessity for its use exists. Soluble tablets can be obtained from the druggist, which render it easy to quickly prepare a solution at any time.

A preparation of soda, the silico-fluoride, appears to possess about the same antiseptic properties as corrosive sublimate, and has the advantage of not being poisonous. Enough of a solution of one part to one thousand parts of water (say sixty grains to the gallon), which is the proper strength for use, would scarcely be swallowed at a draught to produce deleterious effects.

In passing, it may be stated that a solution of either the corrosive sublimate or silico-fluoride of soda, will be of great advantage

for cleansing of old ulcers, and surfaces yielding purulent or foul discharges, bad ears, etc. Wash the part freely with the solution, or lay on cloths saturated in it. To protect children from the form of sore eyes, which is apt to arise immediately or shortly after birth, and which is so destructive to sight, these solutions are invaluable. Wash out the eyes of the new-born babe freely with the weaker solution of corrosive sublimate, or with the solution of soda, one-half the strength mentioned above, and repeat it once or twice a day for, from three to five days. This will probably protect from the disease and be an excellent application, even if already acquired. Both these solutions are inodorous.

Solutions of carbolic acid are most excellent for cleansing and disinfecting vessels, utensils, etc., and a little of it in the air of a room, where the odor is not unpleasant, purifies it.

There are two other preparations in and about which bacteria will not procreate, but are both possessed of strong odor—they are phenol-sodique and iodoform. The former is a liquid, and can be used by admixture of water in proportions of from one part to ten of water up to one part to two. The latter is a powder, having a disagreeable odor, which it is impossible to disguise. In addition to their general purifying and antiseptic properties, they are good for cleansing and dressing of fresh wounds, cuts, burns, bruises, etc.

Chloride of lime, for disinfecting purposes, may be used dry, sprinkled about, or in solution, one pound to two gallons of water. Its power of disinfection depends upon the liberation of chlorine gas.

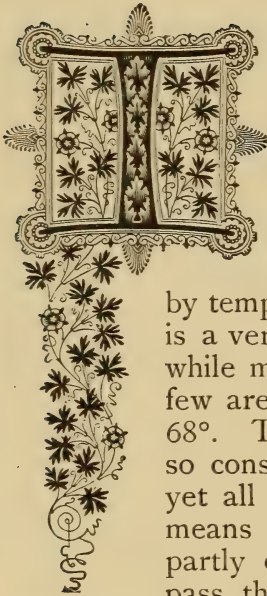
Sulphate of iron, one pound to one gallon of water, is also a good disinfectant. The salt itself may be used, as may the chloride of lime, to disinfect cesspools and drain pipes.

Nothing that is not absolutely pure and fresh should be allowed in the sick-room for one moment, and the nurse who refuses to remove, at once, anything detrimental to the health of the patient, upon the plea that "it is not her place, but the house-maid's," should herself be promptly removed as unfit for her position.



## CHAPTER V.

### VENTILATION.



IN sick-rooms, nothing needs more careful attention than ventilation, yet, as a rule, nothing receives less of it. Ventilation of living-rooms promises to be a constant source of difficulty and dispute. Of a dozen persons assembled in a room, scarcely two will give the same opinion of the temperature and condition of the air, because people are so differently affected by temperature and air. From  $68^{\circ}$  to  $72^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit is a very pleasant temperature for most people indoors while moving about or taking moderate exercise. But few are comfortable sitting constantly in a pure air of  $68^{\circ}$ . To properly ventilate a room, the air should be so constantly changed, as not to become vitiated, and yet all positive currents of air avoided. A very good means of shielding from the draught of an open or partly open window, is to allow the air therefrom to pass through loose, hanging curtains of lace, tulle or some such material. Unless the wind is blowing directly into the window, there will be no severe current, owing to the breaking of the air into small particles by the mesh of the curtain. In country houses one of the best possible ventilators is the fire in the old-fashioned open fire-place. The heat establishes a current of air toward the fire, and the column of flame and heat ascending the chimney, takes it off. A fresh supply of air is sucked in through the chinks in the windows and around the doors, or from the inch or two of space afforded by raising or lowering the windows.

The most injurious condition for a room—a living-room or sick-room—is that which ensues from constant heat without moisture. So many people enter a room in which they are to remain for some time,



and finding it rather cool, close up every orifice through which "cold" can come, start up the fire or open the register, through which furnace heat is admitted. Work, study or reading is begun, but after a time, during which the heat still pours in, but no air is admitted, a torpor, languor, headache or drowsiness comes on. The fault is often pinned to the dryness of the study, distaste for the work, or stupidity of the book, whereas the chief fault is, that the atmosphere has become depleted of moisture by the heat, has become super-heated, has become deprived of its oxygen by respiration, and in place of oxygen, is loaded with carbonic acid. The air no longer properly aerates the blood, and the brain and nervous system are fed by a blood which is incapable of furnishing nourishment, and incapable of replacing the waste of activity. Mental brightness, activity and physical energy, will not now be restored by simply loading the room with fresh, cool air, which is to go through the same process as the former air. The blood has absorbed a positive poison from the vitiated atmosphere, and has deposited it in the brain and nerve centres; there to exercise its baneful influence till it is thrown off by the healthy, normal action, and till it is replaced by proper nourishment.

If a high degree of heat is required, a correspondingly large supply of fresh air must be furnished, and that air must be provided with a certain amount of moisture while being heated. To furnish this moisture, if a stove be used for heating, place on it, or near it, a vessel of water, not, however, where it will soon boil dry, but in such a position that the air passing over it will absorb moisture. If furnace heat is had by means of a register, and there is no means of supplying moisture in the furnace, it can be done at the register by hanging over a part of it, a piece of thin material, such as muslin. Let the end of the material dip into a vessel of water; capillary attraction will draw the water high enough into the cloth to moisten the air passing through it.

Now of the sick-room. While these precautions regarding ventilation are so necessary for those of sufficiently sound body to wait upon themselves, they are of greater necessity for the sick or bedridden, who require that nature shall be assisted in every possible way in its effort to throw off disease and restore health. Bear always in mind that nature does the healing, you and the doctor but render the best assistance that common sense and science place in your hands, and be ever-ready to furnish that assistance.

While attending faithfully to the administration of medicines and

food, do not forget that "God's own fresh air" is as nourishing through the lungs, as your food is through the stomach, and is often more desired. It is not necessary to subject your sick one to chill, and damp, and discomfort, to give fresh air; the atmosphere constantly changing, for the sake of freshness, may be tempered with the proper amount of heat for comfort.

So arrange the room that a stranger coming in from the adjoining room would not at once recognize it as a sick-room from its stuffiness and foul atmosphere. Do not smile at the idea! A physician wandering around a house can often detect a sick-room upon entering it, and for two reasons—first, by the changed atmosphere, and, second, by the subdued light.

Is there need for so much talk about ventilation? Let us see the facts. An adult will vitiate about one gallon of air each minute. Little calculation is required to ascertain how much air will be vitiated during a night's sleep. Put a patient and a nurse for one night into an ordinary bedroom, without ventilation, and calculate how pure the air will be in the morning, and see if you are not astonished. If you are not impressed with the necessity of keeping the room ventilated, ventilate it for the sake of others. If you wish, make this experiment on your own feelings—sleep a few nights in a small room, without ventilation, and then in the same room ventilated. The result of the experiment will probably be that you will want fresh, pure air, all you can get of it, and that you will be willing to grant it to others.

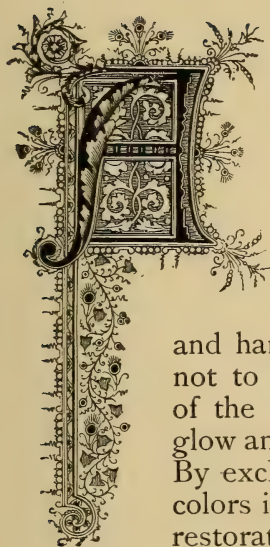
The great variety of ill-constructed rooms renders it impossible to lay down any fixed rules for ventilation, but when a room is surrendered to the use of the sick, let someone devise the means of comfortably ventilating it.

There are cases of sickness which require a greater amount of heat and moisture than that usually accorded. Croup and diphtheria often need to be kept for days in a temperature as high as 90°, and excessively moist.



## CHAPTER VI.

### LIGHT—BATHING—CLOTHING.



N old popular idea now disappearing—may it soon be written, now disappeared—was, that light should be suppressed in the sick-room, and “a dim, religious light” maintained. The fact is that all nature lives, develops, grows and thrives in the light.

The economical housewife, who preserves the gorgeous or delicate colors of her carpets and hangings, by protecting them from the light, stops not to think and cares not, that those colors were born of the same light and sunshine that painted the ruddy glow and healthful color in her children’s cheeks and lips. By excluding the light and sunshine she preserves the colors in her carpets, but she also prevents the birth and restoration of color in a sick one’s face.

The spirits are not alone or first affected by light, it is the health and strength that are affected, and the brightness of spirits is but the evidence of it. Furthermore, light is the great purifier of the air. The lighter and brighter the room, the purer and cleaner the air. Clean air will not always be cool, for the very impurities present in air make it seem cooler.

If possible, select for the sick-room, one into which the sun may shine. Arrange the bed so that the patient can look out of one or more windows and see the sky, if nothing more.

Long observation in hospitals, prisons, asylums, etc., shows that the sick recover more quickly, and that the well thrive better, and are in better spirits on that side of the building having a southern exposure. Among a large number of patients in a freely-lighted, sunny hospital ward, but a very small number will endeavor to avoid the light. Fewer die on the south side than on the north side.



Idiocy, melancholy, the development of scrofula and consumption, appear to be favored by darkness and constant shade.

Without being able to give a reason for it, the sick will be found lying most frequently with the face toward the light. The reason for it they cannot, themselves, comprehend, and hence cannot explain it. It is the strong enforcement of nature's demand for light. Exactly the same thing may be observed in the vegetable kingdom—plants grow toward the light, and the most beautiful flowers face the sun.

Individual instances will be found in which there is intolerance of light for a greater or less time. In small-pox, when the matured and discharging pustules become confluent, it is believed that less pitting and deformity will take place when the light is entirely excluded from the face, or a black mask applied.

The nurse must bear in mind that it is not his or her comfort and welfare to be accommodated, but that of the patient, and that the ventilation, light and sunshine are to be regulated accordingly.

Before leaving the subject it may be well to say a word in regard to flowers in the sick-room. There is a very strong and popular prejudice against the presence of growing plants and flowers in the sick-room, because it is said they give off carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous. They do give off this poisonous gas, but not in sufficient quantity to counteract, by poisonous influence, the benefit of the pleasure their beauty and presence in the room yield the patient. In reality it would take several very large bunches of flowers to give off, in a night, as much carbonic acid gas as would be liberated by one bottle of "mineral water."

Flowers of very strong odor, such as hyacinth, tuberose, etc., though pleasant at first, soon render the atmosphere too heavy and oppressive for the comfort of the sick, and may wisely be excluded from the sick-room altogether. Remove flowers that are drooping and falling to pieces, or replace them by fresh ones, lest the presence of nature's beautiful growth, undergoing decay, may depress the spirits of the patient.

While giving to the sick every possible attention and consideration, we must not neglect that ever-important consideration to health, namely, the cleaning of the body by bathing or washing. We do not feel so bright and well if, after rising in the morning, we go about our various duties without washing our face, neck and hands. The comfort derived from ablutions is due to the removal of secre-

tions from the skin and re-establishment of its unrestricted action. These secretions accumulate upon the skin during rest and sleep, occlude the openings of the glands and destroy the natural pliancy and mobility, together with its comfortable feeling. The secretions will be re-absorbed into the blood if allowed to remain upon the skin. Washing away the secretions from the skin restores its healthy condition and feeling, just as washing out the mouth restores its condition.

General bathing is not usually performed daily, except, possibly, in the summer season, but everyone washes the face and hands several times a day. The skin of the body, arms and legs is protected by clothing from much that is deposited upon the face and hands by contact with the air and soiled objects. The secretion of the innumerable little glands are poured out just as actively and constantly on covered parts as on exposed parts of the body, but appearance does not require their so frequent removal, and from habits of endurance the discomfort of their non-removal is not so marked.

The skin may truly be regarded as one of our organs, and as such, should receive as much attention as our other organs. The glow and reaction of the skin, after bathing and drying, establishes a beneficial condition of the general circulation, which is helpful to every other organ.

The body of your patient need not be plunged into a bath-tub in order to experience the beneficial influence of a bath. If there be danger in exposing a large portion of the body at one time, proceed as follows: wash the face and neck, and dry them off; wash and dry first one arm and shoulder, the rest of the body remaining covered; then take the other arm and shoulder; next, a part of the trunk; next, the legs, one at a time. If the patient be very weak, this process gone through with as above, can be done in stages, allowing an interval of rest between, to avoid complete exhaustion. This should be done at least once a day, especially if the patient is feverish or perspiring freely. Should there be fear of taking cold during the bath, the room may be closed up and extra heat admitted for the time. Use tepid or warm water, with soap, or add a little toilet-water or cologne to the water. Dry with a warm soft towel. As some cases of heart disease and other troubles are unpleasantly affected by the bath, it is, perhaps, better to consult the physician about the character and frequency of bathing your patient.

At all events do not forget to give what comfort you can by washing the face and neck. If the patient is not dangerously low and weak, the process of bathing and drying will be of benefit for another reason—the muscular exertion required and the gentle kneading of the drying, supply, in a measure, the tonic effect of exercise. In other words, it is a mild application of the massage treatment.

In health, an adult will exhale from the skin and lungs, three pints or more of moisture in the twenty-four hours, which moisture is freighted with effete organic matter of all kinds. The quantity of exhalations in sickness is often much greater than in health, and is usually of a more poisonous character, and less fitted to be left in contact with the body, which has thrown it off as waste.

What becomes of this moisture and waste organic matter? It is taken up for the most part by the garments and bed clothing, and there it stays, surrounding the body with its evil influences, till removed by changing the garments and bed. Think of this sometimes when you are both anxious for the welfare of a sick one, and in too great haste to perform some routine household duty, to stop to change the sick-bed; and let your thinking of it profit the sick by constraining you to execute your highest duty first, and let the household wait a few moments longer.

Let the clothing be changed after each ablution. In cases which are not allowed to sit up at all, the night-dress is all that need be worn.

Change all clothing upon the patient once daily. It may not need to go to the wash-tub, but let it be hung in the air, to become freshened and sweet. Two night-dresses may be in use for four days—put one on, wear it twelve hours, remove and put on the clean one. The first one is freshened and aired, and ready to put on again, and so on till each has been on three or even four times. Remember here, that the clothing of persons suffering from infection, must *not* be exposed in a way to cause risk to others.

Sufficient covering should be provided for the bed, to keep the patient comfortable, but not enough to oppress by its weight and thickness. Naturally, the amount and weight of covering must depend much on the patient's individual requirements for heat; but sheet, blanket and spread are usually sufficient in a properly heated and ventilated room.

Use light, thin blankets—the thick, heavy blanket and cotton-



padded quilt are bad, because they are impervious to air, and confine the emanations from the body, which should escape through them.

Arrange the pillows, not in great banks against the head of the bed, but so that when the head lies upon them its weight is not thrown forward upon the chest, but *rests upon the pillows*, leaving the chest and shoulders free for use in breathing.

Tall people suffer more than short ones from long confinement in bed, on account of the greater drag of the legs upon the region of the waist. On this account it may be a benefit to occasionally support, and slightly raise the legs on pillows.

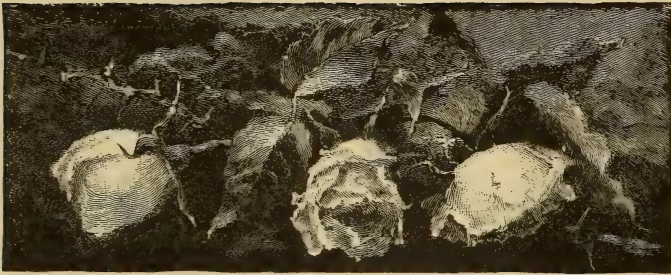
There are cases to nurse who cannot move around freely in the bed, or who cannot move at all. Then care must be exercised in changing the bed-linen. If the patient can be rolled from side to side, a change of the sheet may be made as follows: the patient lies well over on one side, the soiled sheet rolled or pressed close to the back, the fresh sheet is laid in folds upon itself of about six or eight inches wide, and is also pressed close up to the patient's back, either on or under the other sheet. Now let the patient roll over to the other side, back down—rolling over the bundles of sheeting will entail some slight discomfort—the soiled sheet is removed and the clean one unfolded and spread. In this way no lifting or pulling of the patient is necessary. The sheet that is to be immediately put back on the bed, after its removal, should be more carefully warmed and dried by the fire than a clean one. If both are damp, the clean one has the advantage of possessing a clean dampness, the soiled one has the foul dampness of the exhalations from the body, and hence must be more carefully dealt with.

Have a low bedstead in preference to a high one, and do not have it piled to the ceiling with mattresses and feather-beds. Where there is any danger of bed-sores, never put a blanket under the patient.

People are most apt to take cold upon first getting out of bed, because the skin is relaxed after hours or days of lying there, and is less capable of reaction. The same temperature which refreshes a patient in bed, while protected by the bed clothing, might destroy the patient just arisen. Common sense will tell us, from this, that which we want is pure air. We, of course, want that which cannot *chill* the sick person. Enforce the quick and ample protection of the body against chill upon rising from bed during convalescence.

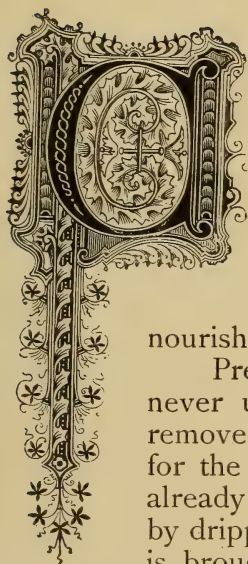
There is a general tendency of the body to produce less heat during sickness than in health. When the actual temperature is found to be markedly sinking at any particular time, heat would best be applied externally by means of hot bricks, bottles, etc., or better than all these contrivances, by means of the gum bag, fitted with a screw stopper, filled with hot water.

Toward morning, in sickness or health, the heat of the body becomes less, owing to the recumbent position, and to the exhaustion of the strength gathered from nourishment of the previous day. Have an extra blanket ready to spread over the patient, when about daylight, or before you notice the evidence of chilliness.



## CHAPTER VII.

### DIET.



IVE to the sick, food of good quality, well prepared, and let it be given regularly, without trying to force more upon the patient than can be comfortably taken.

The physician's instructions should be as carefully followed in regard to diet as in regard to medication, and his selection of a diet list will be influenced by the desire to furnish only such nourishment as the system requires and will assimilate.

Present it freshly cooked and in good order, and never upon an overcrowded plate. If it is not taken, remove it, and do not leave it standing in sight, till time for the next meal; it produces disgust for what there is already distaste for. Avoid soiling the sheet and pillow by drippings from plates and cups; have everything that is brought to the bedside clean and dry on the outside and bottom.

Meats are strengthening and good, but a patient must not be confined to meat diet—meat, meat-broths, beef-teas, etc. Vegetables or fruits in some form must be given.

Milk contains more of the nourishments required to sustain life than any other single article used as food. When it can be digested, cream is still better than milk, containing more of the fats. Undoubtedly meats come next. Eggs are a good article of diet, though they disagree with so many people of nervous and bilious temperament; but an egg is not "equivalent to a pound of beef-steak," nor to the quarter of it.

Beefsteak, chicken and other fresh meats, cooked plainly and to suit the palate, are the most nourishing and sustaining. Good wheat bread is not to be forgotten; and give butter with it, both because



with butter it is more easily eaten, and because more of it is eaten. Next after breads from wheat flour, come those made from oat, Indian-corn and rye flours. These flours may be made into gruels, or the grain, prepared as "grits," cooked and served with butter or cream, or both. These are of more value than corn-starch or arrow-root, though the latter are prepared in a variety of tasty ways, to please the palate and coax the appetite. Calves'-foot jelly, a favorite infliction of nurses and friends, is of minimum value as a nutriment, but is pleasant to take.

Many foods are prepared for sale in the stores. Beef-teas, beef-juices, peptonized and digested foods, lactated and malted milks, malted extracts, prepared cereals for infants, etc., to an indefinite number. Many of these possess nutritive properties of great value, while others are comparatively worthless.

Beef-teas have been the source of large gains to manufacturers, and of much damage to the human system. Some time ago an eminent physiologist, with the view of testing the nutritive properties of a beef-tea sold largely in the community, selected a healthy dog and fed him upon the tea-water, but no solid food. The dog soon displayed all the symptoms of absolute starvation—showing that, although the dog had been a meat eater, that meat in this form did not furnish nourishment enough to sustain life. The result of this experiment would seem to prove, that we have placed too much confidence in many articles of prepared food, which bear good names. It is about as well that the "beef-tea" fad appears to be dying out, for unquestionably, beef-tea is better made at home, and made from healthy meat of good quality.

Coffee and tea, where people are in the habit of using them, should not always be denied. They appear to exercise a peculiar effect upon the system, not perhaps nourishing, but they seem to conserve the elements of the body, and to a certain extent prevent waste. Something of the same may be said of beef-tea, that while the solid nourishment in it does not amount to much, as can be seen by evaporating the water from a pint of it, yet in some way or other it yields good results, and is quite as good when mixed with other articles of food, as when taken alone.

One of the prepared foods which has yielded most general satisfaction as a source of nourishment for infants and adults, is known as Mellin's Food.

The more nearly the diet can be conformed to the diet of the

patient in health, the more satisfactory it will usually be to the patient. Often, from lack of time or help, it will be necessary to employ some form of prepared food, which can be quickly made ready for use. Under such circumstances, obtain the advice of a physician as to what form to employ.

When milk is largely used as an article of diet, for either the well or the sick, the source of it should be ascertained. It should come from good, healthy cows, which have received every sanitary attention. Procure your milk from a thoroughly reliable dairyman, or learn for yourself that the cows yielding it are furnished with clean and well-ventilated stables, good pasture, good dry food, and fresh, pure water. If you have any doubt whatever about the health of your milk, boil it all before using it. Put it on the fire in a farina boiler, letting it boil thoroughly for some minutes. Allow it to cool; then strain or skim off the curd from the top. It can then be taken cold or warm. The change of taste occasioned by the boiling is rarely unpleasant. Milk, by the way, may become contaminated not only from diseased condition of the cow, but from the readiness with which it becomes impregnated with whatever is floating in the air about it. Buttermilk is refreshing and possesses nutrition.

Sugars and sweet things, where desired, replace certain of the wastes that are constantly going on. Do not stint the condiments; salt and pepper are required—especially salt—and there exists the same demand for it in sickness as in health. Vegetables are in such great variety, at all seasons of the year, that nothing need be said as to their selection for food; only see that none are given which have been forbidden by the physician. Potatoes in some form will ever be a standard article of diet, though there are diseases of the kidneys in which they may be strictly prohibited. Fresh fruits and fruit juices are craved by sick people, especially when convalescing, and are both agreeable and beneficial.

The patient's craving, or "fancies," are often the echoings of nature's intelligent appeal to have a certain something supplied to it; and instead of being ignored, as they too often are, should receive consideration, even if they are not gratified.

Malt liquors of various kinds, given in small quantities, are of frequent benefit. In the insomnia of extreme weakness, consequent upon impoverished nerve force, a few ounces of good ale or stout, taken late in the evening, will often induce salutary rest and sleep. Wines, brown stout, ales and beer should be administered

with great care, in order that they do not impair the action of any of the organs, or produce too much stimulation of improper kind. A good rule is, to give alcoholic stimulants *only* by order of the physician. It will not, I trust, be trespassing upon the prerogatives of the physician to state here, that marked benefit has been gained, in cases of marasmus and obstinate summer troubles of infants, by the administration, at intervals, of a teaspoonful of good claret.

A very common error in feeding the sick is that of forcing *bulk* of food instead of quality upon them; feed a patient for the sake of the nutriment he is to derive from the food, and not for the sake of taxing his digestion. If all the beef-teas and broths, brought to the patient by the quart, were taken, would not his poor stomach and digestion be disordered from overwork? See that the food is of fitting quality and possessed of proper nourishment; give it in a form that will please, and in such quantity as will meet the demand of nature, without either overloading or overtaxing the power of disposing of it.

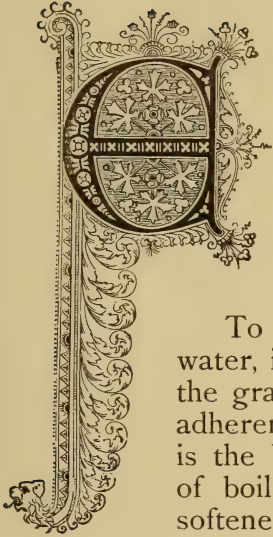
And now a most important injunction to everyone who shall be called upon to nurse. Never forget that your patient wants *water*. What more inhuman can now be imagined than to permit a person whose tongue and mouth are dry and burning, and whose whole system is scorched with fever, to lie for hours imploring a drink of water, and that drink denied him; yet it has not been so long ago as to be forgotten by some living, that such was frequent. You want water to quench your thirst, and so does your patient. Nothing on earth but water will satisfy a certain thirst, and since water will satisfy it, and nature must have it, do not deny it.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### FOOD FOR INVALIDS—EMERGENCIES.



VERYBODY knows how to make these simple things, and perhaps everybody will likewise scorn to see them again in print, but be that as it may, they are given with the hope that some will be saved the necessity of confessing they do not know how to prepare what every household is expected to yield on very short notice.

To boil rice: first, thoroughly wash the rice in cold water, in a cullender or over a sieve, in order to free the grains from any fine powder or meal that may be adherent to them, then put on to cook. A farina boiler is the best for this. Put in three times the quantity of boiling water as rice; cook till each grain is so softened that it can no longer be detected as a grain in eating it, but not till the shape of the grain is destroyed and the whole mass is reduced to a paste; if there is still too much moisture in it, remove the lid for a few minutes.

For oat-meal gruel: mix a tablespoonful of oat-meal with a little cold water, till it makes a smooth paste. Pour this gradually into a pint of boiling water, and boil slowly for twenty or thirty minutes, stirring to prevent scorching and sticking. Salt, spice and wine or brandy may be added.

To make toast-water: remove the crust from a slice of stale bread, and toast the slice thoroughly on both sides without burning; break into four or six pieces, and put into a vessel with a small piece of lemon or orange peel; pour on a pint of boiling water, cover with a napkin, and when cool, strain off the water for use.

To make wine whey: to half a pint of sweet milk, raised to a boil slowly, add a wine glass of sherry wine, mixed with a teaspoonful of sugar. Grate into it a little nutmeg, and remove from the fire as soon as it again comes to a boil. When cool, strain for use.

Milk punch: pour two tablespoonfuls of good brandy or whisky into eight tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, and add two tablespoonfuls of crushed loaf sugar; if agreeable, grate into it a little nutmeg. An adult can take one or two tablespoonfuls of this every two or three hours, but in giving to children remember it is one-fifth brandy.

To make lime-water: put a small piece of unslaked lime into a perfectly clean bottle; fill with cold water; cork, and place in a dark, cool spot. In a few minutes it is ready for use. Pour off the clear lime-water, without stirring or shaking up the sediment; when the water is exhausted more can be added.

Make a flaxseed poultice by slowly adding to a sufficient quantity of flaxseed meal enough cold water to make it the consistency of thick mush. Heat to just short of boiling, and spread. Lard on the surface or mixed into it will keep it from sticking to the flesh.

To make a mustard plaster: thoroughly mix equal parts of ground mustard and rye flour (or wheat flour if more convenient) upon a plate or saucer. Add enough *cold* water to make a soft mass. Hot water destroys some of the properties of the mustard. Spread, and cover with a piece of gauze to keep from sticking. If it is intended for a child, use more rye flour than mustard, according to the age of the child.

Lead-water lotion: dissolve half an ounce of sugar of lead (acetate of lead) in a pint or pint and a half of cold water, using an earthenware or china vessel; then add one or two tablespoonfuls of good cider vinegar. This is an excellent application for bruises and sprains. If the sprain or bruise is very painful, add two tablespoonfuls of laudanum, and you have a valuable "lead-water and laudanum." If it is kept, it must be carefully labeled *poison*.

Emergencies require prompt, decided and intelligent action. What are you going to do while your messenger is summoning the physician, who, perhaps, lives at a great distance? You will certainly try to do something, either what you "have heard tell" of as good, or that which common sense dictates to you. What follows, being a general synopsis gathered from the best authorities, and briefly stated, may be of value in suggesting something to do.

Drowning. If a body is recovered from the water after not more than half an hour immersion, restoration to life should be attempted, and persisted in for a couple of hours, at least till the arrival of a physician, who shall determine whether the efforts be abandoned or continued. Turn the body face down, and depress the tongue, to per-

mit any water in the mouth and throat to escape. Do not roll on a barrel, nor bruise and mawl the body about, but resort to artificial respiration without loss of time; apply heat and friction with the dry hands. To use artificial respiration: draw the arms away from the sides and upwards till they meet over the head; bring them down to the sides, allowing the forearm to bend upward on the arm; bring the elbows together forcibly against the chest, till they almost meet over the pit of the stomach. Repeat this full movement sixteen or eighteen times in each minute. Restoration will not always follow, but this is the best method of procedure, and is worth a couple of hours trial.

Carbonic acid and carbonic oxide poisoning, such as often occurs in the descent into wells, or from inhaling the fumes of burning charcoal. Strip the body; *dash* cold water upon it; use frictions and artificial respiration.

For sunstroke: use cold douches to the body, particularly to the head and chest, and continued rubbing with ice.

For fainting: place the person in such position that the head shall be lower than the body. If lying on the back, do not raise the head; for by keeping the head low the blood is allowed free access to the brain. If the fainting person be seated in a chair, do not hesitate to tilt the chair backward upon the floor, allowing the head to rest upon the floor and the feet to hang over the seat of the chair.

For scalds and burns: apply bi-carbonate of soda (baking soda) in solution, or dampen the part and sprinkle the soda on; cover it with a soft, damp cloth until the fire is removed, which will be evidenced by the lessening of the acuteness of the pain. Dress with cosmoline, or with the usual lime-water and linseed oil.

To extinguish burning clothing. When the clothing catches fire *throw the person flat on the ground*; this prevents the tendency of the flames to rise about the face and hair, and lessens the danger of inhaling them. *Do not lose a second in rolling the person in carpet, or blanket, or rug, or anything heavy at hand.* In order to better protect the head, begin the rolling, if possible, at the neck and go downward. Extinguish the flames in this way, then deal with the burns by covering them with lime-water and oil, lather of soap, or if not too extensive, with soda, and send for a physician. If your own clothing catch fire, be sure you do not lose your head; *do not attempt to rush for assistance—do promptly the same for yourself as you would have been quick to do for another.* *Should you feel very much alarmed, stop a few seconds to deliberate.* It may be



years to your life to do the right thing *now*; so be sure you do it.

Dislocation and fracture. If someone has been injured, and you suspect a dislocation or a fracture, put the injured part in as comfortable a position as possible, without much handling, and secure medical aid. If it is necessary to carry any distance, place the person on the back, on something firm and steady, and it may be of advantage to support the part in some way. When a leg is to be supported, it can be done by lightly binding it to the other leg with handkerchiefs or strips of muslin; when an arm, it can be supported against the body by the same means.

Care of wounds: approximate the edges as closely and neatly as possible, and bind them so that union can take place. If the blood spurts out in regular jets, and cannot be staunched by closing or covering the wound, find some place in the limb, between the wound and the body, where the pulse can be felt, and if a place is found where pressure stops or diminishes the bleeding, keep up a steady pressure till the physician arrives.

Emetics are always of use in cases of poisoning, where the poison has been taken by the mouth into the stomach. Such emetics as ground mustard, common salt, and warm water, can always be procured. To produce emesis: mix a tablespoonful of mustard in a tumbler of water; give one-quarter of it at a draught, and follow with a glass of tepid water; repeat in a minute or two, and continue till vomiting ensues. Or, put as much salt in a teacup of warm water as will dissolve, and administer every minute or two, till vomiting takes place. There are other emetics, but they would best be administered only under the instruction and advice of a physician.

Poisoning by mushrooms: empty the stomach by emetics and give a cathartic, such as castor oil, to hasten the discharge from the bowels of what has already passed the stomach. If much prostration occurs, give some stimulant, such as aromatic spirits of ammonia or brandy.

Ammonia poisoning: give at once, vinegar, lemon-juice, lime-water or soda. Follow by emetics.

Aqua fortis and oil of vitriol: give soda, lime-water or soap. Emetics to follow.

For arsenic poisoning, the handiest remedies that do not require special preparation and the presence of a physician, are calcined magnesia or powdered charcoal, and emetics.

Corrosive sublimate (a common bedbug poison): give at once, white of eggs, milk, flour and water; afterwards emetics.

For lunar caustic, which has been taken into the stomach either in solid or solution: give liberally of common table salt, and then emetics.

For laudanum or any form of opium, which has been taken in poisonous doses: empty the stomach as soon as possible by emetic; the physician will use the stomach pump if emetics do not succeed; give strong coffee and stimulants; keep up constant muscular activity; keep moving; do not allow to sleep; dash cold water on the naked body; whip the body with towels; use artificial respiration or do anything to keep up circulation.

Oxalic acid is often taken by mistake, from its strong resemblance to epsom salts. To counteract its poisonous effect take any form of lime; lime-water, chalk or powdered whitewash. Follow by emetics.

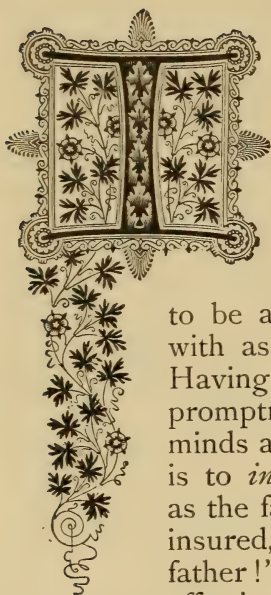
Strychnia is very rapid in its action, when taken in poisonous dose, and though not so prompt to kill as prussic acid, there is usually little to be done that is availing. Empty the stomach; use friction to the skin and artificial breathing.

Snake bites. The bites of many of the varieties of snakes produce painful and irritating sores, without being absolutely poisonous. Bites of the venomous varieties of snakes—the copperhead, adder and rattlesnake are the most commonly met with in this climate, although in the tropics there are many others—must be promptly dealt with. Stimulation seems to be the only known physiological antidote; therefore, as soon as possible after a bite is received from a venomous snake, administer liberal quantities of brandy, whisky or even alcohol, and suck the wound thoroughly. Apply the mouth to the wound. It can be done with perfect safety, unless there are sores upon the lips or tongue; for though the virus be swallowed, it does not exercise the same poisonous effects, when taken into the blood through the stomach, as when absorbed directly from the wound into the blood. Suck the wound thoroughly, and if it has been recently inflicted, all poison and danger may be immediately eliminated. Continue the administration of alcoholic stimulants as long as it is safe to do so, or till the effect of the poison is overcome or becomes fatal. The bite is to be treated as a simple wound. It may be well to treat all snake bites to a good sucking, but reserve the alcoholic stimulation until the variety of the snake is known or very strongly suspected to be venomous.

The bites of dogs may also be sucked to prevent the absorption of possible virus into the blood, but when the dog that bites is known to be rabid, the person bitten must immediately consult a physician.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE EMERGENCY-BOX.



IN connection with emergencies, perhaps it would be well to speak of that arrangement so highly necessary in every house—"an emergency-box."

At all times, "in the very best regulated families," most unforeseen and startling complications of difficulties are apt to occur, and to be able to meet these promptly and systematically, with as little confusion as possible, is half the battle. Having things all ready for such occasions insures promptness of action. There seems to exist in some minds a kind of superstition that to *prepare* for disease is to *invite* it. I remember one family where, as soon as the father would broach the subject of having his life insured, the whole tribe would set up a wail of "O, father!" and burst into floods of tears. This is not affection, nor even sentiment; it is affectation and sentimentality, and sentimentality of a very "sickly" nature at that. "In time of peace prepare for war" is a good old adage (one of the few that are practical—most of them are arrant frauds).

"How can you go around so composedly when your children are so ill?" was asked of a mother, once upon a time. "I should be so nervous I should not be of any use at all. It is always such a shock to me. I am very sensitive." The implied rebuke to the *less* "sensitive" woman was uncalled for. So sensitive was *she*—so keenly alive to the necessities of the case—that she did not *dare* to let loose her hold on herself. But she gave no sign that she noted the tenor of the remark. She merely replied: "When there is any illness in the family, I at once think out the very worst that can happen from that particular form of disease. Then I make up my



mind what I shall do *if* such and such emergencies arise. Then I am prepared if they come, and *thankful* if they do not. But nothing can take me absolutely by surprise, unless it be a miraculous recovery from what has promised to be a tedious or dangerous illness. There is no reason, nor economy of nervous force, in putting away from you the gravest possibilities. When an emergency comes to me, instead of spending my time in thinking what I *ought* to do, I can spend it in *doing*. While I was deliberating, my loved ones might be lost, and my life be one long regret, that I had not been prepared to be more prompt."

Admitting, then, that emergencies *do* occur—that croup, and toothache and earache do come suddenly and unawares—in the middle of the night, perhaps; that John cuts his finger off, and Mary sprains her ankle, and all in the most highly unexpected manner, it is proper that there should be remedies at hand to meet these in the most prompt manner possible. For this is our "emergency-box" needed. Its proportions may be increased to a "shelf," if the mother have room, but a box at least; and if it be a shelf, a box of the more necessary articles should be made, so that they may all be picked up at once, and carried to where the patient is, without going backward and forward a half-dozen times.

Now for the box. In it should be, first, neat rolls of bandage. By this I do not mean mere strips of muslin, which the physician must pause in his manipulation to tear and roll into a compact and suitable form before he can proceed. A bandage, to be of immediate service, should be about two yards long, and from two to three inches wide. It would be well, perhaps, to have rolls of two widths, two and a half inches and three inches respectively. Tear off strips the required width and length, from soft, but still firm, muslin. Turn one end in the fingers till it is a tiny roll. Lay this strip down on the knee, and roll under the palm of the right hand *towards the knee*, keeping the unrolled muslin smooth and tight, meanwhile, with the left hand. This performance can best be accomplished while the worker is sitting down, and when deftly done, forms a compact, firm roll, ready for the physician's hands, and with which his work can be accomplished with dispatch. Pin the ends, so that they may not become loose, and your neatly rolled bandage, useless.

Next to your bandages, and as an accessory for the same class of emergencies, a paper of *good* pins. Do not annoy your patient, nor insult your physician, by keeping them waiting, while you hunt

your dress over (or perhaps the floor), to give him, perhaps, at last, a crooked or pointless pin. Likewise, there should be a spool of strong, though fine, linen thread, and needles. He may find it preferable to sew on the bandage, instead of pinning it.

Next, a soft sponge, to sponge away any extraneous matter that may have collected, especially if it be a cut occasioned by a fall; as sand and dirt of various kinds are very apt to find lodgment in such a wound. But the sponge should be thoroughly cleansed and purified after each using, and unless the mother is willing to take the time, trouble and proper care to do all this, soft rags are preferable, as they can be burned up at once.

Next, *plenty of soft rags*—old sheets, old underwear, soft cloths (no, *rags* is a better word, for until they become “rags” they are not in their most useful condition) of all kinds.

Next, some fine needles and some very fine white silk. What for? For sewing up cuts in the children’s fingers. “Oh,” you groan, “*I never* could do that. It makes me sick.” The process is very simple. To be sure, it is not scientific, but it is certainly very comfortable when done, and serves an excellent purpose, though not accomplished in a highly surgical manner. The pain in a cut does not arise from the cut *itself*; the edges of *that* are partially paralyzed by the bruise produced by contact with the sharp object. What hurts is the strain and stretching of the uncut flesh at the bottom of the wound. Therefore we put on a plaster to hold the lips of the wound together. But very often the very putting on of the plaster is the worst thing we can do. It may not agree with the flesh of that particular person, and suppuration may set in. The opening being entirely covered, there is not vent, and inflammation ensues, often entailing serious difficulty. If, however, the cut finger is first soaked in very hot water, both to cleanse it and reduce any inflammation or hemorrhage, and then sewed up, the pain is reduced to a minimum, and recovery is very prompt, for the two edges being brought close, unite very soon. Very little pain is caused by the sewing. A fine needle, number ten or twelve, should be used. Catch up the mere skin each side of the cut, some distance, say one-eighth of an inch, back from the wound, and lace across as you would a shoe, returning to the point from which you started. Having left an inch or two of silk when you began, you have only to tie the two ends together, gently and tenderly, but firmly, exhibiting no haste, as an unguarded movement might undo your work.

Next in order comes a box of some simple emolient, like vaseline or cosmoline, and that very best of all things for chapped hands, lanoline. This is a preparation of the oil extracted from sheep or lambs' wool. *Do not* let the little tots suffer from cracked or chapped hands and knuckles, when this emolient, well rubbed in, after a thorough washing, will cure them.

Next, a few ounces of kerosene for chilblains. The feet should be soaked in water, as hot as it can be borne, for about twenty minutes, adding hotter water during that period, until the feet are almost scalded. Then rub in the kerosene thoroughly. Do this every night for a week (or oftener, if the itching and burning sets in), and the recovery will be complete in ordinary cases. Of course, a fresh frosting will entail the necessity of fresh treatment.

If you belong to any of the new schools, you will, of course, have your own remedies for small illnesses. But if you are a member of the regular school, you want to add spices and mustard for plasters, with a bottle of syrup to mix a certain kind with. Also a hop bag. Likewise a bottle of ammonia, for fainting spells or sudden disturbance of the action of the heart. Also, any one of the thousand "infallible remedies" for croup; but of which, none is better than alum and molasses, given in quantities of as much alum as will go on a three-cent piece, mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses. This will produce vomiting, and will break the spell in ordinary cases.

In short, the best way would be, some fine day when you have a little leisure, to think out all that you would need, according to your own school, for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds or sprains, and collect them in a box in case an emergency should arise.











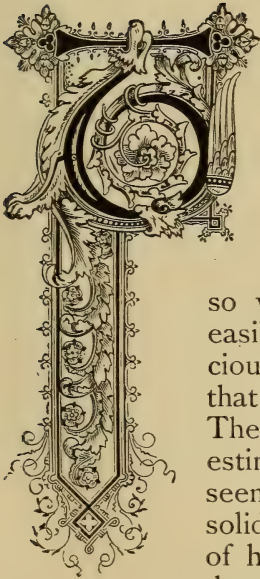




# HOME AMUSEMENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE MISSION OF FANCY-WORK.



THE question of home amusements is one of much more serious import than is presented upon the surface. There are amusements *and* amusements, and parents should select for their children their amusements, just as carefully as they select their food, clothing or studies; for, as before said, as the child's amusements are, so will the child herself be. Children are more easily led than is at first sight imagined, and a judicious parent can create an interest in some pursuit that would otherwise have been utterly distasteful. There is so much to learn, and so much that is interesting and amusing in the process of learning, that it seems a pity not to cultivate in children an interest in solid amusements. Indeed, so closely are the subjects of home training and home amusements connected, that it seems almost useless to try to separate them.

When it is possible, amusement, usefulness and instruction should be combined. Lest I should be accused of disapproval of a "good time," let me give one or two illustrations. Your little boy, we will say, for example, rejoices in a pair of "snub-nosed scissors," and

loves to sit on the floor and surround himself with clippings of paper, until he is almost buried in them. Excellent! There could not be a better amusement provided for him. It is clean and safe, and if he has been judiciously set upon a large cloth or drugget before he began, you have the delightful consciousness that, no matter what amount of clippings he has made, the moment he is done you have but to gather up the cloth by its four corners, empty the clippings into the fire or some receptacle for the purpose, and lo! the room is as undisturbed in its order as before he began. Well and good! The boy is amused for two or three hours, perhaps, and peace reigns. But why not say to him, "See, little Paul! Do you see these straight black lines all up and down the newspaper? Now see how many *straight* strips Mama's little man can cut for her. We will lay them aside and show Papa when he comes home, that Paul cut all those strips *himself*, nice and straight." Or, in the same way, teach him to fold his paper in four, and cut a circle or a square, telling him that, when he has learned to do them *nicely*, you will give him some different paper, and he can make some for you to lay away, to be used some time in covering your preserves. The boy's ambition is fired, and a desire to excel is created; at the same time his eye and hand are being unconsciously cultivated, and the day when one of his "very own" papers graces the top of one of your preserve jars, finds him a proud, happy little mortal. He has been of use—he has been a producer—and he can see the result of his work. And the simple cutting of a few papers has, perhaps, been to him one of the most useful lessons of his life.

Again, your little girl wants to knit. Certainly, let her knit, but give her some *object* in learning. Let her imagine she is making something, if it be only a garter, with the hope that, some day in the near future, she may be able to successfully construct a hood for dolly. To simply knit, knit, knit, a long string, without any prospect of immediate result, is so very purposeless that the brain of a child soon wearies, and the effort to learn is abandoned, and the child has imbibed one more lesson of instability.

I would strongly urge upon mothers the value of teaching their little ones all the arts of "fancy-work" that lie within their grasp, for it has a decided mission in women's lives. Some, doubtless, think that there is no such thing—that so-called "fancy-work" is placed upon a too elevated plane when one attributes to it anything so exalted as a "mission."



Certainly it can be carried to excess, and then its mission is ended. But the stronger minded sisters, the ones who look upon all fancy-work as the refuge of weak brains, cannot for one moment imagine what an element of beauty, what delightful possibilities the much despised "fancy-work" brings into some lives, even though the work be of the commonest and coarsest kind. It is hard for the more æsthetic to comprehend a life so barren of all but drudgery,



that the piecing of a calico bed-spread, in some cherished design, is the only element of beauty that ever enters it. And who shall say that that which adds an innocent pleasure to a barren life, has no mission? "But why not make something which is really beautiful in itself?"

In what does beauty really consist, let us ask. Surely it consists in that which pleases the eye of the beholder, and if the eye be no



further cultivated, if the brain be capable of no pleasure in no more really artistic work, does not the despised bed-quilt carry into that barren life an element of pleasure that should be nurtured? Who shall say that the thoughts flitting through the brain of the worker as the lovely work grows under her hand from moment to moment, may not be as elevating as those of the woman who does her "resting" with her hands lying idle in her lap, triumphantly announcing the fact that she "knows nothing of fancy-work."

In after life, when the sight is dim and the hearing dull, and everything is seen in the light of the setting sun—when active work is over, and the busy hands are only waiting for the touch that shall still them forever, the ability to make the pretty, dainty trifles with which the younger queens adorn their homes, adds brightness to the life that now has but few enjoyments, and cheers many a weary day; and the dear old lady blesses the time when her mother taught her to knit and crochet, in her childhood. There is no object to be imagined, more forlorn than an old lady who, from impaired (or, perhaps, totally lost) sight, is unable to occupy herself with any of the many arts which require vision, and who, at the same time, from want of a little knowledge, possesses none of the dexterity of finger known to so many women.

And I would strongly urge, too, the necessity of fancy-work for boys as well.

"Fancy-work for boys!" sniffs a disgusted mother. "Fancy-work for boys!" growls an irate father. "Is my son to take his crazy-work when he goes out to tea, and sit around and stitch, stitch, stitch, like all the rest of the lunatics! Ugh!"

Well, no, my dear sir, I hardly meant for him to take his patch-work when he went out to tea. Perhaps, under such circumstances, he would look better sitting back, twirling his incipient moustache, while the "lunatics" you speak of so disrespectfully, attend to the femininities of the occasion. But I mean at other times; for "*home wear*," as it were. You certainly must be aware that boys of a certain age, or between certain ages, are as a general thing, voted as nuisances; and it is my private opinion, publicly expressed, that it is because they have nothing to do in the house.

"Let them read."

Well, yes, that is an admirable employment. But then, when they tire of reading, what then? Now suppose, for instance, there is published a really good, interesting work, is not there something

cosy in collecting the family round the table and reading aloud? Mother takes her knitting and Mary takes her darning, and Nellie sews or crochets, and Jennie reads, while *Ned—teases his sisters*. “Satan finds some mischief still,” etc., you know.

“Let him do the reading?”

Yes, I heartily approve of that; but suppose, just for the sake of argument, that you have two or three Neds (there are in some families, you know). You would not buy three or four copies of this interesting work and *have them read in concert, would you*, just for the sake of having them employed?

No! I do believe that a boy is much better for *home* employment. He ought to have something to do besides lying on the floor kicking up his heels, when all the girls and women round him are employed, and a little bit of “girl’s work” will not hurt him one bit. For instance, I know boys who keep the family shoes supplied with buttons. To be sure, they are put on with clamps, but it would be no disgrace to him if they were sewed on with a *bona fide* needle. Why, quantities of the buttons are sewed on *new* shoes by men; why not on old shoes by boys? Then, too, it would not hurt your boy, some rainy day, or some day when he is not well enough to go out, and yet is not sick enough to be in bed, to run the sewing machine, and sew up some of those long, tiresome seams for sister Mary. I have not the least doubt that he will be rewarded with an extra lump of sugar in his tea, or a superfine polish on his Sunday collar. For women are grateful creatures by nature, and highly appreciate any little unexpected help from the “men folks,” even if those same men folks be but boys.

I know one youth of eighteen whose mother bought a sewing machine, and that young man hemmed a set of sheets, and quantities of tablecloths and napkins, just to amuse himself. He was pleased with the mechanism of the sewing machine.

“O, but he did not *have* to; he only did it to please himself.”

And pray, may I ask, is it any more disgraceful to do something to please and help someone else, than it is to do that same thing to amuse one’self? And I know of one man, aye, and a *true* man, who has learned—now I am almost afraid to tell this, for fear of shocking some strong-minded man—but he has really learned to *knit*. He was threatened with cataract, and rather than have nothing to do but sit still and hold his hands, and bewail his fate, making all round him miserable, he learned to knit—knitting being an occupation that

requires but little sight. And, to my certain knowledge, he has knit, during the last two years, nine beautiful petticoats, which he has bestowed on his various sisters and nieces. Is he any the less a man? Not one whit! Instead of repining at his fate, he has simply accepted the inevitable, and instead of doing nothing, resignedly does his best to make up for his loss.

Old men who are delicate, grow far more fretful and hard to deal with, than old women in the same condition of health, as a general thing, and it is just because they have no way of interesting themselves about the house, and they grow tired of doing nothing; only they do not for a moment suspect it is that, and they do not call it that. They think they feel so bad because nobody ever felt quite so miserable as they do. Indeed, they are miserable and much to be pitied.

"But I do not care for your stories about old men that knit petticoats; I want my boy to be a man; I do not want him to learn to sew."

Some of these days, when that same son shall have grown to be a famous surgeon, you will be proud, yes, proud, to have people tell you how successful he has been in some delicate operation, and how deftly *he has set the stitches* with his silver wire.

But then, supposing by way of hypothesis, that it is all wrong for boys to learn to sew (this is merely for argument's sake, you understand), is there nothing else he can have to do? Give him a scroll saw; give him a microscope, and teach him how to mount his own specimens; give him cardboard, and teach him to make castles and fortresses, and a thousand and one other interesting things; give him a penknife and wood, and teach him to make and rig vessels (but be sure to tell him that his sisters, not he, must hem the sails), or let him make jack-straws—an excellent occupation, as inculcating deftness and neatness, while calling on the ingenuity; give him, oh give him anything else you please, but *do* give him employment in the house.





## CHAPTER II.

PETS—FLOWERS—MUSIC.



OR training children to amuse themselves in such a manner as shall ultimately lead them to education, there is nothing of such absorbing interest, perhaps, to one in whom this particular study has any interest whatever, as the wonders of nature, especially as evidenced in animal life; and even a cheap and inferior microscope will give such pleasure as the uninterested can little imagine. By its aid the most insignificant dwellers on the terrestrial sphere become invested with a dignity. And many are the lessons of industry and thrift that may be gained by a careful study of the lower orders of animals. I can well remember, as a child, suddenly discovering that ants did not roam aimlessly over the ground, but that each had a definite object in view. One particular ant hill I guarded for inspection, and seldom have I enjoyed in after life, greater delight than that I experienced in childhood, in watching the motions of the little band. One day, to my surprise, there was a grand commotion in the camp. Finally, one ant backed out of the entrance to the hill. He was dragging out the dead body of a comrade. Another member of the community, was pushing the body from below. When they had safely deposited their burden, a procession was formed, headed by four, who carried the body, and they started off. It has always been a matter of regret to me that I was called away before I discovered where they went to, or how they disposed of their deceased brother.

The study of that ant hill afforded one child a pure, true, intellectual, educational amusement, as long as it was undisturbed; but the rain spoiled it one day, and the little animals which I had



"SPEAK!"





watched with such absorbing interest, and had fed daily with crumbs, were dispersed. From no amount of toys could I have reaped the same amount of beneficial pleasure.

One gentleman, of whom I read recently, Sir John Lubbock, had constructed a tray which he filled with soft earth. A colony of ants was placed in this, and the whole arrangement was covered with a glass case, through which all the motions of the inhabitants could be watched. This arrangement was placed in a receptacle in which there was water, to prevent their roaming away. It was darkened by thin boards, which were removed for a short time when he wished to note the work they had accomplished. A strange kind of pet perhaps, but one which afforded the owner infinite delight.

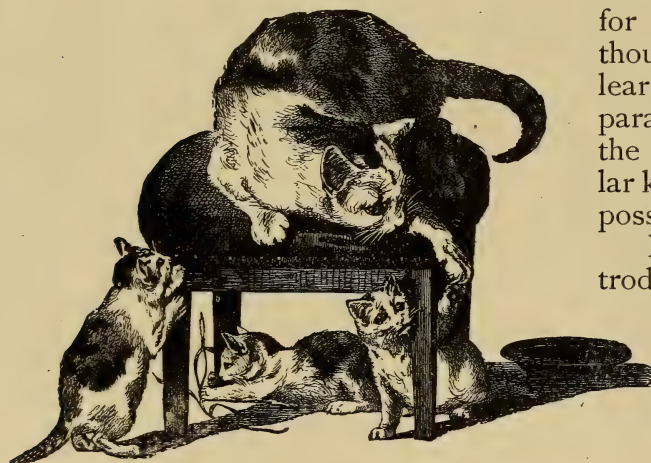
Children seem to take special pleas-



ure, when once introduced to the study, in watching the habits of insects in preference to those of larger animals, possibly because those of the larger animals, as known to children, are dependent in a great measure upon the human beings with whom their lot is cast. But bugs, beetles, butterflies, moths, in short anything which leads an independent life, affords an immense fund of solid pleasure. The more infinitesimal the *creature*, the more beautiful the work of the Creator—the more wonderful the instinct which actuates every well studied motion and preconceived action. Watching and feeding toads has often afforded the greatest delight to the little ones, who had not before suspected that these rather despised animals were worthy of notice. Pets in the household are, likewise, a great means

of education. In caring for them, children learn thought and care. They learn, also, much of comparative anatomy, and of the habits of the particular kind of animal in their possession.

Nevertheless, the introduction of pets into the household should be a matter of much deliberation and consideration.



Cats and kittens are admissible into

any household where they are properly cared for and fed, and not abused in any way. But many children are permitted to own, as pets, animals to whom, by force of circumstances, they are unable to give the proper attention, or even comparatively natural surroundings. A boy in the city, for instance, owns a pet chicken, which he is, in all probability, obliged to keep in the cellar. Another boy owns a rabbit, which, for the want of a better place, he keeps in a little hutch, hardly large enough to allow the animal to stand up straight. The two animals grow lymphatic and dull-eyed, and finally die from passive cruelty, if one may use the term. In fact, no animal is suitable as a pet for a child, unless it can retain, in a measure, the freedom and habits of its independent life; and there





are but few pets, except cats and dogs, that should be given to children in the city. Even with the latter, there is often the utmost cruelty practiced, without any intention on the part of the owner. As an ordinary thing, there is no room in a city house for a large dog. He is, therefore, relegated to the yard, which, in its narrow, confined dimensions, is entirely inadequate to his needs. Further than that, lest he should spoil some of the precious plants, which it has been such a labor to raise, in the little half-sunned garden, and lest he should run away, and thus a valuable animal be lost, he is chained to his kennel, day after day, all day long. Doubtless he is



well cared for, and well fed — perhaps is often caressed — but his God-given freedom is entirely destroyed, and life is a burden to him.

In many houses there is a prejudice against cats, both on account of foolish superstitions and because the parents are afraid that their children may be scratched or bitten. A *well treated* cat will not turn upon its owner. The trouble is that children are permitted to treat cats with positive cruelty. The year-old infant is given

the kitten to play with, as she would be given a rubber doll or a wooden horse. Suddenly there is a shriek, and Miss Baby is discovered with a scratch across her cheek, which has been given her by "that nasty, treacherous cat." Had Mama looked a moment sooner, she would have seen the small princess, perhaps, grasping the tail of poor pussy with exceeding firmness with one hand, while, with the chubby forefinger of the other, she dexterously endeavored to remove the eyes of the long-suffering little beast. What wonder that she should receive, in return, a scratch, and a pretty severe dig at that? Cats are affectionate and wonderfully intelligent, if de-



veloped. But they must be treated with ordinary decency, and on no account should even the youngest member of the household be permitted to abuse them in the slightest degree.

Flowers and plants, too, are wonderful sources of amusement and education; and when it is at all possible, the children should be encouraged in their cultivation and study. Who can express the



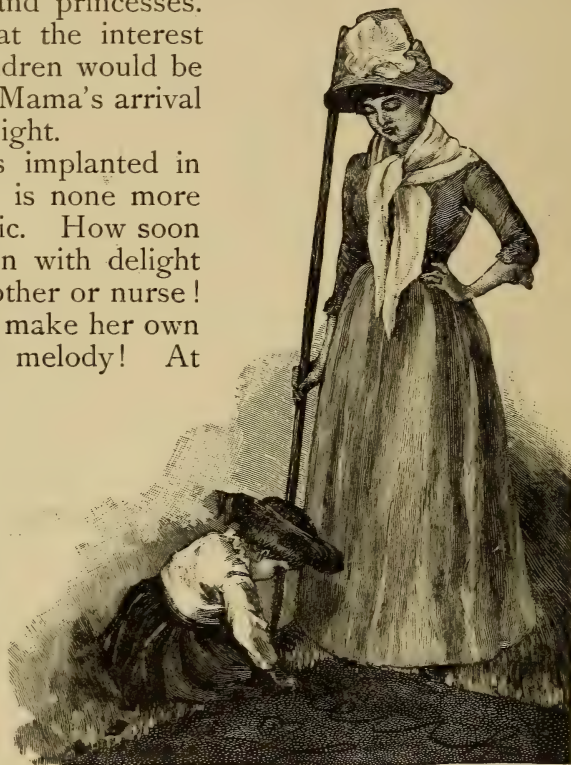
delight of the little one who finds, for the first time, a "*real* flower" on her "*very own bush*"—the plant she has tended and watched, and watered, till, perhaps, it was in danger of death from over-care. In the city, where ground is scarce, a well conducted window garden, which may, in summer time, be a mere box outside the window, will gratify the desire to "*make things grow.*"

Anything of this kind, which may be obtained for the children at the expense of a little money, entirely commensurate with the means of the parents, or by trouble on the part of the parents themselves, should be obtained without fail. It should be regarded quite as much a part of their education as their geography or arithmetic, and much more so than their dancing lessons. It would be a good thing for the "Queen" herself, too, if she would work out in the garden with the little princes and princesses. And she would find that the interest and pleasure to her children would be more than doubled, and Mama's arrival would be hailed with delight.

Among the instincts implanted in the human breast there is none more divine than love of music. How soon the baby learns to listen with delight to the singing of her mother or nurse! How soon she learns to make her own little attempts at vocal melody! At

an age which seems abnormally early, children detect the difference in tunes; which shows that the ear is far more sensitive to sounds than would be imagined. In two cases known to myself, children six weeks of age were manifestly and visibly affected by musical sounds. The first, a boy, would be

thrown into the depths of sadness by a minor, or even a mournful tune. His little frame would be shaken with sobbing breaths, while a pitiful wail would issue from his quivering little mouth. There were, likewise, certain notes which seemed to affect him in the same way. This same child, however, was so sensitive to music, that until he was eight years old it was impossible to take him to church, because the instant the music began he would burst into uncontrollable weeping.







A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.



The second case was a little girl, who, though affected in as great a degree, was evidently delighted with musical sounds, no matter what their character. She would purse up her lips, and turn her head from side to side in ecstasy, meanwhile making a cooing sound. So great was her ecstasy that, while she smiled, the tears would come to her eyes. Of course, in such extreme cases as this the utmost care should be exercised, as the excitement is intense, and is very detrimental to the child itself, as is all undue excitement. Neither of these children is remarkable at the present day, in the musical line.

Music has a refining influence in the household, and is therefore a very important factor, but in many ways its importance is overestimated. When it is regarded merely as an accomplishment, which must be acquired because others have learned whether there be any talent in the case or not, it entirely loses its usefulness, and becomes a burden and a useless outlay of money. The child who takes to music naturally, as does the little street musician—the child who learns music for the *love of melody itself*, and not because her little neighbor “can play a piece,” and she herself does not wish to be outdone—that is the child to receive a musical education.

Thankful should we be that the day has gone by when there must be “an instrument” in every house, and the daughters were expected to “make night hideous,” and their lives a burden, by their weary hours of practice. How much better had their time been employed in something which they could do well. In these days, there are open to growing girls so many other ways to dispose of their time, that really a young girl has but little excuse for not finding a congenial home amusement.

Clay and putty modelling, painting, drawing, china-painting—all these things have attained a prominence highly satisfactory to the would-be student, as opening avenues in all directions for undeveloped talent and unfilled hours. So, again I say, though music may be regarded as a refining accessory, do not *oblige* any child to undertake its study; leave it for those who have, at least, capacity for its absorption, and its hard work, even if actual talent be wanting.

Before closing this chapter, perhaps it would be as well to say a word as to the great advantage of stamp collecting as a pastime, especially if the young philatelist is led, at the same time, to inquire somewhat into the manners and customs of the countries issuing the stamps. This pursuit has an added charm in the fact that a good collection is marketable at a high price.

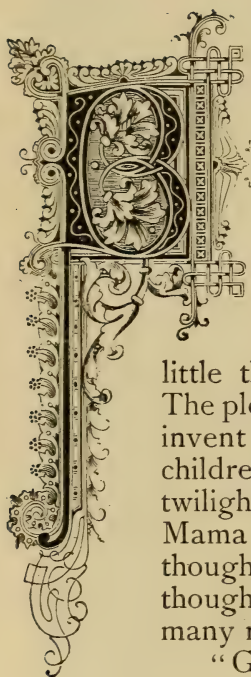


PLAINTIVE MELODIES.



## CHAPTER III.

### GAMES.



UT life should not be all work-a-day, and there comes many a time when the mind refuses anything that is not amusement, pure and simple, and requires something into which no element of instruction shall enter.

For these times there are provided thousands of games that may be bought at a merely nominal cost, to say nothing of thousands more which require no outlay of money at all.

First, let us take into consideration the very little things that it takes to amuse the very little ones. The pleasant little games of "guessing," that Mama can invent for the babies, are unlimited in number, and the children learn to hail with glee the hour when, in the twilight, the nursery lighted only by the glow of the fire, Mama sits with them and they "guess" each others thoughts. The old, old-fashioned game, "What is my thought like?" will never die, though it is presented in many new forms.

"Guess what I am thinking of, Baby," says Mama, as they sit together by the open fire.

Then Baby turns her small brain to work, and by dint of many very profound questions, discovers that the "thought" has two ears and a tail, eats milk, and sometimes scratches, and finally announces, with a triumphant shout, "It is Tabby! It is Tabby!" and off she goes to bed, delighted with her own sagacity, and the better for the little game.

For the older ones we have quantities of more advanced "thought games," involving questions of history, geography, arithmetic, etc., but none the less interesting because they call in the aid of lessons learned at school.



Next in order we have the games which require a lead pencil and a blank paper. The variety of these is infinite, and it would be impossible to enumerate them all, but, perhaps, it will be possible



to give some hints that will enable the ingenious to invent more.

Beginning with the very little ones again, good, old-fashioned "Tit-tat-to" and "Fox and Geese," come to the fore. They amuse

the children now just the same as they did fifty years ago. Like the "Thought Games," they never lose their freshness.

Two very amusing games for the older ones (and those with which adults likewise have been amused) consist in drawing animals.

The first game is to close the eyes and draw a pig. Very few people have any talent in the way of animal drawing, and many of the attempts are very funny, indeed. The picture goes on pretty well, perhaps, at the hands of the blinded artist, so long as the pencil is not removed. But directly comes the moment when the pig's tail is to be placed, and if one might judge by the amount of absorption exhibited on the faces of the watchers, and the anxiety displayed on that of the artist, it must, indeed, be a moment of supreme interest. Presently shouts of laughter go up from those who have been waiting, almost breathless, till the drawer shall decide. Having taken up his hand, he has completely lost his bearing, and after a moment or two of uncertainty, he has made a dash and has added the appendage, quite certain that he is not far wrong, only to discover, when vision is restored, that his pig has a beautiful curly tail sprouting out between his ears.

The second game consists of sectional drawing of animals. A, B and C we will imagine are to be engaged in this. A draws the head of some animal. Having carefully turned down the paper so as to leave exposed only just sufficient to add the body, he hands it over to B. B attaches a body, and going through the same process, hands it to C, who completes the picture, by adding the legs and feet. Some of these are very droll. Of course neither player has any idea of the portion drawn by the other; thus we may have a man's head, a bird's body, and the feet of a cat.

Analogous to this, but requiring more intellectual handling, is "Thread and Needle Poetry," and some of this is as comical and ridiculous in its way as are the animals. The first player writes a line, telling her next neighbor only the final word and the number of syllables. The second player adds a line (the first line being previously hidden, as with animals,) being careful to preserve the rhyme and metre. The third starts a new couplet, preserving the metre only, while the fourth must again rhyme with the third, proceeding in this wise until all have added their contributions. The last one reads the whole "poem," and very comical some of them are. What is most curious of all is that very many of these efforts make comparatively good sense.



Similar to this, again, is the game of "Consequences," and a great amusement is it to both old and young. Children soon learn the difference between a noun and a verb, if it is carefully explained to them. In this game each player must be provided with a slip of paper and a pencil. Upon these slips, each player writes first a name. Folding it down he passes it on, having meanwhile, himself, received that of his neighbor on the other side. Then a verb is written and the slips are again passed round as before. Again, a noun, and again the slips passed. Then they must each write what *he* said—then what *she* said. After that what the *world* said, and finally "the consequences." When they are read aloud, as consecutive sentences, some of them are droll enough.

Let the children have plenty of bought games, too, as a fund to draw upon, if you can afford it, or if not, show them how to make for themselves, when they can, such games as are played by those who have more money. It is very awkward for a growing girl or boy to be absolutely ignorant of all such things, simply because means were not at hand to purchase the necessary accessories.

I presume that no checker-board and men ever did more duty than did those owned by a country boy of my own acquaintance. His board was a plain, square board, laid out by himself, and his men were sections of *broom handle*, sawed off into discs, about a half inch in thickness. The white ones were left *au naturel*, the black ones were colored with *ink*. Think you he could have done better with better men? Not a bit of it! While handsomer men would, perhaps, have been prized as a treasure, I will warrant that he extracted as much solid pleasure from those "self-made men" as if they were the most elaborately carved importation from China or Japan.

Jack-straws, dominoes, chess, all such things should be within reach of the growing girls and boys.

A boy may whittle out, in a little while, as part of his "fancy-work," a very pretty set of jack-straws from soft wood. A hoe, a rake, spoons, shovels, knives, swords; in short, anything and everything is available, not forgetting plenty of the plain sticks. Or if the boy has no talent, or there be no boy at all, the little girls may have "lots of fun" playing jack-straws with ordinary paper lamp-lighters. Many a little girl, however, has quite a capacity for whittling, and it will do her no harm to permit her to exercise that, and her ingenuity at the same time, in producing wooden jack-straws.





DOMINO!

Very often duty and pleasure can be combined in a way that adds much to the zest of both. Do you remember, in Mrs. Whitney's "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," Martha and her sister? That always seemed to me such a beautiful idea. These two girls were the hard-worked daughters of hard-working parents. One of the most beautiful times of their weekly tasks, was the day when the *stocking-darning* came round. "O," I hear from every corner, "I don't believe anybody ever liked to darn stockings. I hate to read about paragons, myself."

But wait! *They* disliked stocking-darning as much as you do, but their mother, wisely recognizing the needs of growing girls, and feeling glad that some beauty could creep into their lives in this way, made no objection when they took their stockings and their chess-board up where the soft murmur of the pines made music in their ears and soothed their worried minds. Here, in their nook, their men were placed on the board; upon the left-hand was drawn the stocking; in the right the needle and thimble were in place, and then work and play were ready. While they drew their threads back and forth, the moves were discussed. After much deliberation, a move was taken, and the men changed position. So it went on, with a pause now and then, but the work suffered little, and after two or three hours the girls would return to the house, the finished stockings neatly folded, and themselves refreshed, body, mind and soul.

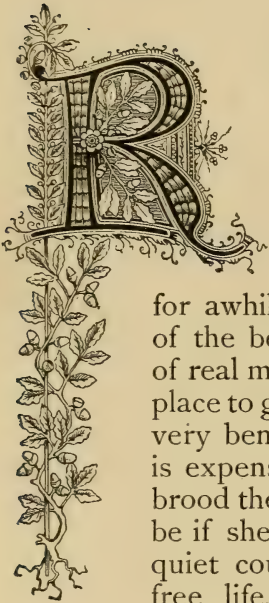
Mother could often, if she would only think so, play some game with her daughter or son, even while attending to some of the weightier matters of the household, and her own labors would be lightened by the refreshment, while her child would be brought nearer to the parent, who could be amused with a trifle like a game. Do not say, "I can't learn games, I never could!" Try to do so. It is your duty to try to enter into their pleasures, as well as their afflictions, and you will be well repaid for your efforts.





## CHAPTER IV.

### AMUSEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.



EGRETS, of course, are useless, but what a pity it does seem to be that all children could not live in the country, for at least the first ten years of their lives. Such delightful possibilities of fresh air, wholesome exercise, blood-stirring, pure entertainment and amusements! Where can such charming sand heaps be found? Even the children, who have a taste of freedom

for awhile, running wild at the sea-shore, know nothing of the beauties of "real country sand" and the delights of real mud pies. The sea-shore is, of course, a charming place to go to, and the change of air and scene are doubtless very beneficial to the little ones, but, ordinarily, the trip is expensive, and so the mother can only keep her little brood there for a short time. How much better it would be if she could make arrangements to take them to some quiet country place and give them all the delights of a free life, entirely separated from the excitement and contaminations of watering-places.

Take them into the country, dress them suitably, and turn them loose. When Fall comes they will be invigorated and much better able to stand the strain of school, and better able also to resist the attacks of epidemic disease.

"Dress them suitably" I say, and that I mean. I do not mean merely with plainness. Let them have such for special occasions that neither you nor they will be obliged to give a thought to their clothes. I call to mind two little folks who had what was called their "sand-pile suits." The girl's consisted of a little brown calico slip, and the boy's, of pantaloons buttoned on to a jacket or shirt, both of the same material as the little girl's slip. Rigged out in this garb, their





FUN BY THE SEA.

heads crowned with broad-brimmed hats, they were ready for any emergency. It was distinctly understood that after they started out with their little buckets, wagons, spades and dolls (made especially for this purpose) that no one was to feel distressed about the dirt they were accumulating, or to make a single remark upon their appearance, upon their return, no matter what they looked like. A



happy, dirty little pair they were, I can assure you, when they trudged back, but it was a matter of a very few moments to empty the sand from their shoes, change their clothes and wash out the soiled ones, against another morning spent in the same way. Where can such beautiful swings be put up? Where are such charming trees to climb? A boy can go to the gymnasium in the city and learn to





GOOD TIMES.



climb, but that is nothing to compare to the delights of climbing a "real tree." And the barn! The mow full of the soft, fragrant hay! Where could a more harmless place be found for the little ones? The daily raid on Biddy's precincts, too! What excitement, what shouts of glee, when a stolen nest is discovered which Biddy has hidden carefully away, hoping to convert the treasures into a little yellow downy brood before she is discovered!

Country children, as a rule, have but few toys, and their ingenuity is much developed in this line. They must amuse themselves with what they can find, and let imagination do the rest. Who does not remember the delightful trips that have been taken in the old disused wagon, with a barrel for a horse? The charming horse-back rides that have been taken on this same long-suffering steed?

In the country there is so much room that children can be allowed to keep up their daily illusions. They can have a corner for the stabling of their horse, and it does not become necessary to put him away in the cellar or some unnatural place. It destroys half the fun if they cannot go through the whole performance, and must each day begin to "make believe over again," instead of starting out where they left off. To be a success, however, as a *saddle horse*, he should have six legs—the middle two being about an inch and a half longer than the other four. He will then develop a most beautiful



*canter*. Or, if you prefer a nondescript kind of pace, make all four of his legs of different lengths. When a discarded feather duster, or even a bunch of long rags has been added for a tail, you have a charger whose charms cannot be surpassed.

And, perhaps, at the foot of the hill there runs a little stream. Here is another source of amusement, instruction and education, about which the city boy knows nothing. If the boy be inclined to history, how often does Washington cross the Delaware, or Leander swim the Hellespont? If he be inventive, what avenues are open for the invention of water-wheels and bridges? Many a boy has received his first ideas of mechanics from the "Books in the running brooks." However, it is well to address a word of caution to the city mother, who takes her children to the country for the summer. She is very apt, some day, to attain an idea that, being "In Rome she must do as Rome," and she turns her children loose, to do exactly as the country children do. But she should reflect that her little ones have not been reared from infancy to this kind of life, and their systems are hardly prepared for a sudden change in their surroundings, occupations and diet. They have been bred in the artificial atmosphere of city life, and the country life, as country-bred children live it, is too strong for them, as it were, much as a sudden change to a diet of meat would be for a person who had always lived exclusively on cereals.

It is necessary, therefore, that the mother keep careful watch over her children until they become inured to the new life. She must not imagine, because those who are accustomed to it can do so with impunity, that her children can go barefoot, or with damp shoes and stockings; be out in the hot sun and morning dews; can wade, or swim, or eat, in defiance of the laws which have heretofore regulated their lives.

Every change should be approached with caution, and one liberty after another granted, as the child seems strengthened for it.

Many a village or country-seat has earned a condemnatory reputation on account of the folly of the city visitors. They commit all sorts of indiscretions in the way of diet and exposure (many of which would be hard upon country people themselves), without having the hard work and exercise to counteract the effect. So, by the time Autumn arrives, what with exposure, over-eating, and too much exercise in some directions—tennis, or croquet, or archery, for instance—and not enough in others, the Summer outing, which was to have proved so beneficial, has been only such as to predispose the constitution to some Autumn fever, which soon sets in, and lo! the place





"AIN'T IT FUN."



in which they have been staying for the Summer is stigmatized as a "malarial district." A physician has lately made the statement that in his estimation nine-tenths of the Autumn fevers arise, not so much from the "malarial districts" as from the causes above mentioned, combined with the fact that the houses to which the victims return have been closed all Summer. The house should be thoroughly ventilated before entering it in the Autumn, and a wise precaution would be two or three days of good strong fire in the heater, no matter how warm the weather is.

The winter amusements of the two classes of children are not so widely dissimilar as those of summer time, though their occupations outside of school hours must naturally differ much. While the city boy's chief labor is going errands for his mother, the country boy is assisting his father—helping water the stock, feeding the chickens, harnessing the horses, etc. The opportunities for snow-balling, skating, sledding, coasting, and all kindred amusements, are much greater in the city than would be imagined by the country boy. It is the city *girl* who suffers by the comparison in this case. The life of the girl in the city is much more restrained than that of one living in the country. The half-grown city girl does not, as an ordinary thing, coast, and sled, and slide, and skate, as does the country girl. Here are not to be found those artificial distinctions which hedge in the city-bred girl. A country girl is most times a "girl," and not an incipient "young lady."

I will conclude, by saying that a girl who has not been able, at some period in her childhood to spend a winter in the country, has a right to consider herself defrauded. She has missed one of the great delights of life, and a good opportunity for pure, wholesome fun.



## CHAPTER V.

### SOME HOME-MADE TOYS.



HAVING spoken in a general way of home-made toys, and mentioned one or two, such as the worn-out coffee mill for the baby's Indian meal, and the checker-board with its broom-handle men, I may add that there are many more things that may be made for the children, at a very little expense of time or money, and which serve them quite as well

as more expensive toys.

First in order, let us take the doll for the baby. This, of course, must be a rubber or rag doll. Personally I object to rubber dolls, because there enter into the composition of the rubber itself such ingredients as are detrimental to the child. This is evidenced by greatly increased drooling after the child has had the rubber baby in her mouth, which, of course, is the case about one-fourth the time, as the first instinct of the human animal is to find the way to its mouth. As an ordinary rag doll is a cumbersome article—it being almost impossible to make a small one, on account of turning the seams and stuffing the body—mothers like to have, for the youngest child, a knit doll. These take considerable time in the preparation, as well as skill on the part of the knitter. Consequently, they are rather expensive when purchased at a toy store. But a mother can have a very nice knit doll, that will answer every purpose, with no expense of money, and very little of time. The process is as follows: roll up a piece of white stocking about two and a half inches long. This roll, when complete, should be about as thick as the thumb. This is the head and neck. Next, cut a pair of feet and legs—extending to the knee only—of *black* stocking goods. Stuff these with cotton, tight, all the way to the top. After this, cut a pair of knickerbockers from dark

blue stocking goods. Attach them to the legs in a seam, turn them up, and stuff with cotton wool, as the legs and feet were stuffed. Next, roll two smaller pieces of white stocking for hands. Then cut a shirt-waist or jacket, of some other color—scarlet, for instance—sleeves and body in one piece. Attach the hands as the legs were attached, and stuff the sleeves. Then fasten the lower edge of the waist to the waist line of the trousers, in a seam, and turn up, stuffing as before. Before it is entirely full, insert the rolled head sufficiently far for security. This will leave exposed just about enough for proportion. Draw the shirt-waist close around the neck, and finish off with a mite of embroidered ruffle. With black silk, add eyes, nose and mouth; put a cap on, made of some scrap of blue or red stocking goods, and the doll is done. And a very useful young gentleman, too, you will find him. You will find that Miss Baby will not in any degree despise him on account of his ignoble origin, and she can chew him to her heart's content, without injuring either him or herself. A few moments in the sun will soon cure the effect of his bath, and he will resume his pristine beauty.

For an older child, an ordinary button mould, with a match whittled down to proper size and inserted in the hole, will make a top that has whiled away many an hour. If three or four of these are given to a child, it affords him great amusement to see how many he can keep going at once. But they must be adjusted with nicety, being careful that the spindle is not too long. Otherwise the spinning will be very difficult, and the child will soon grow discouraged at the failure of his efforts to make the top "go." If these tops are covered with bright-colored paper, they look like little dancers dressed in gay clothes, and it affords much fun to note their gyrations—perhaps one will strike against another, knocking it completely over, while the aggressor goes gaily on her way, almost unharmed by the contact.

Bean-bags are another home-made toy, which affords much fun as well as considerable exercise, if played where there is plenty of room. The only difficulty about this game is lack of room, and it often happens that a bag is thrown in such a manner as to destroy or break something. There are, however, one or two games of bean-bags which do not possess this disadvantage. First, we will speak of the bean-bags themselves. They should be made of canton flannel, in gay colors, and should be about five by seven inches in size. They should be filled about two-thirds full of beans; some use



corn, but the sharp point at the germ end of a grain of corn soon wears holes in the bags. Two of these bags are ordinarily sold as a "set," but four are much better, as it gives room for greater variety of color, and makes the game pleasanter in many ways. Old gold, garnet, blue and gray make a very pretty combination.

Having prepared the bags, the next thing is to prepare a board. This should be about three feet long by nine inches wide. It should be laid off into four divisions, by pencil line or paint. In the division next the end should be cut a square hole, large enough to permit of the bean-bag dropping through with comparative ease. The open end of this board is rested upon a chair (unless you choose to make a prop specially for it), the other end upon the floor. The game is to throw the bags so that they may light in one of these four sections, which count in numbers as follows—five, for the one near the floor; ten for the next; twenty-five for the third one, if the bag is sent successfully through the hole, and fifteen for the last.

The second game is played by the players dividing into two parties, each party striving to pass the bags from hand to hand more rapidly than their opponents, as they stand in opposing lines. This game, however, is hardly suitable for "home" play, as, to make it interesting, there should be a number engaged in it.

Again, there is the scrap-book. I am almost afraid to look at any of my readers, for fear of the look of disgust I shall see there, at the very mention of such a time-worn amusement. But I do not mean the scrap-books you have made for your children; I mean the ones that *they* shall make for themselves and for others. And, spite of the disdain in your countenances, ladies, I am going to give a hint or two on the preparation of the pictures. The scrap-book *unmade* is the *toy*, and except for very little children, the occupants of the nursery should make it themselves. To have a really finished article when completed, the leaves of the book should consist of gay-colored muslin. *The pictures should never be put in place on the same day as they are gummed.* They should be gummed and laid away to dry. When they are to be placed, they only need dampening on the back with clear water, and thus all possibility of a single extra drop of glue exuding from the edges, to entirely spoil the appearance of the whole page, is out of the question. The children may also group the smaller single pictures together, and thus form "composite pictures" that are quite artistic in effect, if judgment and taste are used in their construction.

A kaleidoscope is another wonderful source of amusement, and is quite within the scope of home-manufacture. Two strips of window glass, one and a half inches in width by six in length; a few bits of gay-colored glass, and a bright bead or two; two small, circular pieces of glass, and a piece of pasteboard, are all the materials necessary. First, roll your pasteboard the required size, and having glued it firmly together, lay it away to dry thoroughly. When complete, it should be a hollow cylinder about seven inches in length and two in diameter. When ready to work on, slip in the two pieces of window glass, down to within about a half inch of the end. Slip them in so that they will fit tightly, and form an angle. Then slip in one of the glass discs, after this the little pieces of gaily colored glass and beads, and on top of these the second glass disc, which has previously been covered with one layer of thinnest tissue paper, in order that it may resemble ground glass. Fasten all in place by a strip of paper neatly glued round the edge, and that end is complete. The other end only needs a disc of pasteboard in which has been previously cut a small, circular hole, about one-half inch in diameter.

Another very easily made home-made toy is what was once called "Ship-coil," but which is now, in a little different form, called "Ring-toss." If played out of doors, a stake can be driven into the ground to catch the rings. If in the house, a hook can be driven into the nursery wall to receive them. The game is to throw the rings so that they will catch on the hook or fall over the stake. Nine is a good number of rings to have, and they should be made of good sized rope, fastened together with bright-colored braid or ribbons. The ends of the rope should lap about a finger length, and be firmly fastened before putting the ribbon on. Made in this way, the rings are easily put away when not in use, while ordinary "Ring-toss," of which the rings are wood and the stake fastened to a broad, heavy foundation, is quite cumbersome. It is always well to select such toys for the children as occupy but little room when not in use.

"Squails" can also be made from heavy pieces of pasteboard or thin board. If these are not available, silver dollars are a very good substitute. In the centre of the table is placed a large button or a checker. Each player then takes a squail, lays it flat on the table, so that it projects about a half-inch, and strikes it sharply on the edge, with the palm of the hand, sending it quickly across the table. The player who is nearest the centre-piece, after all the turns have been

taken, is the one who makes the count. Sometimes the squail strikes the centre-piece, and it is thus moved from its original position. But this makes no difference. It must not be replaced. The game must go on as before, and the players try to strike the centre-piece in its new position.

As a final suggestion, I would recommend a "menagerie rug," for the baby. This should be made of double-faced canton flannel, if new goods are to be bought. But, if your stock will permit it, a half-worn blanket is the very nicest thing for the purpose. On this blanket should be applied, as a border, a row of animals of all kinds. These can be cut out of cloth of different colors, and applied with blue or red cotton. When complete, Miss Baby, as she sits in the centre, is warm and comfortable, as well as interested and amused by the animals and flowers, which she soon learns to recognize.











# SOCIAL RELATIONS.

## CHAPTER I.

### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?



ORDINARILY, when this query is put, it is to point some sermon on missions or, at least, charity in some form. But surely the Divine Teacher meant us to go more deeply into the subject than this! Too few of us have that charity which, "like a cloak, covereth a multitude of sins." The true interpretation of that sentence was pointed out to me, once upon a time, in a never-to-be-forgotten sermon. The rector explained that many people, in fact, most people, he thought, interpreted it to mean that though possessed of "many sins," if a person were *charitable*, these sins were in a great measure nullified—covered, as with a cloak. But that, in his estimation, it should mean that charity, upon the part of the beholder, would hide from his own vision, the sins of those upon whom he looked. He considered this the fuller, deeper, sweeter meaning. "Charity" (on our part) "covereth a multitude of sins" (on the part of others). If we could only grasp this in its fullness, how simplified would become our "social relations." For though, of course, social forms and rules are necessary to the preservation of a harmonious whole, there is an underlying motive which is the root and foundation of all true



politeness. True politeness springs from a kindliness of heart. True politeness gives *of itself*, and mere *manner* can never take its place. There has never been a rule given which could exceed the "golden rule" for motive of action, no matter what the social occasion. Combine *this* with an ordinary knowledge of social forms, and a woman is equipped to enter any society, and is greeted with equal heartiness in all circles. Indeed, many of our most rigid social regulations have arisen from the "golden rule" itself. Take, for instance, the one that the hostess must see each guest provided with entertainment before she herself takes part. True! "it is not polite" to do otherwise, but why? Because feeling for others in preference to ourselves should be the ruling motive. It cannot be hoped that a child, who has been permitted to think of self always, will preserve the unities of social life when he or she emerges from the seclusion of childhood. The true foundation, therefore, of both manner and manners, should be early ingrained and consist chiefly of forgetfulness of self in the wishes and wants of others.

Bernardin de St. Pierre, the great French writer (the immortal St. Pierre, of "Paul and Virginia" renown), in one of his most excellent works on nature, relates an anecdote of a certain tyrant, who obliged his subjects to fit a bed of certain dimensions. Of those who were too short, he had the legs stretched; of those who were too long, he had the legs amputated. For, meet the requirements of that bed, they must. It seems like a very ridiculous story if told for truth, does it not? But as a fable (or an allegory, rather) it seems especially able. The same process is going on daily, has been for centuries, will be for cycles, should the world last so long. If we bear enmity toward a fellow-being, impartial as we may be, justly as we may *desire* to judge him, do we not expand his failings and curtail his virtues, in order that he may better suit our ideas of what he is? If we possess in another an ideal of goodness, do we not try our best to belittle his faults to ourselves, and enlarge his good qualities, in order that he may *exactly* fit the dimensions by which we have chosen him to be measured?

Virtue and vice have no actual standard; people possess no intrinsic worth which *everyone* will acknowledge. Each one measures and weighs his kind by what they are worth to him, individually, and, if they fail to comply with the requirements, then something is wrong. It is all a mistake, if one only knew in what way to correct it. The habit of reducing all human attributes to a

certain fixed standard by which *we* judge, is a grave fault, and one which each should strive hard to kill out in himself or herself. To allow other people, unmolested, to have tastes and opinions which we can neither comprehend nor appreciate, is one of the hardest lessons to be learned in life. The feeling that prompts "What do you do it *that* way for? I do not do it so," is one to be rigidly rooted out—the sooner the better. The sooner we learn that people may neither eat, drink, sleep, dress, nor even *think* as we do, and *still* be neither fools nor miscreants, the better, not only for all around us, but for ourselves.

The decadence of "old-time hospitality," and the exceedingly flimsy article now offered as a substitute, have served as text for many a disquisition, of later years. The plea seems to be, that people in general are so devoured with a desire for show *as* show, so anxious, each one to outshine his neighbor, that all not only endeavor to do so, at the sacrifice of comfort for themselves and guests, but, failing in the accomplishment of this grand object, in a spirit of envy and unpleasantness, shut themselves up, away from all necessity of "entertaining," by avoiding society altogether.

There is, no doubt, much truth in the ground taken here, but it does not cover everything. There is one more reason, seemingly a greater interference to the "old-time" hospitality than that already mentioned. What people were, individually, in their social relations in by-gone days it would be folly to try to ascertain now. But it really seems as if the *guests* must have been a little different then as well as the hosts.

Some woman remarks: "If you want to tell about the house-keeping qualities of a lady of your acquaintance, do not form your judgment by her parlor, but by the *soap cup* in her spare chamber. If *that* is clean, she is a good housekeeper." While it is not presumable that the writer of the phrase above quoted meant it in its literal sense, the *literal* sense of the opening phrase is going far towards killing out the free-handed giving of such as we may have, which is *true* hospitality.

"If you want to tell about housekeeping qualities." There is just where the rub comes. What business has a guest to "tell about the housekeeping qualities" of the hostess to whose courtesy an enjoyable time is due? Guests have every right to your time and indulgence and endeavor to entertain, but hosts and hostesses also have "inalienable rights," and among these is, that those who are

indebted to them for the accepted invitation, shall not, immediately upon leaving the house, "tell about the unwashed soap cup in the spare chamber," or any other little defect which may occur in the house-keeping. Not only "accidents," but oversights "will occur in the best regulated families."

Many a woman would gladly entertain her wealthier neighbor, giving her her best, but refrains, because, from certain uncharitable remarks she has heard that neighbor make, she feels that her effort will not be received in the hospitable spirit in which it is intended, but will be picked to pieces as falling short of what the guest has been used to. Consequently, the would-be hostess makes no effort in that line, unless the necessity be forced upon her; then, being a timid woman, with a nervous dread of the scathing remarks of some of the people whom she is *obliged* to invite, she makes an over-exertion, involves herself in expense she can ill afford, makes herself sick with worry, does not save herself, in any degree, from the ill-natured remarks of the cavillers, and ends up by vowing it to be the "last time."

So many people make ill-judged, disagreeable remarks to their hosts, indicative of great want of thought, if not of ill-breeding. In illustration—once upon a time a lady called at the house of a friend just about dinner time. Mrs. A.—"Will you have a piece of mince pie, Mrs. B.?" Mrs. B. (smiling)—"O thank you, yes." Mrs. B. (tasting the mince pie, quietly lays down her fork)—"You must excuse me, Mrs. A., but I have just eaten a large piece of Mrs. C.'s *elegant* mince pie" (emphasis, perhaps unconscious, on *elegant*) "and I do not believe I am hungry." And Mrs. B. never seemed to know that she had done an atrociously rude thing. But, it is needless to state that Mrs. A. never forgot the circumstance to the day of her death (for the illustration is taken from life). Now Mrs. B. either had a vacant spot to be filled, or she had not. If she had *not*, she should not have taken the pie; if she had a place to stow it away, having taken it, she should have eaten the most of it, even though it was *not* just the kind she had been used to, or was not as *elegant* as Mrs. C.'s.

Just fancy having a woman like Mrs. B. as your guest for a week, or even over night. Mrs. B.'s are uncommon? Not by any means. There are plenty of them, and Mr. B.'s too. Plenty of men and women who make all sorts of tactless remarks (not, perhaps, with malice aforethought, but just as cutting all the same), to one's



face, and exceedingly unpleasant ones behind one's back. It is no one's business what kind of a housekeeper or what kind of a domestic man, the host and hostess are. "The relation between host and guest is a sacred one, and remember *never* to speak of the peculiarities of your guests," and it may be added that the reverse is equally important. If the housekeeping and the cooking, the domestic arrangements, the children, the master of the house, are, any or all of them, unendurable or even unpleasant, do not go again. But—do not "tell about" them.

Doubtless the method of entertaining has, like all other things, undergone a radical change within the last century, but, apart from the reasons given above, there are many things which have militated against the preservation of the "old-time hospitality." The *woman* of the present day is as different from the woman of the past century as are the customs. She has different aims and aspirations—newer and wider fields are open to her—her soul is enlarged and expanded—her opportunities immeasurably increased—her education advanced—and with all this, newer and higher responsibilities fall upon her. She is laying the foundation to-day for a higher and nobler race yet to come. The inheritance of education, is an indisputable fact, and the woman of the next century will doubtless, in a certain sense, *begin* where the woman of *to-day* leaves off. Seen in the newer and higher light, her duties assume a different aspect, and she learns that "social relations" exist not only between her and the companions whom she invites to her house to "eat, drink and make merry," but as well, between her and every other man, woman and child in the universe. She has learned that she, *her individual and actual self*, is in a degree responsible for the welfare of the rest of humanity. She has learned that a certain bond of responsibility exists between her and the servant-maid in her kitchen or the inebriate in the street, as well as the be-plumed and be-ringed young lady who dances in her parlor. She has learned that she is no longer a mere "drop in the bucket," with no individuality to distinguish her from all the rest; she is a distinct, integral part, of a Great Plan, and that she will be held *individually* accountable for her method of discharge of her duties to the whole human race, let those duties be what they may, according to her walk of life. She has not, perhaps, learned all this yet, in its fullest sense, but she is fast learning it, and in exact proportion to her acquirement of the lesson, will her individual nature become nobler, her aspirations greater, her influence wider.

There is, perhaps, no quality or attribute possessed by man, to which there is a more untrue value attached by the possessor, than that of personal influence. By reason of vanity, many overrate their personal importance, but by reason of lack of self-appreciation, or timidity, myriads underestimate the power they possess for good or evil. "It is not worth while for *me* to say anything; nobody cares for my opinion," argues some timid man, or shrinking woman, and the good that might be done, is lost. They are overwhelmed with a realizing sense that they are but a "drop in the bucket," but they should at the same time realize, to their good and to that of others, that to *each drop* is given the power of attracting and influencing every other drop in the bucket. The trite old story of the "straw which broke the camel's back," contains two morals, instead of one. We are too apt to use this fable to illustrate what can be done by continued and persistent effort. But, we too seldom consider that *only in all the other straws' having gone before*, lay the power which "broke the camel's back." Had any *one* of the first straws been missing, that particular *last* one of which tradition tells us, would have been powerless to accomplish the work ascribed to it.

The successful accomplishment of many projects, is not the result of the influence which is recognized, but of that unseen, unnoticed, subtle power exerted by those, often, who least know it themselves. Let no man or woman under or over estimate his or her influence on those around. If we may not have the honor of being the "*last* straw," we may at least be one of the straws which has gone before, and as such, our personal influence is not by any means to be despised.

Did you ever try to take from a shelf higher than your head a bottle? And did you notice, at the time, that if you walked away from it you could see the bottle in its true position, so that if you could reach it from where you were then standing, you could put your hand on it without difficulty, while when you have again reached the shelf you are again obliged to grope blindly for the object so plainly visible from afar? It is precisely this law of nature that makes advice from a disinterested party often so valuable, and he who goes willfully on his own course, without seeking counsel from one who, from another position, can take an "outside view," knows not what he misses. It is the helmsman, who "sees from afar," that makes it possible for the engineer to send the boat upon its way.

"Lead us not into temptation," is certainly the key-note of the

seven petitions given us as an example for prayer. Many a poor soul, with every desire in the world to do right, struggling manfully or womanfully against an inborn demon, has succumbed against a circumstance of temptation, and gone down to destruction by reason of a thoughtless act or word upon the part of a so-called "friend." Woman of to-day is recognizing this unfortunate but undeniable fact. She is becoming daily more and more cognizant and compassionate of the temptations which supplement innate moral weakness in the human soul, and she is striving hourly to overcome the machinations of the inborn demon, by establishing such possibilities of surroundings, such "social relations" between herself and those unfortunate in any way, as shall make the struggle lighter and the prospect of final victory more sure.

All this being true, the woman of to-day, with her higher, nobler aims, has not the time for the mere merry-making of the "good old-fashioned hospitality." Hospitality has taken on for her a newer, wider, more beautiful meaning, and through the discernment of higher education, she recognizes that she must feed not only the body of her "neighbor," but her mind and soul as well.

Three single sisters, full of that divine hospitality which entertains the world, found themselves without charitable work directly at hand, because they had moved to a new city. This they could not endure; but did they sit down and lament over their past opportunities? Not a bit of it! They sought new ones. Noting for several Sundays that some half-dozen young girls (evidently of the demi-monde) passed their house laughing loudly, and conversing coarsely and profanely, they determined, if possible, to give them a glimpse of a higher and better life, and without any preaching (which they knew would not be tolerated). One Sunday, at about the hour they were expected, one stood upon the doorstep, apparently by accident. She held in her hand a picture, at which one of them glanced as she went by, making her comments in the free, off-hand manner of her kind, "Perhaps you would like to look at it more closely," said the lady kindly, seizing this opportunity eagerly. From sheer surprise the party halted. She descended the step and showed them the picture closely, remarking at the same time, "I have many more inside, would you not like to see them?" Partly from surprise and partly because any novelty was hailed with delight, almost before they knew it, the party was ushered into her pretty parlor, and there they were kept for an hour, spell-bound by the hostess, who was extending to

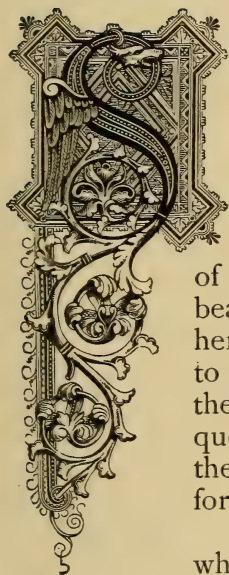


them the hospitality of the *present* day. Not a word of religion, not a word of reform, not a breath of their past, not a word of their future—nothing but such interesting information as should make them want to come again. And Sunday after Sunday did this class meet in that cheery little home. Day after day did the sisters, by their example, show these girls what a home *might* be when governed by a *true* “queen.” Hour by hour did they raise in those girls, aspirations to become nobler and better, and surely the finger of time can record no nobler deeds than those of that trio, as they sat there, endeavoring (and succeeding) to awaken those wayward girls to a sense of true womanhood. They had found their “neighbor” without much search “by the wayside.”



## CHAPTER II.

### MISTRESS AND MAID.



SOCIAL problems are constantly cropping up, but the one which now agitates the country, and which stands almost side by side in importance with the various political factions, is the question of mistress and maid; or, the "Servant Question," as it is now denominated.

The servant has grown to be regarded as one of our "neighbors." What relation the mistress shall bear to her maid—what relation the maid shall bear to her mistress—what relation each shall bear to the work to be done—are the agitating questions. And as in their ramifications they bear very strongly on the home question, both socially and politically, a chapter under the heading of Social Relations may well be reserved for the consideration of this issue.

It would seem that the question is not so much what should be, or what has been, as what *is*, and taken from this point of view the problem, in common with many others, is difficult of solution.

First, the mistress. Some wise woman comes to the fore and announces that the solution of all the difficulty is that we have no servants; that we do our own work. This bears absurdity on the face of it. Many of us are physically unfit for any manual labor at all, others unfit to take all the work of the house. Then, contends some one else, do not undertake the care of a household. Absurd! as well say that a man should not start a business establishment unless he be able to do all the work of that establishment, from the entry in the journal to putting out the ashes. A household, from whatever other point it may be viewed, should of all things be considered

from a business standpoint. The fact should be recognized, too, that we are fortunately so constructed that we are not all capable of being or doing the same thing. A woman may be fitted to be thoroughly companionable, and yet unfitted for housework. Another, well-fitted for housework, but thoroughly uncompanionable. Why should the latter undertake a household on her own account, utterly failing in that great requirement in a wife, a true "helpmeet," or why should some worthy man be deprived of that element of brightness and sweetness which the former would bring into his life, simply because she was utterly unfit to do the washing, or even because the "drudgery of housework tired her to death?" If I cared to be personal, I might cite more than one instance where a literary man's life had been almost wrecked by the loss of a wife who had been to him a most congenial and much-beloved companion, even though a life-long invalid. I might also quote other instances where the utmost discord had reigned, though the wife was a good housekeeper and thoroughly capable of doing all that her housekeeping demanded of her, because that fine appreciation of the higher plane upon which her husband lived, was utterly beyond her. Understand me, I am not objecting to good housekeeping, but it is well to view all sides of the question, and again I maintain that servants in a household, where such can be afforded, are not a luxury but a necessity, as allowing time and strength for the pursuit of more merely intellectual occupations.

One great trouble exists in the persistent perversion and misunderstanding of the word "Servant." A servant is merely "one who serves." Do we not all serve? A lady once, on applying for a position in a dental office, was asked by the dentist, "Tell me, please, exactly your idea of studying with me? Do you expect to learn the profession in this way?" She thought a moment and then replied, "No, I do not think I ever mean to *practice*. My object at present is merely to undergo such instruction and experience as shall make me a *valuable servant* in any dentist's office. There are too many heads to establishments now, in all professions. I desire to be merely a valuable servant. A wide-awake, experienced, intelligent servant is a rarity in these days, I am convinced. The minute an underling obtains a certain amount of judgment and knowledge in his own line, he wants to establish himself by himself. My idea is to make myself *valuable* as an employé." "Good!" said he, "you talk like a woman of sense." The place was her's, and what she had



said, she proved. The misapprehension of the word servant, arises, however, primarily in the mind of the mistress, and is afterward conveyed subtly, or perhaps with most direct plainness, to the servant. With such we cannot deal, they must regulate themselves.

Let us now take another view of the question—the relation of servant to mistress. This is, perhaps, a little more complicated than the former.

It has long been a source of regret that the tendency of the latter day inclines young girls to factories, instead of some “cool, quiet, kitchen,” where they will be well-fed and receive all possible consideration. Try, however, to look at the matter from *their* point of view, and see if they have have not a reasonable motive of action. Admitting the strong contrast of surrounding between a “cool, quiet, kitchen,” and a noisy, stuffy, factory or “establishment,” what comes next into consideration? Hours? Yes, hours; and here’s “the rub.”

Upon the women of America, the young girls, devolves, in a great measure, the support of their families, as before stated—not only the support but the assistance—and of what possible service can a young girl be in her family when she is out at service? If she is in a factory, her hours may be from six to six, but when the second six comes round, her work is *done*, and she is at absolute liberty to dispose of her time. She goes home, perhaps, only to amuse herself, but in the greater number of instances to help wash the dishes or put the children to bed. A mistress cannot spare her servant in this way; it is not reasonable to ask it, nor could it be granted. Therefore it must be granted that the hours in a factory are shorter and leave more time for home occupations and amusements.

Next in consideration—work and wages. While the family is partially dependent upon the young girl, it is an indisputable fact that money—pure, hard cash—is desirable. Therefore, though the work be heavier and more confining during working hours, she willingly undertakes it on account of the increased wages.

“But her board—they, none of them, count that in.” No, they, none of them, count that in, because it is a very inconsiderable thing. “Inconsiderable! I guess you don’t know what a difference it makes,” I hear a housekeeper indignantly exclaim. O, but I do! I know what it costs in your house or mine, but I also know that in their own homes it does not cost anything like so much. It costs it in your house or mine, because there is no difference made in the two tables;

but you will admit, upon the least reflection, that the food this young girl finds at *your* table is much more expensive than what she finds at her own. A simple calculation in inverse proportion, will show you that her board is less drain at home than at your house. And she would far rather make the extra money that is to buy the corned beef or pork for her family, and *share it with them*, than dine alone at your table on the dainties you place before her, her heart troubled meanwhile, perhaps, that a great strong girl like herself should be feeding on the delicate nourishment for which little crippled Katie is suffering at home.

Little crippled Katie! This brings up another point. The factory girl's *evenings* are her own. If the family be sick, one or all of them, who is to gainsay her if she watch with them every night? No one; and the grateful mother is only too thankful for the opportunity for rest. If she breaks down, for, of course, it is not right to watch unceasingly, no one calls her to account—it is her privilege. But where is the mistress who will, or can, spare her maid-of-all-work, night after night, even in cases of illness? She has “her nights,” and the machinery of the well-regulated household hinges not a little on “the girl’s night out.”

Again, suppose she does not return home for all these duties—suppose she is so situated that she returns merely to *enjoy* her home, what then? Does any candid woman pretend that her kitchen represents to her maid any element of true home? In her own home she has, perhaps, her own little parlor, in which are collected the very best attempts at decoration, of which her taste and purse are capable, and here, in this little parlor, she can receive the “followers,” which are forbidden in the kitchen in so many households. There is implanted in every human soul, a desire for a good time. There is also implanted in each breast a desire for intercourse with our fellow-beings of both sexes. Is it natural, therefore, that when a young girl has finished her day’s work by washing the dishes, she should find her highest enjoyment in sitting down in the “cozy kitchen” by herself to knit or read? She is cut out of *your* good times in the parlor—she has none of her own. She may go home once a week, perhaps, and receive her friends, but those days must seem very far apart to the young, active, fun-loving American girl.

Admitting that humanity is the same the world over—that race, climate or color makes no difference, except, perhaps, in degree—that the Lord has implanted in the human soul certain hopes and

desires, ranging not so much in degree as quality, according to the surroundings and refinement of the possessor—we can but admit that in all hearts, no matter the sex, has been implanted the desire to “some day” own a *home*. All men look forward to the day when they shall establish a home—all women look forward to the possibility of reigning as queen in some such home.

“Foolish thing! To leave me where she was so comfortable, and marry that poor young fellow, where she’ll have to work like a horse, to help keep soul and body together!” exclaimed a mistress when her valued maid, spite of the edict, “no followers,” had pledged herself to this same “poor young man.”

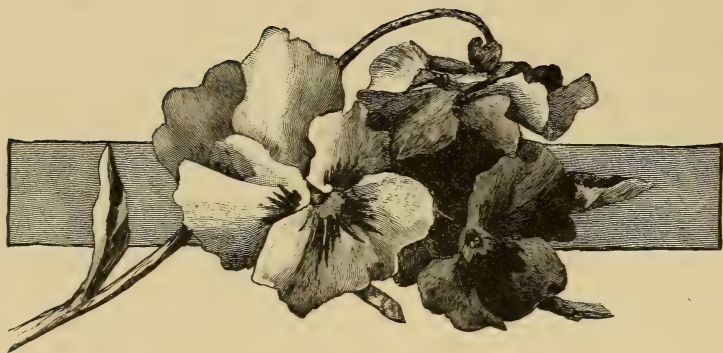
“Foolish thing!” Why? Because she is going with the choice of her heart, from a “comfortable home,” to one less comfortable? Let that same mistress look back to the time when she, herself, pledged herself to do her best to help make a comfortable home for her “Paul.” Did she not know that she was going to a home in which many, if not most, of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, would be absolutely wanting? Did this deter her? Did she not look forward with actual pleasure to the fact that some sacrifices would be required of her? And had that same Paul been called to the frontiers by his profession or calling, would she have hesitated to go with him? Would she not rather have rejoiced that she was able to help him bear his hard life? The contrast in one case is no greater than that in the other, and why should one woman hesitate more than the other?

In this connection, however, I do not hesitate to make the statement that for the present chaotic state of the kitchen, the young man of the present day is in a high degree responsible. Admitting that the young mechanic is desirous of taking unto himself the care of a wife, where does he look for one? In someone’s kitchen? Not by any means, if for no other reason than that he seeks the ones whom he is likely to meet. He seeks, as a *help-meet*, the girl who, by all odds, must be of the least possible use or help to him—he seeks the girl who has had no chance whatever of learning the ways and means of housekeeping and home-making, and the result is often a disastrous failure. But *why* does he do this? Partly because of the reason above, but mainly because the average young mechanic and laboring man has grown to regard “living out” as a position of which to be ashamed. He prefers to take his wife from that which he chooses to consider a higher walk of life, spite of her ignorance



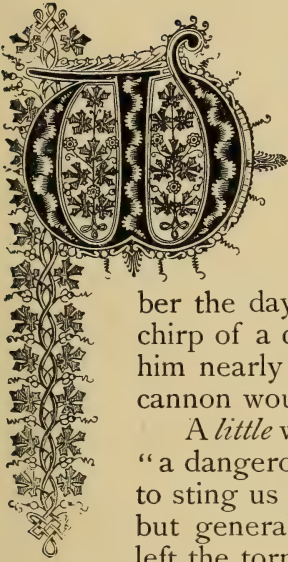
of domestic affairs. It is all wrong? Certainly, but it *is*—that seems to be the main question. And it is an unfortunate, but equally indisputable fact, that we, as mortals, are much more apt to try to do what we *wish*, than what is for our best good.

These are some of the various reasons *why* we have a decadence of servants in these days. I am not offering any solution of the difficulty. I have merely striven to present, clearly, some of the views that may be taken of this very agitating question. I leave it to others to say what shall be done; I can but express my firm conviction that the outcome of it all, not perhaps in your time or mine, will be co-operative housekeeping.



### CHAPTER III.

#### GNATS.



WHO is not familiar with the story of the bull, who having successfully combated with larger foes, was finally driven to desperation, and even death, by such insignificant things as gnats?

Who, in his own experience, has not met with the same thing? Who does not remember the day, when the gentle breeze displacing a leaf, the chirp of a cricket, or the breaking of a pencil point, drove him nearly distracted; a day when perhaps the firing of a cannon would not have made him wince?

A *little* worry is like the proverbial "little knowledge"—"a dangerous thing." We drive it away; it but returns to sting us or at least buzz in our ears. We strike at it, but generally find that we have wounded ourselves and left the torment very much alive.

From a mad dog we run to a place of safety, but from the flocks of mosquitoes that attack us upon our doorstep, or from the *one* which has insinuated itself under the net, we have no redress. If our enemy deliberately attack us, we know what to do—meet it as best we can.

But if, instead of a lie or a personal attack, our enemy indulge only in one or many of the petty methods by which we human beings can make another utterly, suicidally wretched, without the aggressor being amenable to the law, we are absolutely helpless. With what discomfort of mind to the victim may a simple question or expression be fraught if but accompanied by a raising of the brow, a meaning smile, or a peculiar inflection of the voice?

A slander that is really a libel is easily met—an arrow that can be removed from the wound with comparatively little discomfort.

An insinuation that is in effect a slander, yet merely *remains* a slander, is a bullet entering a wound and hiding itself to rankle there even after the flesh is healed to the world, and causing more trouble and soreness than three or four clean-cut arrow wounds.

The mad dogs of life are comparatively few—the gnats are legion. It is not only from “battle, murder and sudden death,” but from the petty annoyances forming so large an element in our daily lives that we need deliverance.

Among the “gnats” which are more soul-trying than all the rest, are the unhappy people we meet—people who seem determined that life owes them a grudge, no matter what their circumstances are. They seem to recognize no responsibility upon their own part to make life endurable for others, and one sometimes almost fails to see their use in the world, except, perhaps, as an “awful example.”

“Rich is he who has more than he wants,” and *happy* is he who can see *some* good in his unpleasant surroundings. Taking human life as a whole there is, of course, more unhappiness than happiness, and if we choose to look round we can see, without going far, nay, at our gates almost, cases of poverty that amount almost to destitution. These the world is accustomed to regard as the most unhappy cases of all.

This, however, is not the true view, for even destitution is often accompanied by a spirit so bright and cheery as to make even the pangs of hunger light. The people most needing our pity (not sympathy) are those who are persistently unhappy in spite of the most pleasant circumstances, those who see in every change of fortune only possible evil, no matter which way the scales may balance.

There are many who actually seem to consider it a virtue to find a flaw in everything rather than accept “the goods the gods provide.” They “*can't* help it” they claim. For such, the weather is never right. They see no beauty in the sunset, because, forsooth, “Dear knows how long such weather will last. It is very nice now, but, likely as not, it will rain to-morrow.”

Present good is invariably swallowed up in prospective evil. The word “sympathy” was advisedly avoided, and the word “pity” used instead. Such people are truly to be pitied, but not in any degree to be sympathized with. The persons with whom to sympathize, are those who are daily compelled, by force of circumstances, to listen to their vain repinings and their puerile complaints.

If one does them a kindness, they are sure to see some sinister



motive behind it. If ordinary accidents happen, they look wise and insinuate that it was all design.

If another be compelled by an inexorable fate to forego an engagement, no amount of humble apologies or explanations will convince these Solomons that the whole thing was not designed from the beginning, and that the engager never meant to keep the appointment. Such people have the very worst opinion of everybody but themselves. As to themselves, they are *never* wrong, oh no!—their judgments, spite of many proofs to the contrary, (conveniently forgotten) are always correct; their comments on passing events, if the events be adverse, invariably “I told you so,” and, spite of the fact that the lie is so often given to their funereal predictions, they are still undaunted and come to the surface with their lugubrious prophecies at the first opportunity, (and to such, opportunities are not wanting.)

The power to notice and enjoy that which is really to be enjoyed in our lot, is as possible of cultivation as the power to learn to read, and is quite as necessary if one would regard life in any other way than as one long, painful grind. (This latter we have, for the sake of humanity, no right to do.) It is also possible to be very miserable without making of ourselves absolute nuisances to all around us.

One of our first duties to our children should be to inculcate in them a sense of gratitude, not gratitude to *us*, but the gratitude which is really thankful that things are no worse.

This is our duty no more to them than to mankind. It is to be done not only that they, personally, may be benefited but, lest society and the home circle be cursed in them themselves, with that most disagreeable of all bores—habitual grumblers.

I presume that if we were really stoical we would not let this “gnat,” annoy us. That we would reflect that they are more unhappy in themselves than we could possibly be in their company, but one cannot help feeling a desire to try, by forcible language, if by no other way, to oblige them to keep their puerile complainings to themselves.

However, as this is beyond our jurisdiction, let us each strive, for our own sakes at least, (if we prefer to take a selfish view of the matter) to cultivate in ourselves, to the fullest extent in our power, to accept circumstances as they come with a good grace. “*Laetus Sorte Mea!*” What a glorious, soul-inspiring motto!

The poor man with a shortened leg had certainly found the true philosophy of life. “I’ve always been so glad,” said he, “that *both* legs weren’t shorter than the other.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### FORM.



ND finally arrives the time when, after a season of training, and polishing, and finishing, our little daughter emerges from the nursery and takes her place in society. She is invested with a new dignity—she has “come out,” and she stands before the world a full-fledged young lady. Before her, lie all the pleasures which she has as yet seen but from afar; or, at best, tasted very sparingly, and if she has been carefully trained to meet this moment, while for the time being, her head may be a little turned by the intoxication of the new life, “let not your heart be troubled,” for beneath the butterfly exterior of the moment, the same beautiful soul is hidden which, if you have been wise, you know so well, and in a little while, matters will have adjusted themselves. If you have been wise, and it has been possible, you have not entirely neglected your social duties and pleasures during your children’s nursery days, and you stand ready, now that your daughter is emancipated from nursery rule, to have her enter society under your own chaperonage. You will not always feel it necessary to accompany her, perhaps, but she will feel that you can understand her enjoyment of her good time, and the mother and daughter will be as companionable as ever. If you are wise, you will fill your house with young people and give them a good time and renew your own youth, while giving others pleasure. Your husband, too, will be delighted to see you again resume something like the vivacity of early days, and life will assume new proportions all around. How often do we see the lamentable spectacle of a father and his daughters out at some evening entertainment without the mother, because she “does not care for society.” Perhaps she does not, but it is her duty, for

her children's sake, to keep up with the times, at least in a degree. An unfortunate day has arrived when an able-bodied mother must depend on her children for knowledge as to social forms and customs, or else commit solecisms, at which her children shall be mortified. Woe to the mother who is a public mortification to her children ! Their love is the same, but her influence is weakened till it is merely nominal.

And what *is* mere form ? Let him define it who can.

Form is a thing of such infinite degrees, and is subject to such a variety of interpretations, that it is almost impossible to convey to another any adequate conception of the meaning of the word. "Let us be natural," says one. "Let us act out our real selves. All this form is cramping to the soul ; it is the death of true society, making social life a hollow mockery."

But if we handle the subject analytically we find that "form" is the military discipline of society, and what our army would be without its discipline, would our society be without its forms. Where forms and regulations exist, the ease with which one may act is very greatly increased. If there be a certain form to comply with and one meets its requirements, the thing is accomplished and one's responsibility over. But if each may act to suit himself or herself in any given case, one can never calculate what the result of that case may be, and the whole affair is naturally very much retarded.

One is frequently asked, in a tone of derision, after one has remonstrated with another in regard to some particular breach of etiquette, "Ah ? Is that the 'propah capah ?'" Now, while the "propah capah" is a thing which certainly can be carried to excess, there is no manner of doubt that "ceremony" is the thing which keeps society together.

Nearly all forms, abused though they be, have arisen from some real or fancied need—that is, they have been made to suit some particular occasion. If the occasion never comes to you or me, we have no need of the form, but if it *should* come, do let us conform to that which general custom lays down as the "correct thing" to do.

Though a subordinate may be the personal and intimate friend of a superior officer, does he on meeting him say, "How are you, general, or colonel ?" as the case may be. Indeed he does not. It is obligatory that he go through the form of a military salute.

"But a man may be a good man and still know nothing about the requirements of society !"

True, a man may be a good man and not know how to salute



his superior officers well, but he is not a good soldier. And to be a valuable and pleasant member of society, it is necessary to understand its customs and accede to its demands in a degree.

Suppose each one in church should pray or sing as he felt inclined, what a bedlam would there be. Church government has prescribed certain forms and ceremonies for each denomination, and only in conforming to those forms and ceremonies, is the church government safe. Civil government has prescribed certain other laws and ceremonies, and without them where would civil government be?

Why not social laws, as well? "I don't like hypocrisy!" some one exclaims. "I am not going to return Miss So-and-so's call and be civil to her, when I can't bear her, just because she has called on me and 'society' says I must return it. Suppose, too, I am *obliged* to ask her to my house. I *ask* her because I *must*, but I'm not going to be such a hypocrite as to ask her for the 'pleasure' of her company, when it is no pleasure at all."

Let us inquire, when you met Miss So-and-so last, did you not say, "How do you do?" or "How are you?" or "Good morning?"

Did you *care* how she did, or was? or did it strike you that "Good morning" was merely an abbreviation of the wish for a "good morning to you?" Was not this hypocrisy as well? Why speak to her at all?

When one gives a dinner, it is customary to have soup, fish, meat, etc., in regulation order. Everyone who gives a dinner, does just this, and wherever the guest goes, he knows just what to expect, and he can arrange his appetite accordingly. This custom has been the outgrowth of various necessities. Gastronomes discovered years and years ago, that a little soup was an excellent appetizer; so the custom of soup first, began to prevail. But custom likewise says "a *little* soup," so that no matter how hungry one may be, or how delicious the soup, a *little* is all one takes. Why should not one eat more of it, if one wants it? Because if one did, the appetite of the guest would be satisfied with the soup, and all the dinner following, would be a failure to the guest, and a disappointment to the hostess.

There is no more reason in one guest continuing to eat soup till satisfied, than there is in one soldier putting out his left foot, when all the rest of the regiment put out their right.

"There's nothing wicked in a man's eating with his knife," testily exclaimed a man when remonstrated with on this evidence of ill-breeding."

"No," replied the other with a groan. "I wish there was ; then christians would not do it."

There *is* nothing wicked in using one's knife to eat with, but custom again remonstrates and asserts that the fork is the more dainty as well as the less dangerous tool.

It is ill-bred to leave one's spoon standing in one's cup, but why? Etiquette discovered long ago that a spoon standing in a cup was a possible source of much discomfort to the careful housemother, as, in the most unwitting way, a wide sleeve or a carelessly handled napkin, might, and often did, upset the full cup, and thus destroy all the neatness of the daintily-set table, as well as make the washing of extra table linen necessary. So etiquette laid down the iron rule that the spoon must *not* stand up in the cup.

It is useless to cite further instances, but all these only go to prove that from some cause in each case, other than mere whim, etiquette has gradually evolved her code, and that this code, if one would live in unity with his fellow-men, (likewise women) it is well to follow when occasion offers.

"Form" is the backbone of a law-abiding community, and he who excuses himself for rudeness upon the plea that he "hates form," intrenches himself behind a prickly hedge which repulses all who would come near, and which will surely at some time thrust its spines deep into his own soul.

If you are invited anywhere, for common decency's sake do go through the form of a properly-written acceptance or refusal. Don't think, "When I see him I'll tell him I'm not coming."

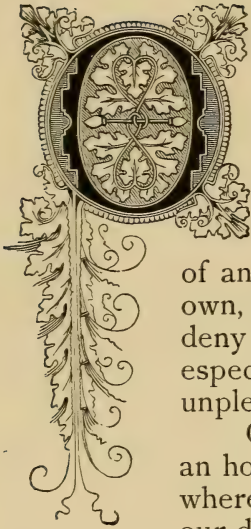
Formality may become greatly exaggerated, but depend upon it, every form that has ever arisen, has originated in some necessity.

Just as it is necessary for the sake of symmetry to have all the leaves of a book of one shape, just so is a combining of a number of small and apparently insignificant and useless customs, necessary to the formation of a symmetrical social body.



## CHAPTER V.

### SOCIAL VISITING.



OUR daughter is now launched fairly upon the world, and must take up her share of the social visiting—calling and receiving, attending and giving entertainments—entering into all that life brings her. It is to be hoped that she has not that very undesirable attribute, the typical American voice. Whether the “typical voice” of any other nation be better or worse than that of our own, we cannot, even as enthusiastic and loyal citizens, deny that the typical voice of Americans (the more especially that belonging to the women of America), is unpleasant.

Of course, we all *do* strenuously deny this fact, but an hour spent in any railway station, or anywhere else where Americans “most do congregate,” will prove that our denial is based on false premises. If this were a failing, a defect, one might accept the unpleasant fact as inevitable. But such is not the case. In the American vocal chords lie all the elements of pleasant, flowing tones, and the reverse, in most cases, is merely the result of ignorance or carelessness—ignorance upon the part of the parents, carelessness upon the part of the speaker.

A well-known teacher of elocution was accustomed to give this as a primary rule: “Remember that the first thing necessary, is to *cultivate* a low-pitched, smooth, even voice, not a *tone*, used merely in reading before me or others, but a regular habit of voice. This will very materially aid you in becoming good elocutionists.” This statement she proved, by results, and pupils finished by her, were as absolutely changed in regard to the voice in daily use, as they were



in their powers of elocution. The high-pitched, nasal tone, heard so often in America (commonly and appropriately denominated "a nasal twang") is the result merely of lack of cultivation.

Much of this work of cultivation properly falls into the mother's hands, if she only knew it. A mother who permits her child to talk through her nose, is laying up for her daughter an element of future discomfort; for the time will most probably arrive, when both mother and daughter will realize that the habit could have been more readily corrected in childhood—the more especially if the daughter desires to sing. We teach our children to turn out their toes, because the reverse is ugly; why not teach them to "turn out" their voices, in full, round tones, for the same good reason?

Business men assert that one great element of business success is a good voice. The wisdom of a Solomon, conveyed in a weak or nasal tone, loses half its weight, while the utterances of one much less inspired, if given in round, full tones, carry with them conviction. The man who utters them, impresses the hearer as *believing in himself*, and he who can impress others with this fact, wins half the battle, almost before the conflict begins.

What is true of man, is equally true of woman, and as it is her duty to make the most of any gift with which she may be endowed, let her be sure that among those gifts, not by any means to be despised or neglected, is a good, clear, sweet, even voice, such as can be acquired by the expenditure of a little care, thought and practice.

Well, we will assume that the daughter has received the proper training in this respect, as well as in all others; that she has a fair proportion of good looks; that she is dressed reasonably within the bounds of present fashion, combined with becomingness of garb; that she has a fairly well-balanced mind and a good education. She is not phenomenal in any respect; she is merely a good, wholesome, honest, well-regulated, fun-loving girl, with eyes wide open to see all round her, and nerves and sensibilities very much alive to all influences. Thus equipped, she is ready to take her place side by side with the veterans in the discharge of her social duties.

First of these, perhaps, as the simplest, comes the duty of "calling." In a late article, Mrs. Mary E. Sherwood asserts that it is a mooted question, at present, as to who shall pay the first call in a new neighborhood—that some authorities assert that it is the part of the new-comer to make the first call, though commoner custom

makes that duty devolve upon the prior resident. It would seem that there should be no question upon this subject. Common sense would seem to dictate that the latter method was the true one, first, because it evinces a disposition to be neighborly with the new-comer; second, because it is very unpleasant for anyone in any degree sensitive, to call on a number of absolute strangers, without any idea as to her reception. Nor has she any means of judging of her reception, unless she begins a systematic gossiping among those whose acquaintance she has already made. Therefore, unless your lot is cast where the reverse has been laid down as a fixed rule, by all means, wait until the neighbors have first called upon you. This first call should be returned within one week. After that, circumstances will regulate matters for you. If the acquaintance is an uncongenial one, you will not be obliged to return the second call, and here the acquaintance will probably end. If calling upon more than one person in one house, send up (if they are in) a card for each one. If they are out, leave cards for each. On no account, or under no circumstances, make one card "do" for two people. If calling upon a friend who is visiting a hostess unknown to yourself, you must, by all means, ask for the hostess also, and send up or leave cards for both, precisely the same as if you were acquainted with both. This is an invariable regulation, which cannot change with time, as it springs from the courtesy of consideration.

The time of day for calling must depend somewhat upon the custom of the place in which you dwell or are visiting. It is not well for anyone to strenuously maintain a rigid etiquette, even though she knows herself to be correct according to the latest code in fashionable quarters, if it is not in accordance among the people with whom her lot is cast. Ordinarily, however, intimate calling is done between the hours of eleven and one, while more ceremonious calls are made from two to four. But even these hours vary in different large cities, and the points of etiquette change so constantly, that books written upon these subjects are really "out of date" in a few months. All one can do is to keep constantly on the alert for information as to the latest fad. For instance, the ultra-fashionables now declare that it is admissible—and not only admissible, but proper—to eat, among other things, tarts, lettuce and cheese with the fingers, as well as the wing or drumstick of a chicken. A lady visiting lately in Washington, created quite a sensation at a dinner party by deftly taking the wing of the chicken

in her fingers, taking the meat therefrom with no other assistance than that provided by her teeth. After she had left, she was freely discussed and her supposed *gaucherie* severely condemned. But they were assured by the only other lady present who always knows what the last fad is, that this was the latest edict issued by Dame Fashion in New York. So you see that even if you are supposed to know everything, you do not *quite* always know what is being done in the highest circles of some other fashionable city. Possibly, the lady in question was in her heart, pitying the rest of the company who were so far behind the times as to eat their chicken with their forks when New York says *fingers*.

The question of parties and balls is one to be settled largely by the customs of the place, but they are not nearly so much in vogue at the present day as they have been in years gone by. Receptions and "afternoons" and "evenings" have largely taken their place. These meet the requirements of social intercourse, and entail upon both hostess and guest much less preparation. A reception or tea may be either as simple or as elaborate an affair as the hostess may choose to make it. The bill of fare for an "afternoon tea" may consist only of sandwiches, tea, coffee and chocolate, if the hostess feel so inclined. In fact, it should be a very simple affair, or it defeats its end, by becoming a nuisance, as an interference with dinner. A reception may, likewise, be a very simple affair. There is this difference in the serving of the two. In an afternoon tea, the hostess herself dispenses the tea with her own hand in the parlor, and the sandwiches, or whatever other light food is served in addition, is handed the guests while in the parlor. At a reception, the edibles, be they little or much, are served in the dining room, and the guests pass out there for refreshments (where they are waited upon by a waiter), after they have conversed with the hostess and the other guests for some time. When a lady receives an invitation to a reception, to take place from seven to nine, for instance, she is not, however, expected to remain the whole two hours. This is one of the great advantages of a reception. It can be given in a comparatively small house, for a much greater number of guests can be entertained by taking them "in sections," as it were. "Evenings," too, when it is generally understood that the hostess is home, without any set invitation given out, and when such guests call in an informal manner as they feel inclined, where the entertainment for the body is of the simplest character, and that for the mind, just



whatever presents itself on the spur of the moment—such evenings as these may be counted among our most enjoyable social occasions. There may be but one or two guests, or there may be a dozen, but there is no strain upon either entertainer or entertained. This custom of setting days and evenings apart for entertaining one's friends is desirable from many points of view, and is becoming more and more popular. When one has friends at some distance, it is on both sides somewhat of a labor to call. It is, therefore, very disappointing to make this effort only to find the hostess absent. If, however, there be a regular day set for reception of calls the matter simplifies itself, and no one is disappointed.



## CHAPTER VI.

### SOCIAL CIRCLES AND CLUBS.



HERE is a class of social meetings from which very much enjoyment is extracted, and yet there seems to be no head under which to class them, unless it be the more common one of "Sociables." They are hardly sociables, either, because, as an ordinary thing, sociables meet merely for pleasure. The meetings to which I refer are those in which part of the evening, at least, is spent in mutual improvement. There is, of course, much pretence about some of them, and much arrant nonsense, not to say twaddle, talked by some of the members, and sometimes a name will be given to a social meeting which entirely misleads. I was intensely amused a short time ago to have my advice asked in regard to the re-naming of some such club. They had been meeting under the name of the R. A. L. A., which, freely translated, meant the *Royal American Literary Association*, but as they met *only* for amusement, pure and simple, and as the members did not aspire in any way to literary ability, acquirements or desires, they had concluded that the name was *hardly appropriate*. I strongly advised that they should take to themselves some name that did not mean anything at all. As they did not meet for any special purpose, such as dancing, singing or even card-playing, it would have been almost impossible to advise an appropriate name, unless it be the "Non-descript." I'm sorry I didn't think of that before. I advised them to call it "Sunflower" or "Ivy Leaf," or some equally inoffensive, euphonious and unmeaning title. Spite of all the arrant nonsense aforesaid, and inappropriate and ridiculous names given, there are very many of these societies instituted under the various heads

of Socials, Circles and Clubs, and they are not only entertaining but useful.

In the old, old days of "Singing Skules" Spelling-Bees were rife. Then they grew into disuse, but a few years ago they were again revived. There is much fun to be extracted from a well-conducted Spelling-Bee, let me tell you, and it will pay you to accept the very first invitation you receive (if you have never been to one), both on account of the fun, and that you may find out in the most unexpected and astonishing manner, what a poor speller you are.

You are a very good speller? I don't doubt it for a moment, but just wait till the person who gives out the words at a Spelling-Bee, springs on you such simple words as "Balance," "Ballad" and "Parallel," without the slightest warning; if you don't put the "double L" in the wrong place, you will be doing better than thousands of others. There are some good spellers left in the world, I admit, but they are scarce. If there was one thing our grandmother's *were* taught well, it was to spell.

Reading Circles are another form of intellectual entertainment which open a wide field for individual choice. Some devote the time entirely to light literature—some to poetry, as, for instance, Browning or Tennyson Clubs; some to the drama, as Shakspeare Clubs; some to history, some to science, but all meeting with some definite idea of mental improvement.

There is one form of Social Circle which is exceedingly interesting, and as a means of mental development, can hardly be equalled, because the territory covered is unlimited. Each member (or any number selected from among them) writes upon a slip of paper some question, of which he or she desires the answer. It must be something about which the writer really desires information. It may be of any character whatever, from, "What is the origin of the word Macramé?" or "Who was Thaddeus of Warsaw?" to "What is the best yeast for raising bread?" or "What is the latest method of making mustard poultice?" These questions are thrown together and distributed indiscriminately. The member receiving a question holds himself pledged between that time and the next meeting to do all in his power to obtain the desired information and present it to the company in concise form. And as each member is supposed to be possessed of sufficient innate good-breeding to enable him to listen courteously to the replies to other questions besides his own, each obtains a quantity of information which, even if miscellaneous, is valuable.



To be conducted on thorough business principles, there should be a secretary as well as a president attached to a circle of this kind, who should record in a book, with the date, all the questions asked, by whom they are asked, and by whom they are answered. It would, of course, be a work of much labor to record the replies themselves, but, perhaps, a brief note could be made or reference to volumes used, which would make the book invaluable as a reference. The foregoing idea is unfolding somewhat in the "Queries" propounded by various magazines, for both old and young. Prizes are offered to the one who answers the whole set, and thus ambition is roused and much useful information sought and found on the part of the aspirants.

Next in order we have clubs which meet for vocal music. These may be divided into two classes—those who sing little and talk much and those who talk little and sing much. In either case, however, the participants are satisfied, and they have a good time, and if the title of the former is a little aspiring and misplaced, who is to care? Perhaps the neighborhood is to be congratulated that they sing no more!

Next to these, and lastly, come the sociables, which meet for pleasure alone, and make no pretense to mental improvement (except, perhaps, in title, as the Royal American Literary Association.) They meet for a good time, and they generally manage to have it. They are conducted upon on a scale somewhat proportionate to the means of the participants, and can be made simple or elegant, according to the desires of the members, but as these are more in the order of entertainments, and are a question of individual taste, we will leave them out of the question.

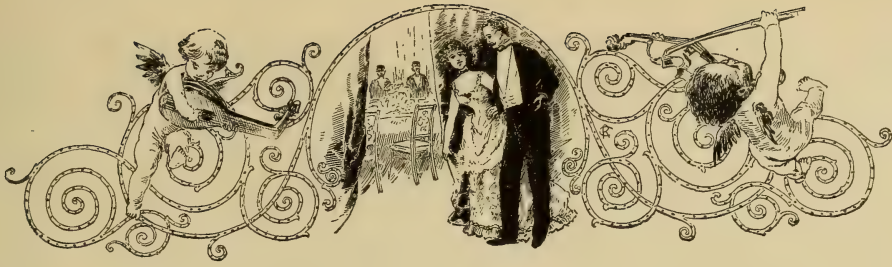












# ENTERTAINMENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

### SOAP-BUBBLE AND POP-CORN PARTIES.



ENTERTAINING one's friends does not mean what it once did. Such latitude of method, such variety of kind is there, that the hostess of the present day no longer gives a simple "party." In years gone by, *the* entertainment in ordinary, was a "party," which consisted of any number of guests, who were served with the regulation supper, at the regulation time, and who listened and danced to the same regulation music at each one. There might be a little more music, a little less supper, a greater profusion of flowers, a smaller number of guests, but one party was so nearly like every other one in kind, that each guest knew just about what to expect before the scene of festivity was reached. Whether we, as a nation, have grown to be more full of purpose, or whether, indeed, the change marks any national characteristic, I leave it for others to say; but that a change there is, cannot be denied. People congregate with a view to some definite plan—some particular object—albeit that object be an utterly frivolous one. The "dances" have, for the most part devel-





A MERRY WINTER EVENING.



oped into "germans," or something of a character equally decided. And, as for the manner of entertaining a number of guests when they meet, neither as a "euchre party," "a whist party," "a heart party," nor any other special kind of party—they are very numerous. In fact, entertaining one's friends seems to consist of selecting first, something for them to do, and then providing the means whereby they may do it.

For small entertainments then, we have, first, the "soap-bubble party" and the "pop-corn party."

I mention these two first because they are of such a nature that they are quite as suitable for children as for adults, and having been described for the latter, each mother will know how to conduct one for the former. I would merely suggest, however, that if given for children, a soap-bubble party is much prettier and more entertaining as a summer festivity, because much of the fun with children consists in seeing the bubbles float away into space.

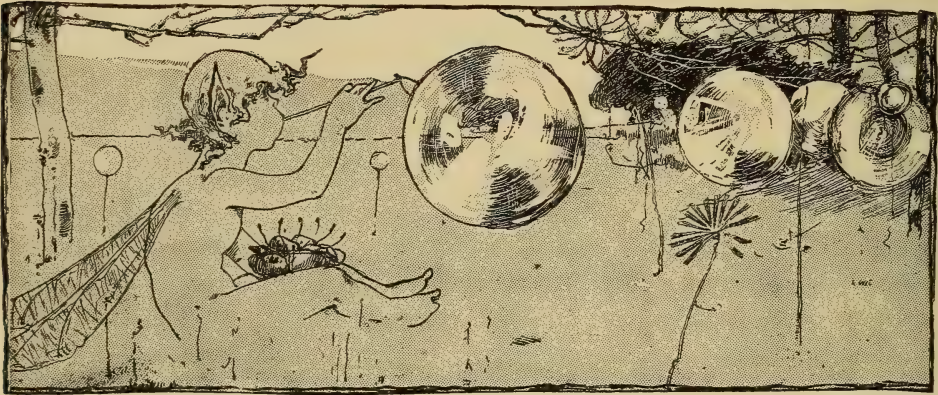
Now, then, for the "bubble-party" for adults. We must consider first the number of guests. This should be limited for two or three reasons. Primarily, because there should not be more than can comfortably stand around the dining-table, as the dining-room is probably the place in which you will blow your bubbles; and, too, an affair of this kind is so essentially informal, that a number of guests would make it very uncomfortable.

A third reason for limiting the number, is the expense of the prizes. There should be some small token for each guest, with some two or three extra ones. Of course the expense of these must depend upon individual ability and inclination, but it will be better to have a smaller number and rather more expensive ones, though, indeed, I have attended most enjoyable bubble-parties where the prizes consisted of nothing more costly than a china doll or a wooden monkey on a stick. That is one great charm about these things, the prizes may be made as funny or as elaborate as the taste and ingenuity can devise.

They may be all home-made, and consist of dainty hand-painted scent bags, needle-cases, etc., for the ladies, and pocket-pincushions or any other dainty trifle for the gentlemen; or they may be bought, and consist of some funny toy; or if elaboration and elegance is desired, the hostess may go still further and provide her guests with some appropriate article of jewelry. When this is done, however, it should be good of its kind, and the supper should

correspond with the elegance of the prizes. But be they large or small, expensive or comical, there should be, as before stated, one for each guest, with from three to a half-dozen extra, and the regulation of the blowing, should be so devised that each guest will procure some little memento of the evening. This is best done by, first of all, giving out prizes for the largest bubble blown in a given time.

Suppose the time to be three minutes, the hostess takes her watch in her hand, and calling "Time!" watches for the moment when the hand shall have traversed three minutes' space. Meanwhile the guests have dipped and blown, dipped and blown with varied success—some bubbles bursting at once, some not going out until almost the goal is reached, when lo! a puff, and they are gone, and perhaps



the only bubble among the assembly will be one that has just been begun, and is not yet larger than an orange. But that is the one which gains the "first prize" in that contest. Having gained it, that aspirant blows no more, thus avoiding any possibility of obtaining a second prize in the same contest. This programme should be gone through, each successful guest dropping out, until all the guests have secured one memento. After that, any regulation that may seem good to the hostess, may be instituted for the drawing of the extra prizes. But it adds very much to the success of the party, if the hostess fully makes up her mind beforehand and then announces the regulations. To leave it in any way to the choice of the guests, after they assemble, is a mistake. If she feels inclined to add an



element of elegance to this little affair, she can construct a neat, pretty little programme for each guest, upon a small card. These, she may hand-paint if she pleases, with some appropriate or fanciful design, or decorate in any other way she may see fit, attaching a ribbon to one end, that it may be tied into the buttonhole of the wearer.

Next, the pipes. These should be of ordinary clay, of two colors. They should be white for the ladies and reddish-brown for the gentlemen. On each should be painted prettily the date and the initials of the user. In these days, when almost every girl "paints a little," no matter of what else she is ignorant, it will not be very difficult to do this or to find some friend who will willingly do it. If the pipes are prepared several days ahead, water-colors will be all-sufficient, but if they are to be used the next day, and will have but little time to dry, oil is better, as, unless very dry, the water-color will wash off, perhaps. Around the stem, just above the bowl, should be tied a piece of narrow ribbon, about six or eight inches long. This should be removed before using the pipe, but the owner will like to again attach it and hang the pipe and prize together upon the wall, at home, as a memento of the occasion. All such trophies are very pleasant to look upon, and youth likes to collect them. The pipes should be arranged in a pretty basket, which may form one of the extra prizes.

Now, for the "suds." These should be made by adding strong soap to water into which a little glycerine has been put. There is to be found *somewhere*, but I can recall neither where nor its real name, a soap-bubble fluid that is said to make the most marvelous bubbles, both as to size and color. I can assure you that those who attend a properly conducted soap-bubble party have a merry time of it, and such a party is hailed with delight by both old and young.

A "pop-corn party" consists merely in collecting your friends (only a few) for a good old-fashioned popping of corn. To extract the most from such a party, there should be an open fire-place, and the light from the fire should be the main one in the room. The refreshments for such an evening as this should be simple, and consist mainly of fruits, or, perhaps, coffee and sandwiches, as agreeing better with the popped corn, which, of course, is eaten in quantities. However, this, too, is a matter of choice, for physicians are now recommending, as a cure for dyspepsia, thoroughly popped corn,



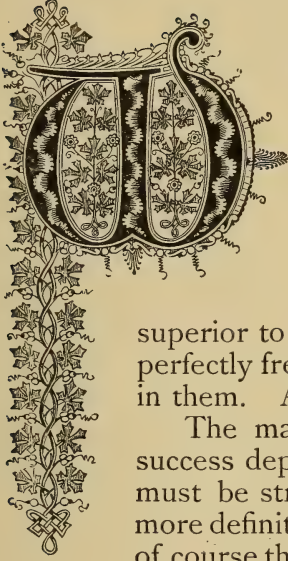
sprinkled with salt. After it has been popped, the corn may be treated in three different ways. It may be merely salted or sugared.—it may be made into balls with a little syrup prepared for the purpose—or it may be buttered. The last is quite the approved plan, though hardly fit for children, as it is too rich. In order to prepare it, as soon as popped, it should be turned into a tin pan, a lump of butter put in it, salt sprinkled over it, and the whole kept in agitation over the fire till the three ingredients are thoroughly incorporated.

Of course, after the popping of the corn is all over, there will be games or some other entertainments, provided by the hostess, as this performance will not fill an entire evening.



## CHAPTER II.

### CANDY PARTIES.



HEN I say "candy party," I ought, really, to say "*French*" candy party, because it is not the ordinary, old-fashioned "candy pull," for the making of taffies, etc., to which I refer, but a party for the making of *French* candies. To the inexperienced this sounds very formidable; but, it is in reality, a very simple affair.

If they are properly made, they are decidedly superior to bought candies, for, in the first place, they are perfectly fresh, and, in the second place, one knows what is in them. And then, too—it is great fun to make them.

The making of the *paste* is the part upon which the success depends, and while the directions are simple, they must be strictly adhered to. It is impossible to give any more definite recipe than one egg to one pound of sugar, but of course the size of the eggs varies, and consequently when the egg is very large, it will require a little more sugar than when of small or medium size. To get the paste "just right," can only be learned by experience. *This*, however, comes with making it once or twice. It is better to make it a little too soft than too stiff, as it hardens very quickly, as soon as it is allowed to dry.

Now for the process.

To each pound of sugar take the white of one egg and an equal quantity of cold water. Beat the egg and water together until well mixed; then stir them into the sugar, which should be in a pretty large bowl, and add any flavor you may like—vanilla, orange or lemon. For orange or lemon flavor, it is much better to use the *fruit* than the extract. If orange is used, the water should be omitted, taking the same proportion of orange-juice instead.

In making large quantities it is well to make up only two pounds at a time and vary the flavor. It is also more easily handled in this

way, because in making six or eight pounds at once, the paste dries before it can be used. When it becomes too stiff to stir, take it out and knead it on a flat dish. This is where the experience comes in—to knead in just enough sugar to make it right and not get it *too dry*.

In buying your sugar always get one pound *more* than the number of eggs you expect to use. This allows for the extra sugar to be kneaded in, in case the eggs are large. If you only want to try one pound for an experiment, pick out a small egg.

For cream chocolates, roll the paste into balls about as large as shell-barks, and place on a plate so that they will not touch each other, and put them in a cool place. Make in plain round balls. Being soft when put upon the plates, the under side will flatten and make them the proper shape. If making two flavors, it is well to make each a different shape, so that you may be able to distinguish them after they have been dipped. Instead of making *round* balls, make them a little long—like a roll of butter. You can also pat the paste out into a flat sheet, and cut into squares. They ought not to be more than three-quarters of an inch square. Varying the size, shape or color of your candies, whenever you can, will add very much to the appearance of your boxes when you make them up.

Buy the best Baker's chocolate, (be sure not to get *sweet* chocolate, as you can do nothing with it), cut it down and put it in a bowl in a pan of boiling water or over the tea-kettle. By the time the chocolate is melted, the balls which you have put to dry will be ready to dip. Drop them in, one at a time, and roll them around. When they are covered, take them out by placing a fork *under* them—do not *stick* them with the fork, holding a moment to drain—and put them on waxed paper, such as the grocers use to wrap butter in. You can buy the paper at any grocery store for a very small price. Do not put the chocolates on greased plates, as so many people will tell you to do. If you use the papers, when the chocolates are cool all you have to do, is to lift the papers up and shake them off. They will be perfectly firm and hard outside, and if your *paste* is not too dry, creamy and delicious inside.

You will find the fruits more easily managed than any other part of the candy making.

The *dates* are simply cut open on one side with a sharp knife, the stone removed, and a strip of the paste inserted in the opening. Then press the date together again, allowing the paste to show.



Raisins are treated in the same manner, first taking out all the seeds.

The figs are quartered and the paste applied, but there is nothing to remove.

For the English walnuts, put a piece of paste between the two halves, press them together and smooth the side; shell-barks the same; but with black walnuts a little different method is required, on account of their irregularity. Take a small lump of the paste and cover it with pieces (size or shape is no object), letting the paste come through between.

For the filberts, take a small piece of the paste—flatten it and put it in the palm of your hand, and place the filbert in the middle of it. Draw up the sides and roll it around until smooth.

You will find the almond the most difficult nut to work with, but the task can be made much easier, if you will put the nuts in a colander and run water over them to take off the dust, and then let them drain, and use them while they are damp not *wet*. It is their excessive dryness which makes them hard to manage, because they absorb the moisture of the paste, which causes it to separate.

In buying your sugar be sure to have it free from lumps. Ask for "confectioners' sugar." (Some call it "lozenge sugar.") It varies in price from ten to fifteen cents per pound, the price depending on the place of purchase, and not upon the quality. I have bought better sugar for ten cents at one place than that for which I paid fifteen cents at another.

Let me also advise you to buy your nuts already cracked and shelled. It is much cheaper in the end, as you will waste a great deal more than the difference in the price, if you undertake to do them yourself, to say nothing of the labor and time it takes to prepare them.

In all large cities there are stores which make a business of selling confectioners' supplies and you can find all these materials there, at very reasonable prices. But, if you are out of reach of such places, you can prepare them yourself, by cracking the nuts *carefully* and keeping them as *whole* as possible.

After you get your candies made, you will say, "What shall I do with my scraps? It seems a pity to waste all this," for you will find sticking fast to your bowl a great deal of chocolate that you cannot use for the cream chocolates, and also a quantity of little fine pieces of all kinds of nuts which you cannot use for anything else.

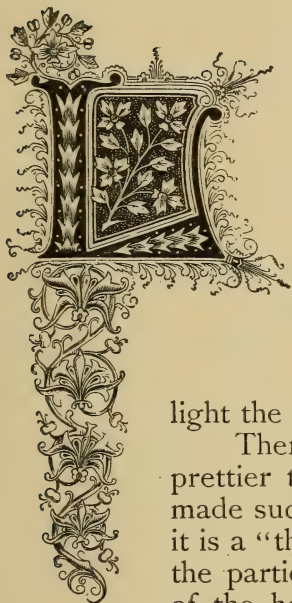
Chop these nuts very fine in a wooden bowl, put them into the chocolate bowl, and they will take up every bit of the chocolate that is left. Add to this a little sugar (scraps of the paste, if you have any left) and a little cinnamon; roll out and cut into pieces about an inch long, and you have "Jim Crows," which are quite an addition to your candy box. You will have to regulate the quantity of sugar and cinnamon by the amount of "scraps" you have left; and if they seem too dry to work up, it will not hurt to add just a little water to them. Be sure to keep the chocolate hot all the time you are working with it, until you roll it out. It will harden as soon as it cools.

If you want to make these candies for a fair, or charitable purpose of any kind, you can put them up in tissue paper packages (different colors) and make them look very pretty and attractive. Take a sheet of tissue paper, and crimp it as you would for making a lamp shade. After it has a crépy appearance, spread it out flat, and put into the centre of it, one-quarter of a pound of the candies. Then draw it up and twist it around at the top, turning over the four corners, or points which will look very much like the petals of a flag. When there are several colors together the effect is very pleasing.



### CHAPTER III.

#### LAWN PARTIES.



LAWN PARTIES are confounded with the ordinary tennis, or croquet party, but they are, though a combination of both, a distinctly separate entertainment. A tennis party meets distinctly and only by daylight, but a lawn party extends itself way along through the pleasant twilight, and even after the

“Stars of the summer night,  
Far in yon azure height,”

light the scene, is the “sound of revelry” kept up.

There is no entertainment in the world that is prettier than a well-conducted lawn party. It can be made such a picturesque affair, that to even the beholder it is a “thing of beauty.” Of course, the accessories of the parties will depend in a measure upon the means of the hostess, but it is of all entertainments (except, perhaps, a masquerade) a case where ingenuity will take the place of money. In the first place, a lawn party should never be attempted by anyone *who has no lawn*. Do not laugh. There are many people quite as ambitious in this direction as were the “Royal American Literary Association” in theirs. And many have attempted an entertainment of this kind in quarters so cramped that the whole performance was entertaining, more from the point of ludicrousness than from any other.

Given a lawn, then, of comparative size, first in order, comes the invitations. These may either be formal or informal, according to the kind of entertainment and the number invited. If formal, the invitations should read very much as an invitation to any other party. It would be useless to give, in such a book as this, set forms, sizes of cards, or any other *exact* particulars in regard to invitations and





QUEEN OF THE CUPIDS.

kindred matters, as they change yearly, and even oftener. Any stationer to whom you apply for the necessary material, can always inform you of "the latest and most approved style," which will be a method by far more sure than that of depending on a book even one year old. But in making a choice from these, it is always better to select the *plainest* as being the most truly elegant. I only endeavor, in this volume, to give such hints and information as are good, if not "for all time," at least for many years.

Second in question, comes the dress. Much beauty is added to the scene, if the garb for the occasion is what is known as "fancy-dress." The light costumes of midsummer are very pretty, but "fancy-dress" is prettier. When the hostess has decided this point, she should distinctly so state in her invitation. With the present cheapness and rich effects of cretonnes and silesias, the costumes need not be in any way expensive. Or, perhaps, even a last year's gay-figured lawn on a pale blue ground, may be artistically looped over a petticoat of pink silesia. This, with a little sister's broad hat trimmed with *ingenuity* (quite as much as with ribbons or flowers) will make an inexpensive "Bo-Peep" or "Dolly Varden" costume, not to be despised. This is a day of well-regulated *shams*, and as they are openly practiced and thoroughly understood by all concerned, no one is deceived, and practically they are *not* shams. We work very much for effect in these days; so when you find a pretty piece of silesia or satine, that looks like silk, buy it by all means, and rejoice that you have the effect of silk, at one-fifth the cost. It is a pretty idea to have the whole company attired in the dress of some particular period, say, Marie Antoinette or Queen Elizabeth.

Next in order we will consider the entertainments. These may consist of any outdoor games—croquet, tennis, grace-hoops, ring-toss and quoits are all in order for a lawn party. A platform may be erected for dancing in the evening, if considered desirable; but at many lawn parties there is no dancing at all. To be at its very prettiest, the lawn and verandahs, or porches, should be artistically and fully decorated with Chinese lanterns of all styles. It is well, in using Chinese lanterns in this way, to erect artificial arches where you can, and to put the lanterns also in unexpected places. A lawn prettily and artistically decorated with lighted lanterns, looks almost like fairyland. They should be lighted as soon as there is the least dusk to give an excuse; and someone should have them in charge, and see that they are renewed if there seems any danger of their



burning down. One very pretty accessory is a tent here and there, It adds much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Refreshments. The supper should, of course, be spread out-of-doors, and should be such a one as would be provided for an indoor party. No one is expected to sit at the table, though there should be plenty of chairs scattered all over the grounds. There should be, in some cool, shady corner, or, perhaps, in one of the tents mentioned above, a constant supply of cold lemonade on hand, to which everybody may have access. There should be a waiter there, whose exclusive business should be, for the time being, to see that the guests are provided for in this respect. The beverage should be placed in a rustic vessel of some kind, if it is kept in the shady nook aforesaid. This is easily made by arranging an artificial mound, in which is sunk an artificial well, surrounded by vines and flowers. But *do* be careful to keep the *bugs* out of it. One of the greatest difficulties about *picnic* lemonade is that one never knows just what prize one is going to draw in the next glass. But that is because there is no one in particular to look after it. The waiter in attendance should keep an eagle eye on his charge, and let no catastrophe like this occur.

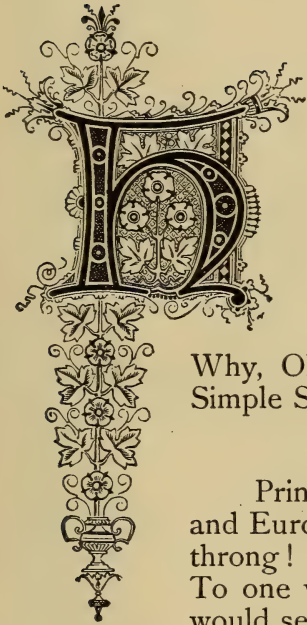
The hostess should, of course, make it her business to see that every guest is provided with amusement, and that all are carefully looked after. As this would be difficult for one person to accomplish, it would be well for her to ask one or two young people to assist her in entertaining.





## CHAPTER IV.

### MASQUERADES.



HAVE you ever attended a masquerade? No? Then you have missed a most enjoyable occasion, and one of the prettiest sights withal that one comes across in one's efforts for amusement. The lights, the flowers, the gay dresses, all go to make up a most charming scene. Here is Queen Elizabeth talking to a page! There Napoleon dancing with Bo-Peep! Across yonder—who *is* that? Why, Old Mother Goose herself, and in her wake Simple Simon and Bobby Shafto who,

“Went to sea,  
Silver buckles on his knee.”

Prince and peasant, queen and page, Ethiopia and Europa, all meeting and mingling in one common throng! All distinction of rank and brain forgotten! To one who did not know what the scene meant, it would seem that the world had gone mad.

There is a mistaken impression that a masquerade is an expensive kind of entertainment, but dressing for a masquerade can be made a matter of very small expense (as in the case of the garden party) providing the wearer have tact and ingenuity. Any costume suitable for a fancy-dress lawn party, is equally suitable for a masquerade, but the reverse is not the case. So that the choice of costume in the latter case is very great, while in the former, it is quite limited.

For the sake of the uninitiated, I will make a few suggestions and describe a few costumes later on, after giving some practical hints on the choice of appropriate subjects.

Let me mention first, some of the impossibilities one sees some-



A ORIENTAL HOME-QUEEN.



times at such parties—a little, fair, dumpy individual, for instance as “Night;” again, a tall, angular woman who, with judicious treatment, might make a very fair “Night,” posing as “Bo-Peep,” etc., etc. I mention these two instances, and beg of you, if you contemplate attending a masquerade, to study your own capabilities. Everyone has *some* good points! Make the most of these, and arrange a costume that is not only becoming but appropriate.

Now for a description of a few of those most frequently adopted, though let me say right here, that there is always an added charm when the costume is entirely new and original in design.

First in order, we will consider “Night.” The person who wears this garb should be tall, dark, slender, queenly. The dress should be of trailing black, the material being a matter of no special consequence, though, of course, the heavier and more massive the folds, the more effective the garment. Over this should be thrown a thin black veil, containing from three to four yards of material. It should be sprinkled quite thickly with gilt paper stars, and should be arranged to fall gracefully from the crown of the head to the hem of the train, and should nearly envelop the figure. On the head, just above the brow, should be securely adjusted, a gilt crescent, from three to four inches long.

For “Morning,” the dress should be white, with silver stars, and fewer of them. The crescent should also be silver. If the wearer pleases, a few trailing flowers may be carried in the hand. But these must be *well-made* artificial ones, as the real ones fade so soon with handling, that they look much worse than none. And to carry out the simile, they should all be *buds*, no full-blown flowers.

The “Seasons,” I need hardly describe, as each one can get up such a costume from her own imagination. I will add, however, that “Winter” is a *role* that can be taken by either sex, and that diamond dust can be procured of almost any druggist at a small cost. It adds very much to the beauty of the costume, by giving the appearance of glittering snow. Canton flannel and cotton wool will do the rest. Sleigh-bell bracelets and necklace make a very pretty addition to this costume.

“Kris Kingle” is a good dress for men, but it requires no description.

“Bo-Peep.” Short skirt—bunched up over-skirt—low, square bodice, laced up in front—broad hat—slippers—shepherd’s crook, tied with ribbon. The hair should be powdered and worn pompadour.





(Item—*if* pompadour is unbecoming, *don't* try to be a "Bo-peep.") Wearer should carry a toy lamb.

"Mother Hubbard." Skirt just touching the ground—low-pointed bodice, with elbow sleeves, ruffled—muslin kerchief—long apron—close ruff—spectacles—mittens—cane—lace cap—high-heeled low shoes, with rosettes. A little white dog should accompany "Mother Hubbard." One on wheels, and of a size entirely disproportionate to "Mother Hubbard" herself, always creates a laugh, and adds to the merriment. "Mother Hubbard" is an excellent character for a well-grown boy.

"Queen of Hearts." Any plain colored dress for foundation, decorated with hearts, from three to four inches in length. These should be made of gold or silver paper, unless the costume is black velvet, and then they should be of scarlet cloth.

"Queen of Spades," "Diamonds" or "Clubs" may be arranged in the same way by substituting those instead of hearts. If the costume is of spades or clubs, it is more effective of red cloth, with black velvet clubs or spades, instead of the reverse, as spoken of above, in relation to hearts and diamonds. A gilt paper crown, decorated with hearts, etc., should adorn the wearer's head.

One of the most ingenious and inexpensive costumes ever worn at a masquerade was one made not very long ago to represent "The Press." Now, old newspapers cost absolutely nothing, and can be put together in as many different forms as dress material. One would imagine that a dress made of such material would tear easily, come apart and disgrace the wearer, but if made carefully no such disaster need be feared. In the manufacture of this garment, use plenty of either box or side pleating and shirring, always remembering to crumple the paper between the hands before shirring it.

Very pretty and attractive costumes can be made of French tissue paper of all colors. If this paper is drawn through the hands and creased and crumpled, as in making lamp shades, it presents very much the appearance of crêpe.

One of your best holds in preparing for a masquerade, if you are a novice, is to copy some foreign costume. This is very readily done by studying pictures representing inhabitants of different countries. To aid you in this matter, there are published in this department many foreign costumes, both pretty and quaint. Remember, that in copying these, style and general effect are of much more importance than expensive material, and a good picture, a few yards of gay-

figured chintz or cretonne, a clear head, combined with thimble, scissors, cotton, needle and *perseverance*, will produce most astonishing and delightful results.

Supposing that you do not care to go to even this trouble and expense, there is always left you the ordinary domino, which is merely a chintz cloak, in fact, with a hood, and is used to envelop the whole figure.

If, however, you are invited to a masquerade, courtesy to your hostess demands that you make yourself as attractive an object as possible. Many plain dominos give the assembly a funereal appearance, very unsatisfactory to one who has striven to give a fancy-dress party.

If wearing a plain domino, an evening dress is worn beneath, while a fancy dress is generally worn all the evening. The domino is removed when the time for unmasking is announced.

A few moments before that time arrives, all join in the "Virginia Reel." At the point when each couple has had its turn and the gentlemen and ladies are again facing each other, a bell strikes and the masks are dropped, revealing to the astonished beholders sometimes surprises unlimited.





## CHAPTER V.

### ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHARITY.



PERIODICALLY, the church finds itself in debt, or there is an orphan fund to be increased, or some society needs relief, or there is a big fire, or an infectious disease seizes the inhabitants of some town, and then there is a grand commotion among the congregations of the various churches, and grand schemes are discussed in regard to the raising of money for "Charity, sweet Charity."

The young all put their heads together and try to see how much *fun* they can get out of it, while the older ones are intent upon the amount of *money* they can raise. And it generally results in *two* entertainments being given—one by a combination of the older and younger heads, and, later, one by the "young folks" alone. The "old folks" have a lecture, or a reading, or a tea, but the younger ones are very apt to have a party of some kind.

Two of the most popular kinds are "Lunch Parties" and "Neck-tie and Apron Parties."

In case of a "Lunch Party," each young lady who expects to attend prepares the very best "lunch for two" of which she is capable. These lunches are all done up in neat packages of one size, and attractively tied with ribbon. In it is slipped the name of the preparer, written on a slip of paper. The young men of the congregation then buy these lunches at the stipulated price, "sight unseen," as the children say, and no young man is supposed to know whose lunch he is buying. You see the young ladies contribute their time and material, and the young men contribute the actual cash. When a





young man opens his package and finds therein the name of the fair damsel who has put up this attractive meal for two, he is bound to seek her out, and for one hour pay to her those courtesies which he would have paid had he been her escort to the party. The method of entertaining the guests otherwise will depend much upon the denomination of the church, as the rules of some are more rigid than those of others.

In the second case—the “Necktie and Apron Party”—the ladies make themselves dainty little aprons of various chintzes, being careful that no two are alike, lest very unpleasant complications should arise. Each “*faire mayde*” then proceeds to construct a necktie from a piece of the goods from which her apron has been cut. On the evening of the party, these are all put in a basket in an ante-room, and before any young man is allowed to enter the charmed precincts, he must select a necktie from the basket, put it on, and then seek the maker, she to regard him as her escort for a certain fixed time, or for all the evening, if the selection prove a happy hit. Young girls *have* been known to give a sly hint to a favored suitor in regard to the color of their apron. In any case, the young people manage to find much fun in all these things, and youth is the time for honest gayety.

The cavillers will tell you that *this* is not charity, it is self-seeking; that *true* charity would give work and money, and would not ask any reward of fun; that just as much money could be raised by asking people outright for the money; that they, themselves, will not give one cent towards getting up a concert, or tableaux, or an entertainment of any kind, but that they will head a subscription list. To such we say, “head the subscription list” by all means, but do not seek to interfere with others in their method of work. *This* kind of thing (the entertainments, I mean,) gives many a one an opportunity to lend a *hand* and a *heart* to the work, when she could not possibly contribute *money*. Is *money* the only thing in this world? Our Lord Himself did not despise the widow’s mite—will He look with less favor, then, on the girl who, having not even the mite to contribute, gives her voice instead?

Right here I feel constrained to say a few words on charity itself. Our ideas of this, as on many other subjects, have grown warped and one-sided, and I cannot help feeling that it is in a great measure due to the excessive value placed on money. We are apt to think that our method of dealing out charity is *the* accepted method, without consid-



ering the ways and means of others. Do you not know that there is as much charity in *permitting your poorer neighbor to do you a kindness*, as there would be in any *other* favor on your part (for a favor it undoubtedly is). If it ever falls to your lot to serve others, remember that the day will come when it is the dearest wish of their hearts to pay off the debt, and if you are truly of a kindly nature, are truly *charitable*, you will accept the repayment gracefully. You will not only do this, but you will *ask* a favor when you can, feeling sure that it will be granted with an added kindness, from the fact of your having asked it. Hearts have often been burdened and oppressed by a feeling of indebtedness, because they had been obliged to accept favors which they were not permitted to return. "I am willing to do a favor for *any* one. I am full of the kindest feelings for my fellow-creatures," announces some man or woman pompously, "but I don't want any one to do anything for *me*. No favors for me, thank you. I couldn't stand being obliged to any one." O, benighted being! You are daily obliged to all around you—you cannot help it.

"The kindest feeling!" On what a pinnacle have you exalted yourself! You don't know the a, b, c of the alphabet of true kindness. You are willing to receive everything and give nothing. Is it no pleasure to you to give and to do for others? Now, you open your eyes in surprise! Well, then, why not be willing to *share* this pleasure? Why selfishly keep it all to yourself? And who shall say that the young girl who raises her voice in the choir, a veritable "Sweet Singer in Israel," is not doing as much for her country, her race, and her God, as is the self-sufficient business man, who puts a dollar into the collection for the heathen?

I fear that I have wandered into by-paths, so we will resume the question of entertainments, given for charity's sake.

A writer has one great advantage. She can always assume that her readers agree with her, and proceed on that basis. There is no cold or disapproving glance, no murmur of dissatisfaction to greet the senses and distract, so I shall proceed just as if there was no dissenting voice among you, and all agree that such entertainments are a good thing.

With many, the first on the carpet are "Tableaux." Now, tableaux are a very good thing, but a great deal of trouble (and often, expense) and, quite frequently, exceedingly unsatisfactory, because the performers are unable to keep still.

If you are proposing to have tableaux nevertheless, spite of drawbacks, be sure of two things, or the whole affair will be voted a bore by the audience. The first requisite is that someone shall be in charge who has done the thing before and understands the business, and *having* the thing in charge, is permitted to conduct the affair without cavilling or gainsaying at the last moment. Many an entertainment of this kind has fallen flat, because affairs were in the hands of nobody in particular, and there was great lack of unity among the participants.

The second requisite is plenty of material to fill up the pauses. *Never*, under any circumstances, attempt to make the tableaux alternate with something else. Effective tableaux require much time in their preparation, and the audience grows weary of waiting. The unalterable motto for all such performances should be, "Never weary your audience."

One of the most effective tableau representations, is called a "Picture Gallery." As the main work of preparation can be done beforehand, this should really come *first* upon any programme, as it is a little awkward to erect the necessary wood-work afterwards.

There should be made by a carpenter, a firm frame, as large as the stage or platform will permit. Over this should be stretched chintz of any desired color (a rich dark red being preferable). After this has been securely nailed in place, we have a wall on which to hang our pictures. Next in order come the frames. These should be of varied sizes, but none too small to admit at least one human head. They can probably be borrowed for the occasion, and should be of heavy gilt, so as to be most effective against the crimson wall. Having made an artistic arrangement with your frames, attach them to the chintz by means of tacks, closely placed. This done, cut out the chintz within the frame, and you have a space in which to place any picture you may desire.

Next, about three feet back of this arrangement, hang a second curtain, black chintz, this time. This completely hides all lights and shades that might detract from the effect.

You are now ready for the pictures themselves. These should be historical subjects, ordinarily. They should be representations of noted persons, renowned either in history, fiction or poetry, but on no account do you want any "domestic scenes" or anything of that nature, made up for the occasion. There wants to be but





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one figure in each frame, and that should be a striking one. Among the performers there are always some who, by a little manipulation, can be made to look like this or that noted personage, and those who do not possess those characteristics, should not allow unpleasant feelings, akin to jealousy, to enter their hearts. To make the thing a success the very best available material should be employed. Mary, Queen of Scots, Evangeline, Minnehaha, Napoleon, Washington, Henry the Eighth, Marie Stuart, Queen Elizabeth—any or all of the personages of whom history has handed down to us a likeness, are proper subjects.

There should then be selected as "demonstrator" one who would take the *role* well. He should describe the pictures, and give a little historical sketch of each, short, but to the point, and as *truly* witty as it can be made. But *poor* wit would ruin the whole affair. So do not entrust this task to the "would-be-funny-man."

One of these picture galleries, well conducted, is a truly beautiful and entertaining sight and well worth the time and labor spent on it. The posers, however, should be allowed to rest a few moments between whiles, not giving the whole historical lecture at one breath. Divide it into three sections, say, permitting the curtain to fall for two or three minutes at each interval. Remember that standing on barrels, or boxes, or any other precarious foothold that may have been provided for them, is not by any means an easy position for the posers, and they should not be kept in pose too long at one time.

One of the ever new, ever old, and always interesting entertainments of this kind, is "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." This requires an exceptionally smart person as demonstrator, and she should be a good actress as well. Each "Mrs. Jarley" must, of course, create her own part, as it were, but she must not forget to maintain her *role* throughout. I have seen the quick, energetic Mrs. Jarley, and I have seen the drawling, rather lack-a-daisical Mrs. Jarley, and I really do not know which to admire most, so admirable were both.

There are in addition to these "Mum Sociables," where each one is fined five cents for speaking before a certain time; red, blue, pink and brown "teas," where all is in accordance with the color chosen; Japanese teas, where all are arrayed in Japanese costumes, and at which there is usually a table for the sale of articles from Japan, and finally the "Rainbow tea," where we find all the colors combined.



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The pretty feature of a rainbow tea is seven little girls dressed in the primary colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Erected in the centre of the room is a tall pole, like a May pole. From the top of this pole depend seven long ribbons, also of the primary colors. At a signal, the little maids each take an end of the ribbon corresponding to her dress, and singing a little metrical song, they dance round the pole, three one way, four the other, thus weaving the colors round the pole in regular succession.

A bevy of a dozen bright young girls and young men ought to be able to invent many ingenious and striking ways of entertaining people congregated for enjoyment.

Finally, as a word of admonition, I would say, whatever you undertake to do in this way, use the very best talent available, “without fear or favor,” and then do the very best you can. It is better to attempt less, and have it *good*, than to be ambitious beyond your abilities.















# THE LIBRARY.

## CHAPTER I.

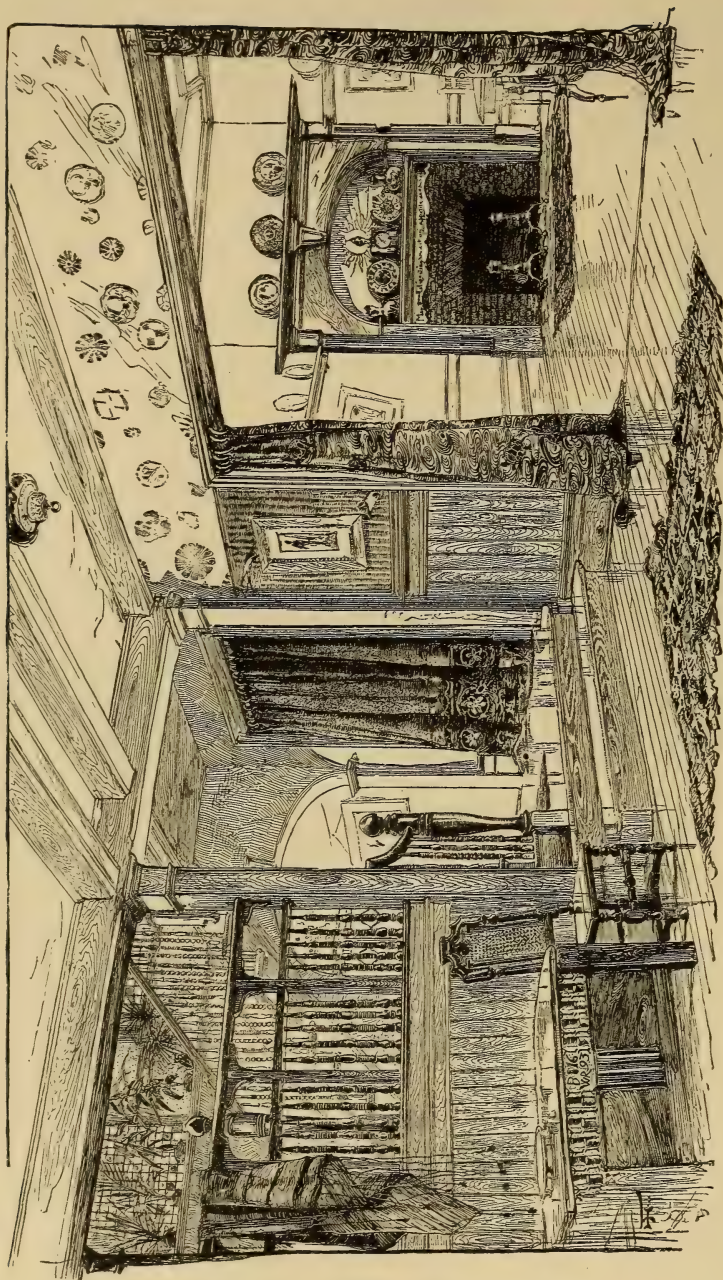
CONSIDERED AS A ROOM.



**B**IBLIOMANIACS will look with scorn upon the proposition to consider the *room* in any way, in connection with a true library—some averring, indeed, that if a man possess a dictionary, a copy of Shakspeare and a Bible, he possesses a complete library; but we all know that there is every comfort in a well-appointed room, set apart for one's books and all kindred and accessory articles. So, spite of the bibliomaniacs aforesaid, we will consider the room itself in detail.

First, no matter what the wealth of the owner, to be truly luxurious, a library should convey the idea of *coziness*. Libraries (considered as rooms) are in themselves frequently an education, and possess a personal influence, so to speak, upon those who occupy them. A light or frivolous mind will often be led to read, if the surroundings are tempting, when a bare room, wherein the walls are lined with books, would have merely a repellant effect, and the little that might be done, is lost. And even to those who study and read for pure delight in the thing itself, the subtle influence of pleasant surroundings is not to be denied.

First, then, we will suppose it is a *small* room—not too small to admit of a “chosen few” friends, but too small to give any idea





short of coziness. It should have a bay-window, and if possible, this should have a pleasant outlook. If this is not practicable, then it ought to be of stained glass. There is nothing which imparts to a library a greater air of luxury (all things else being equal) than a parti-colored glass window. Heavy curtains, of course, and a hard-wood or painted floor, with rugs of different sizes, not forgetting the beautiful skins which are such accessories, not only to appearance, but to comfort. And the open fire-place! Ah, the open fire-place! How the heart warms and glows, how the mind expands, how the understanding quickens under its revivifying, if not absolutely creative, influence! O, by all means, an *open fire-place!* In front of the fire, one of the skin rugs, where the lazy or tired boy can throw himself to read, or ponder of something he has read, and learn his first lessons in imagination as he dreams of his favorite characters, and sees himself a "Sir Galahad" or a "Good King Arthur," and makes many resolutions for the future, for which, even if he never carries them out, his heart and brain are all the better for having but entertained them.

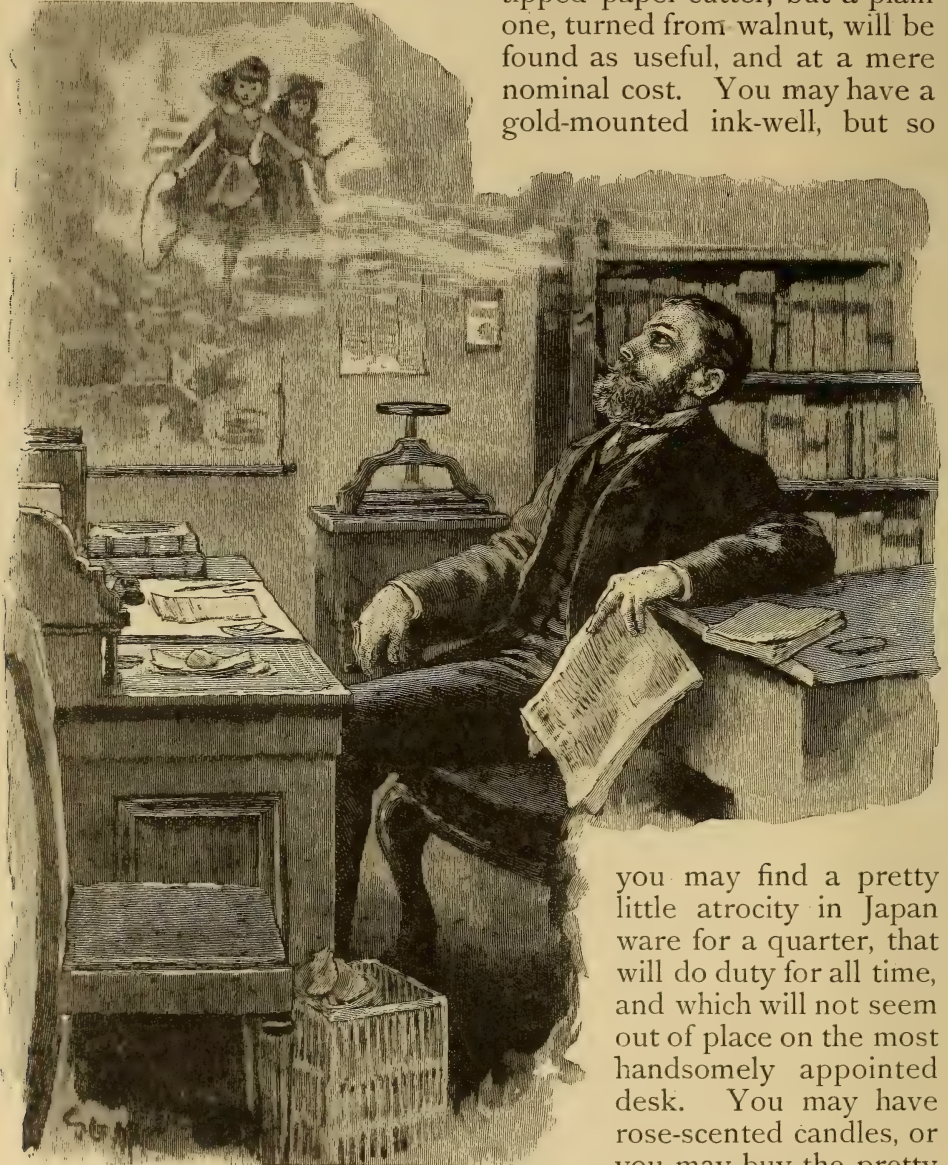
And chairs—easy chairs, of course—covered in russet or crimson leather, and a wide, roomy lounge of the same. No bric-a-brac, nor any of the thousand and one little ornaments that are permissible in the other parts of the house. All here must be solid. There may be bronzes and statues, or statuettes, by way of ornament, but no filigree. In the centre, a large table, on which are to be found the books, periodicals and papers of the day. On one side, or in a corner, but by all means, where the light falls well over the left shoulder, that all-important addition to a well-appointed library—the desk. And in, as well as on, that desk, should be everything that heart can wish for, in the way of writing materials, or accessories to pen and ink—stationery of all sizes—pens of various kinds for different purposes, from the tiny fine one to the ordinary stub—an ink-well, clean and full of good ink—a handy and reliable pen-wiper—pen-knife—plenty of lead-pencils, even adding red or blue ones, for special purposes—ink-eraser—blotters—blank visiting cards, of two or three sizes—a bottle filled with good liquid glue—ruler, (steel one, nicely graded, is the best)—paper-cutter—paper-weight—rubber—elastic bands of various sizes—ball of cord—wafers and sealing wax, with a tiny candle and a box of wax matches.

Now all these appointments can be furnished in exact proportion to the needs and pocket of the owner of the desk, and although the



list, perhaps, seems a formidable one, they can all be provided at a comparatively small expense. You may have a pearl-handled, silver-

tipped paper-cutter, but a plain one, turned from walnut, will be found as useful, and at a mere nominal cost. You may have a gold-mounted ink-well, but so



you may find a pretty little atrocity in Japan ware for a quarter, that will do duty for all time, and which will not seem out of place on the most handsomely appointed desk. You may have rose-scented candles, or you may buy the pretty

little penny candles that are used for hanging on Christmas trees, which are quite as serviceable and lasting. A *good* ruler, however, is never a cheap article, as money goes, but it is a necessity for literary work. The ink should only be of a good black. Colored inks are considered vulgar in this day; though it would be well to have a small bottle of red ink, to make marginal notes—you see I am trying to provide for all emergencies. I speak of a variety of pens because, having guests, you should wish to offer them the courtesies of the desk in the library, just as you would the courtesies of the parlor or dining-room, and the habits of people vary widely in the use of the pen and the kind used. It is well, therefore, to have several kinds on hand, so that a guest may not be submitted to the discomfort of either asking for something you do not possess or of using something that is very awkward to herself. Of course, if a guest comes to make any length of stay, she will be of herself provided with these things, but a transient guest cannot carry them at all times. And as it is a question of very little trouble or expense, it is well to anticipate all wants, in a desk that must be, in a degree, public property. Into your own private desk, which you will probably keep in your own room, or perhaps under lock and key in another part of the library, I will not peer, nor even offer advice as to its proper appointments.

By this time I see your patience is a little tried, and you say, "O, yes! this is all well for people with money, but *we* have not even a *room* for all this, let alone any of the rest." No, I know that very many have not a room to devote to this purpose, and must combine bedroom and library, or library and sitting-room, in one. And many people, too, who daily have much writing to do, find themselves without even a desk, and are compelled to write here and there, as a vacant chair or the corner of a table may offer. There is no reason in the world why one's books should not be kept in the sitting-room—the *living*-room—but do *not* keep them in the parlor or drawing-room, as though they were a thing apart from your every-day lives. A recess, shelved and curtained off, may form a well-stocked library in the true sense of the word, from which father, mother and all the babies, as they grow to years of understanding, may draw sufficient mental sustenance to supply their needs, particularly if on the table may be found the newspapers and the better periodical literature of the day.

And the desk? Certainly there must be a desk of some kind



in every house that makes any pretence whatever to mental acquirements, or that, indeed, even holds any correspondence with the outside world, or uses pens, ink and paper in any way. But it need not even be a bought desk, and its appointments may be of the simplest and most inexpensive kind. Shall I describe one that I can see now very plainly in my mind's eye, belonging to a woman who has done much clerical and literary work? The foundation is a square packing-box, which when turned over so as to lie on its side is just the right height for a desk. On the side which has now become the top, is laid a second top, four by two and a half feet. This is covered with sage-green felt, and round this top is attached, by brass-headed nails, a curtain. Of course, the arrangement stands open side out. In this space are placed four wooden boxes, one above the other, which serve as very convenient receptacles for manuscripts, letters, etc., and take the place of drawers. To be sure they would be rather more convenient if they *were* drawers, but they are highly appreciated as a convenience in their present incomplete form. These boxes, though occupying the full depth and height of the box, do not occupy its width, but leave room for the feet of the writer. As the second top extends nearly a foot over the edges of the box at each end, there is a space still for other things. In the left-hand space is another box used as a waste-paper receptacle; in that on the right-hand is piled a quantity of large, square paper used for manuscript purposes, which is thus protected by the curtain, which falls to the ground, from dust and other mishaps. On top is a set of book shelves, which contain her books of reference. Her inkwell is a curiously shaped glass jar, which holds nearly a half-pint, but which, I strongly suspect, one day held sweetmeats or some other fancy condiment. Her penholders (and here is a hint you may heed) are made of *rolled paper*. There is nothing in the world in the way of a penholder that can exceed one made of rolled writing paper. It has even been averred that, owing to their lightness and elasticity, they will prevent "scribblers' paralysis," as it is commonly called—a disease which sometimes ensues from long hours spent in the use of the pen. To make one of these very useful little articles, roll writing paper into a compact little roll, six inches long and from one-quarter to one-half inch in thickness, according to the convenience of the user. It will probably be necessary to roll several before you get them "just right," because if a little too tight the pen cannot be inserted, and if a little too loose it will fall out (into the



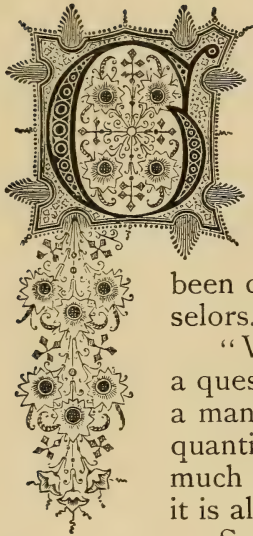
ink-well perhaps) as soon as you begin to use it. It is well to fit the pen once or twice while you are making the holder, and, having arranged it satisfactorily, and having gummed it carefully and thoroughly, lay it away to grow entirely dry before using. These penholders can be made of all different colors, or covered with some desired color after they are made, and will form a pretty object among the desk appointments. You see, as I said before, expense is not necessary to comfort, for I dare say, that this lady of whom I write, is as contented and comfortable with her conveniences as if she had the best the land could afford. But I would say to you that, no matter what you can afford, while a gold-mounted penholder is pretty to look at, be sure to have some paper ones for *use*.

Then, too, having the desk arranged to your convenience, satisfaction and circumstances, the next thing you need is a screen, at least four feet high and of three leaves. Behind this the writer can retire and be comparatively alone, or it can be placed so as to shut out part of the room and shut in the fire, making a cosy little corner for a lamp table and two or three readers. And, having done all this, you have done everything you can towards making your sitting-room combine the convenience and luxury of a library and living-room together.



## CHAPTER II.

### CONSIDERED AS BOOKS.



CONSIDERED as *books*, the library is a question subject to much complication of ideas, and fraught with complexity of opinion.

"What to read and how to read," has been a question of most agitating controversy, and so strong has been the feeling in one direction or the other, at times, that the mere reader has been dazed and helpless from sheer multiplicity of counselors.

"What shall my daughter read?" is very frequently a question which "my daughter" decides for herself in a manner very far from her best good. But the time, quantity and kind of reading are, in my estimation, so much questions of surrounding and circumstance, that it is almost impossible to give any fixed rule.

Says Emerson in regard to the value of books, "If a book lives two years it is worth reading." I may not have quoted the words exactly, but the sentiment is the same. But is this rule a good one? Many books have lived much longer than that, and yet have they been such that the world was the better or even the wiser for them? And if the world is neither better nor wiser, are they worth reading?

It is impossible to decide to-day, as I said before, for others, as to what they shall read, but it is safe to say that anything which causes one grand idea or imparts to the mind one good impulse, is not reading lost; so when people say to me, "Do you believe in reading fiction?" I say decidedly, "Yes." There are those who will allow their children to read no fiction, and give them only biographies to take its place. But well-written fiction is an education in itself. In biographies, the writer, at best, can but tell us what the hero has *done*—the world often can tell us that—but of his motives, his heart,

his soul, we know nothing, absolutely nothing. We deal only with effect, the effect on nations perhaps, or perhaps only on individuals; but of the "Why," we are utterly ignorant. We are too analytical as a race, in the present day, to be satisfied with bare fact, we want motive. Like "Helen's Babies," we are not satisfied that our watches shall tell the time of day, we "want to see the wheels go round." So the author creates his heroes and heroines; he gives them action and words, and we not only see them act, but we know *why* they do it, and we are able to comprehend the result, and form from the cause and effects as evidenced to us by the action of some particular character in fiction, such deductions as may be of infinite benefit to us in our own life. How often in reading a fictitious work are our own hearts laid bare and palpitating, in our own hands, for our own inspection! How often do we see our own motives in such a selfish or heartless light, that for weeks we feel the impress of what we have read, and are better for it! And that author who studies most closely human nature, and puts it on the paper as he sees it, that man is doing most for his race. It may not be in the form of fiction always, but nature, *human* nature, is *the* study most worthy of one's time. We do not find true human nature in all books of fiction, but in many we do, and those, by all means, let us read—the rest are dross and well to be forgotten. Who can read Mrs. Whitney's sweet stories of girl-life, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," "Janet Strong's Outings," "Sights and Insights"—any or all of them, and not be ennobled? Who can live with Miss Alcott's "Marches" through three volumes, "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Joe's Boys," and not be filled with higher impulses? Who can read of the trials and triumphs of poor "Carmen" in "One Day's Weaving," or forlorn, self-reproached "Archie" in "Archie's Shadow" (both by Lynde Palmer), and not feel incited to renewed efforts for self-control? I merely mention these as a few of the thousand and one beautiful and ennobling stories which, though written for youth, are as much worth the grandfather's time as of that of grandchildren. It has been a matter of regret to many that so much ephemeral literature floods the country, but this very ephemeral literature has its uses, and plays a most important part in our political economy.

The time is not very remote when the avenues of learning were zealously guarded, and the acquirements of writers and teachers were practically inaccessible to all but the few whose ample means



opened the door upon education, or whose native talent enabled them to persevere and triumph over all obstacles. In those days men devoted a life-time to literary pursuits, not that the outflowings might benefit their fellows, but from selfish love of the labor and the ambition to shine therein as none before had done. Literary work was more patient and painstaking then than the ambitious genius of to-day would permit it to be, and the laborious method of the older time undoubtedly had a strengthening effect upon mental capacity and its achievements.

A book written under such conditions must necessarily be a labor of years. The rigid research required in its inception, and the mere manual labor of writing and re-writing every carefully chosen word, tended to give the literature of half a century ago an unlimited permanency. Then, he who wrote at all, wrote a book. Would-be authors might have a few brilliant ideas on a given subject, but a few ideas were not enough to fill a volume—often as they are made to do so now—and doubtless many able essays were lost to the world because the demand or the means for their publication were wanting.

If this be the true system, we are making a great mistake in our generation. The tendency now, in connection with literature, is to *absorb* rather than to *acquire* education, and it is contended that that method of production which is best calculated to reach the masses promptly and continually, fulfils the true progressive idea. Now-a-days many a man, woman and child is educated without knowing it, as it were. One may have neither time, money nor inclination to take up a solid book for thorough study, and at the same time find it literally impossible to read, even cursorily, a modern periodical, without gaining information on almost every subject that engages the immediate attention of mankind at large.

Let us then have newspapers—dailies, weeklies, monthlies—periodicals and magazines of every description, for by them most surely is a practical literary education brought within the grasp of all. It is certainly a hopeful sign of the times that the old-established “Readers” have been set aside in the Boston schools, and current publications allowed to take their place. Such a change indicates healthy revolution. Children have been too commonly taught mere reading without being made to comprehend its every-day usefulness. Within the last twenty years many a child of twelve, who was able to plod respectably through the dreary platitudes of a “Reader,” could not read either intelligibly or intelligently, a paragraph of news in a daily paper.

It is believed by some that our intellectual super-activity is largely the effect of the ephemeral literature which floods our land. May it not rather be considered the cause? We are impatient, restless, eager; prone to cultivate brain at the expense of brawn. The press is at once our stimulant and our satiety. In its wise conservation rests the foremost educational hope of the age. A civilization may follow this which will demand a return to slower methods of thought and expression, but to-day, we hasten toward the other extreme. And while those who would still fill up a life-time with study for study's sake, may do so without interruption, the wider and swifter avenues to learning are open freely to all.

Still convinced that human nature is, of all things, the most important study in which human nature can be engaged, I would see in all libraries, however small, the works of such men as Dr. Holmes, Dr. Holland and Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel").

How entirely different in type, yet how complementary in color and effect are the writings of the first from those of the other two. What an infinite depth of tenderness, what a world of sympathetic pity are revealed to us in Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor," and Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle!" What a strength and help in Holland's "Plain Talks."

Holmes sees human nature just as clearly, but in an entirely different light. He holds her pulse, as it were, under his firm finger, and as he notes each heart-throb, he coolly records the result of his analytical investigation, with a pen dipped in caustic. She sees her reflection in the mirror he makes for her, and is filled with mortification as she notes all her faults, her foibles and her petty meannesses laid bare. He shows her the disease, yet offers her no remedy; but she turns to the strong, tender words of a Mitchell or a Holland, and is saved from despair.

If you have, or expect to have, a profession of any kind, any study or reading that bears in the remotest way upon it, is the course most to your advantage. If, however, you study for mere study's sake, the course that you are to pursue must be decided by yourself. But remember that whatever you undertake to do, do not attempt too much, nor undertake such studies as shall shut you away from the sympathies, and the duties, and cares you owe to your family and fellow-creatures. When this is done, study is made subservient to a very poor end. It is a question of purely selfish gratification, and that life that is lived for self alone, be it spent in study, work, or

mere pleasure, is less than half lived. It is, indeed, mere *existence*, it is not *living* at all.

All libraries, large or small, should contain a good English dictionary (which should be in constant use), a geography and atlas, a rhetoric, a "Reader's Hand-book," by Brewer, (containing all the names noted in fiction, with the names and descriptions of works of fiction as well,) and a "Balch's Hand-book," which contains information on a thousand and one topics. These form a neucleus, around which a library may be built by degrees, adding a book of poetry here, a good novel there, and anon two or three serious works. A library formed thus, gives the sincerest pleasure. Each book, as it is obtained, grows to have the characteristics of a personal friend, and from books that we buy in this way, after thought and deliberation as to whether we shall have this one or that one first, is the most real good extracted. They have a moral and intrinsic worth to us, individually, that they never could possess, had we been set down in a well-filled library, chosen for us by someone else.

It is well to read some one work of all reputable authors, that we may, in a degree, be familiar with their style, but in case we conclude to read them all, it is *not* well to do so in succession. As from a continued physical diet in one direction, the stomach ceases to act properly, so continued reading of one author, by becoming too familiar, ceases to digest thoroughly. It is only in variety of diet that mental vigor is secured. Ruskin, Addison, Pope, Coleridge, Holland, Holmes, each in his turn, but never in succession two books by the same man. Do not understand me to prescribe a desultory, weak method of reading. I only say that the brain needs variety and rest. Rest does not always mean inaction, it means many times merely change of occupation.

Many people, young girls the most notably, suddenly awake to a sense of something that makes them determine to "take up a course of reading," and forthwith they plunge into a "prescribed course," and wander aimlessly and helplessly through a maze of reasoning and volumes of statistics that would prove wearisome and depressing to a much heavier and better prepared mind. Is it any wonder that they become disgusted and fly to the other extreme of the wildest and lightest of fictional works? "Milk for babes," and the mind of the ordinary school girl, even if she finds herself awakening to a sense of her mental needs, is no more fit for a diet of Huxley or Darwin, than is the infant body fit for a diet of meat. If she



has no one to advise, and is blindly groping on for that which shall be to her own best good, let her read first the *best* periodicals of the day. They are of such a character that, while vigorous and strengthening, they are so constructed that any mind of average intelligence may understand and be benefited. From these, following the bent of the interests excited by this course, she will be enabled to go more deeply into metaphysics and science. But do not let her fall into the practice of reading certain deep works "because everyone else does," when her brain is neither fitted to receive or digest them. The pretensions to culture so prevalent in the present day, may well be a subject of derision among the truly cultured. When a woman prattles of science in a way which clearly demonstrates that her ideas of the difference between protoplasms and a bacteria are very hazy, then she certainly lays herself open to very just ridicule. As "nature abhors a vacuum," so true science abhors pretence and hollow shams.

There may be but little time for mental culture, but let that little be *true*. The best plan for those young girls who are filled with a desire for solid mental attainments, and are ignorant as to the method, is to apply to a former teacher, who will always gladly arrange and plan for a course of reading according to what she best understands to be the needs of her pupil.

Frequently a "starting point" is the stumbling block. Now, there is one method that is so simple that I almost hesitate to propose it, and yet I feel sure that the benefit would be incalculable to those concerned. This is simply to read some paragraph of a periodical of some kind, and then dissect and analyze it to its minutest point—the derivation of the words, the construction of the sentences, the habits and manners of the countries which are spoken of directly or indirectly—anything and everything that can be found out in any way. The manner in which these inquiries will ramify—the questions that will arise—the necessity for research in all quarters—the new interests that will be evolved—the diversity of information obtained—will be something beyond compute, if this system be but faithfully adhered to. There was published, not long ago, in instance of this, a little story in the *St. Nicholas*. The aunt of the two children had them dissect a simple address. "Mrs. Nathan Holbrook," we will say, "No. 42 Balfour St., New York City." "Mrs." was taken first, and its derivation in and contraction from "Mistress" discussed, as well as the period at which this change took place. Then the *reason* for the woman taking the man's name, with the law upon the subject,

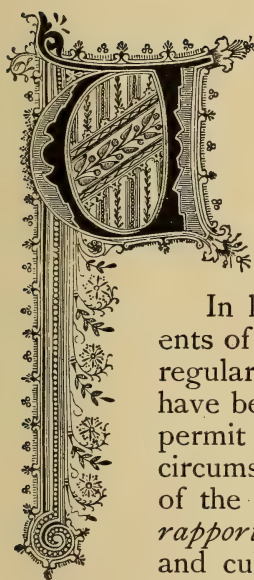
as well as the *meaning* of the old-fashioned Bible name. Again the date at which it became the custom for men to have *two* names instead of one, etc. Next came "No." and its contraction from the Latin *numero*, etc., and so on through the whole address. You can see, without further demonstration, the amount of unexpected information and research that would be evolved from carefully pursued investigation. This little sketch was called, I think, "What's in a name."

As all studies are pleasanter when pursued in company than alone, it is well for two young girls to take up together whatever course they may conclude to pursue. It is likewise one of the best ideas that some evening in the week, or some time in each evening, be set apart for reading aloud in the family, during which period the children should be encouraged to the freest expression of thought and opinion. The crude ideas formed by what they hear, are, in this way, capable of modification in the beginning, and the children are led to a deeper reasoning and sounder judgment than could possibly have been the case had their conclusions been left to crystallize, as first drawn by themselves.



## CHAPTER III.

### PEN, INK AND PAPER.



UNDER this comprehensive head let us consider all possible points pertaining to correspondence of any description, or clerical work of any kind, as it falls to the lot of woman in ordinary. I refer now not to the woman who earns a livelihood by her pen, in one way or another, but to the "Queen," who finds no necessity of going outside of her own home for employment.

In her girlhood's days, she probably had correspondents of both sexes to whom she wrote with more or less regularity, effusion, wisdom or silliness. Whatever may have been the case, it is a great mistake for a woman to permit natural disinclination to the effort, or surrounding circumstances, to interfere with her retaining, at least, *one* of the correspondents of her girlhood. It keeps her *en rapport* with by-gone times, and, softened and chastened, and cultivated by experience and years, the correspondence develops into something more than merely "writing letters."

"I hate to write a letter, I cannot write a good one!" Perhaps that is because your ideas of a *good* letter are, to a degree, incorrect. The time has gone by when, in two or three pages of high-sounding address (which did not mean half as much nor was half as dignified as the plain "My dear friend" of to-day), we are informed of the simplest facts which are now condensed into, say a half page.

Letters, though of various kinds, are intended as a vehicle for information, and while we should, of course, endeavor to express our meaning as well as possible, do not let us fall out of the habit of communicating our thoughts to our "chosen few," because we have grown conscious that with disuse, we are becoming unrhetoric.



rical. Let a letter, a friendly letter I mean, be *a part of yourself*. Let the receiver see the writer, between the lines. Let a friendly letter, of all things, be *characteristic*. Write as if you were talking, and you cannot fail to amuse and interest. The letter of which we can say, "Isn't that just like her!" is the letter we prize most highly. As a young man once said laughingly, speaking of a letter he had received, "Why, if I was deaf, and dumb, and blind, and was in Mammoth Cave, with my hands tied behind me, I'd know who wrote that letter, even if it had no signature. She writes the most absolutely *readable* letters I ever saw." "Readable letters"—that is the keynote. Let your friendly correspondence be readable and well-spelled. The ability to write a well-spelled, well-expressed readable letter is, I fear, an accomplishment that is dying out.

Letters of condolence and congratulation come next in order. Of all things a letter of condolence should come from the heart—if this be not the case, it is better left unwritten. A letter of condolence, written by one who has no real interest in the subject, is but an intrusion at a time of sacred solitude. When the sympathy is real and heartfelt, the writer will need no prompting of expression.

And congratulations? Doubtless my views on this subject will be considered ultra, but they are at least sincere.

Can anyone tell me who invented the system of congratulating everybody for everything? Whoever he was (I say "he" advisedly, because I cannot imagine such an absurd custom emanating from a woman's brain), he deserves to be—congratulated.

People deal in congratulations wholesale, sowing them broadcast, without troubling themselves to think whether they may be agreeable to the recipient or the reverse. On the other hand, there are a few souls remaining in this world to whom it is a pain rather than pleasure to have their most private and sacred feelings made the subject of public comment and of what are conventionally termed, "congratulations." But when one of the "over-sensitive" makes up her mind to accept an offer of marriage, and, declining to stand upon the house-top to announce it to the curious public, prefers to keep the information for the few with whom she holds intimate relationship, she is considered an oddity, an abnormal creature. According to the popular doctrine, on accepting the young man of her choice, she should immediately run out and tell everybody, and thereupon should follow a round of congratulations. For what? For having, as nearly as one can make out, landed the fish for which she had been unsuccessfully

angling for some time. Rather a bald way to put it ; but it is impossible to see it in any other light.

Good wishes are one thing, congratulations are another. We have a friend starting on a new enterprise in a new country. We wish him well, but do we congratulate him upon being about to break off his old associations, to leave behind him all his landmarks? For what have we to congratulate him while his path is still untried? We can only congratulate for a success achieved. Is it, then, an *achievement* when a young lady receives a proposal of marriage?

In regard to congratulating parents upon the engagement or marriage of a child, the whole ground seems to be covered by one lady, who, having been the subject of some such congratulations, replied with calm-eyed surprise, "Congratulate me? Upon what? That I shall soon lose my daughter? I do not consider it a subject for congratulation."

Pleased as a parent may be and must be to see a child happy, the parting must necessarily be accompanied by much that is bitter. Is it pleasant to see the child for whom one has toiled and striven from babyhood up, desert the parent nest and start out in life with an alien just as soon as he or she has sufficiently matured to be really companionable?

And to receive congratulations—congratulations gotten up after a set form, at that, must be anything but pleasant at a time when the heart is divided between pleasure for the child and desolation for the parent; unless, indeed, the approaching marriage be one of congratulation—one in which the parents feel that lynx-eyed watchfulness and steady manœuvre have brought to their toils the bird they have used every effort to snare. Then, indeed, are letters of congratulation in order.

Still, fashion sanctions the custom of congratulatory letters, and it is better to comply when it seems to be expected or when the reverse would seem discourteous. When "congratulating" another upon her prospective happiness, make your letter more one of felicitation and good wishes, however, than of congratulation, and let it be as hearty as the case will permit. Use only the best note paper in such cases. Cards are not permissible. The acceptance or regrets in relation to an invitation should also be written *only* upon paper, no matter in what form the invitation has been received.

In replying to a note, no matter what the mode of expression, the answer should preserve the same mode. If receiving an invita-

tion or note written in the third person, reply in the same way. Meet cordiality with cordiality, and formality with formality.

If writing in the third person be sure to preserve that form all the way through. Do not write, "Will Mrs. Simpson kindly give me the address, etc." The note should read, "Will Mrs. Simpson kindly give Mrs. Lathrop the address, etc.;" or, "Will Mrs. Simpson kindly give the address, etc., etc., and oblige Mrs. Lathrop."

Next in order come business letters. Now, much as we would like to deny it, it is the cold, calm, bald truth, that the average woman who stays at home, as a *business* woman, is not a success. This is not the fault of brain, but of false education. It has always been easier for both, that the husband should attend to all such things, so that the wife goes on, perhaps, to old age, utterly ignorant of the simplest business forms.

A few hints will, perhaps, not come amiss. First, bear in mind that when you write to a business man, he knows nothing about you, and you are to him only one in a thousand. If you have written to him but two days before, do not assume that he remembers what was in your letter, for he does nothing of the kind. He makes it his study to forget all about it (when once attended to) as promptly as possible in order to make room in his brain for the next one of the thousand.

When writing to a business firm, if your letter is in reply to some communication from them, always enclose to them their communication, so that they may comprehend, at a glance, the whole business. They will recognize their own letter, and can tell at once who wrote it, and in five minutes can put the whole matter through the regular form, which in all business houses is necessary, to a systematic handling of their mail. First, at the top of your sheet address the firm so that there may be no mistake as to the persons for whom the letter is intended. Then state your business, clearly, and as briefly as the subject will permit, giving all *necessary* information in as few words as possible. I emphasize the word "necessary" advisedly, because it seems utterly impossible for many women to write a business letter without giving a detailed account of much that has no bearing whatever on the case. This fact has caused "a woman's business letter" to be a by-word and a reproach.

Don't begin your letter with some such sentence as the following: "You remember that some six month's ago I addressed you upon a certain subject, but I have not yet heard what you intend to



do." They do *not* "remember" anything about you, you may rest assured of that. Tell them briefly again the subject matter of your letter six month's back. They can then refer to their files and will be able to give you a reply at an early date, if the business is such that they can. If they cannot, you will, at least, elicit a response to that effect.

Don't write, "I have received your letter, and it is satisfactory. Shall expect it soon." Expect *what* soon? Such a letter as this conveys no impression whatever in a business house. In all probability, having written such a note as the last, your indignation will be aroused in a few weeks at the carelessness (?) of the firm with whom you are dealing, but you, and you alone, are to blame. A business man has no time to waste in *guessing* what his correspondent is talking about.

Having stated your business, be *sure to sign your name*. You are indignant at such admonition? Had you seen as many unsigned letters as I have, you would know that such admonition is not needless. Next, give your *town* and *state*. Again, indignation on your part? Again, I reply as before. One experience which fell to my lot was positively ludicrous. A lady sent a letter to me without state. As there were *five* states which contained a city by that name, I was under the necessity of addressing the five postmasters on the subject, before I could find out in whose delivery district the lady aforesaid was. When the circumstances of the trouble to which I had been put to find her, were laid before her, she coolly replied that it was a mere oversight on her part, and in *her* estimation a *matter of no moment whatever*.

I would advise always in signing a business letter to put full address and date at the end, thus.

"Mrs. Emily Snyder,  
25 Apple Street,  
Thorpe,  
Kansas.  
3-1-89."

By this arrangement the whole matter of date and name is presented to the eye of the business man at one glance. And, remember, that anything that you can do to save the time and thought of a busy man or woman, is highly appreciated.

If you have received a communication containing questions, all that is really necessary, is to write a brief "yes" or "no" after each question and return the communication. This is no breach of business etiquette, and is quite frequently done. Whatever you may be

to your friends and acquaintances, remember that to the business world you are your own personal self, and all documents, outside of letters, must be signed with your simple signature, without prefix of "Mrs." or "Miss." If, however, you are subscribing for a periodical or transacting any other business of like nature, sign the prefix "Miss" or "Mrs.," but in parenthesis. Having this prefix, gives one method of distinguishing the writer from another by the same name. It is well, also, to sign the full name, as initials are not sufficiently distinctive. In "J. C. Snyder," for instance. "J. C." may stand for "John Clark," or "Joseph Cumming," or "Jeannette Cadmore," and there may thus be three, with the initials "J. C. S." in the same family.

If you are married, if you would have the least trouble in corresponding with strangers, *use the same signature every time*—don't sign yourself "Mrs. James Billings" one day and "Mrs. Mary Billings" the next, and still on the third day "M. Billings." They have no possible means of either guessing that you are the same party or of informing themselves to the contrary without going through an elaborate correspondence, to which you should not subject them. I am simply giving you all these points in order that you may be in position to receive the most prompt attention at the hands of any firm that it is in their power to bestow. By aiding *them*, you are *helping yourself*.

Having finished your letter and carefully closed it, direct it plainly to the persons, number, street, town and state, to which it is destined. Then put the stamps on what would be the northeast corner, if your envelope were a map. Does it make any difference where you put the stamp? Decidedly it does—to yourself more than others. The work by postal clerks is necessarily done with great rapidity. In order to facilitate their work, the letters are arranged in piles, so that they can be slipped along readily and the stamp quickly cancelled. If, when the postal clerk comes to your letter, he finds there is no stamp on the northeast corner, where it should be, he has no time to hunt it up in some other corner (or even on the *back*, perhaps, as is quite frequently the case)—he simply casts it aside as an unstamped envelope. After the mail is made up and off, he has more leisure to examine those that have been cast aside for insufficient postage, and finding your stamp in some out-of-the-way place, he cancels it, but you, by your own act, have lost the first mail by which the letter might have gone. This little piece of

information will show you how necessary it is to know and observe the ordinary forms which attain in the simpler business transactions.

The following little article, published recently in Drake's Magazine, endeavors to expose the methods of the average woman. It is called "The Feminine Way," and while it is doubtless an exaggeration, contains more than the traditional "grain of truth."

"I want to get a money order," she said, thrusting her head through the window intended for her face alone.

"Make out an application, then," replied the clerk. "You'll find the blanks on the desk back of you."

"What application? I just want to send fifteen dollars to— —."

"Fill out the blank," interrupted the clerk, handing her one.

"I—I—will you please fill it out for me?"

"I can't. It's against the rules. You must fill it out yourself."

"Oh dear me. I don't believe I can. What do you do first?"

"Write the date."

"Where?"

"On the first line."

"There? On that line?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Now, let me see, is this the tenth or the eleventh?"

"The tenth."

"I thought so, but I wasn't sure. What do I do now?"

"Write the amount to be sent."

"It's fifteen dollars."

"Well, write it on the next blank line."

"There?"

"Yes."

"How easy it is, after all! Now what do I do?"

"Where is the money to be paid?"

"Oh, at Chicago."

"Well, write 'Chicago' after the words 'Payable at.'"

"I—I—don't see any 'Payable.'"

"There it is."

"Oh, of course; how perfectly ridiculous of me not to see it myself! Now what shall I put after 'State of?'"

"Why, 'Illinois,' to be sure."

"Of course! What a goose I am! Now, let me see, what comes next?"

"To whom are you sending the money?"



"Oh, to Mr. John Smythe; that is, I'm really sending it to Mrs. Smythe, who is my sister; but we thought it would be better to send it in his name and save her the trouble of going to the post-office, and of course he can give it to her, as the money's really for sister; but if it makes any difference, I suppose—"

"It makes no difference at all."

"I didn't see why it should, really, and I'm glad it don't, for sister isn't in good health, and she might not be able to go to the office herself, and——"

"Write Mr. Smythe's name and address on the line below."

"His full name?"

"Yes—there are so many Smythes."

"‘Joseph N.’ will do, won't it?"

"Yes, yes."

"I can write it ‘Joseph Newman Smythe’ if you prefer. Newman is his middle name."

"‘Joseph N.’ will do."

"Oh, will it? I'm sure I don't see why it shouldn't. He's so well known, anyhow."

"Now write your own name and address on the other lines as quickly as you can, please; there are others waiting."

It don't take her but about twenty minutes to do this, and ten more to ask if Smythe will have to be identified, and when he'll get the money, and how she'll know he got it, and if the post-office is responsible if the money is lost, and if a registered letter wouldn't have been as safe, and so on in a way that only helpless and suffering postal clerks know anything about."

It is positively necessary that women should understand all such things, and what a pity it is that men neglect to make them a part of their daughter's education, and thus fail to put in their daughter's hands these weapons of defense with which to cope with the world, laying up for their children many a future annoyance that a little care might have prevented.

One never knows, be her station what it may, to what a woman may come, and it behooves her to be armed at every point, even though she may never have any use for the knowledge. If she be so fortunate as to possess such means that her only part in life is that of a "Lady Bountiful," she should understand hard, dry, business facts and methods, not only that the distribution of her wealth may be conducted with business tact and judicious management, but

if she be alone in the world, it is well for her to know whether those who are attending to her affairs, are dealing fairly with her. Many a woman has ignorantly signed away property and money, for which mistake, there was afterwards no redress.

"O yes!" I hear scoffingly, "I presume you'd like my daughter to learn shoemaking, in case she should ever be without shoes and have no money to buy them."

Well, since you mention it, I see no particular reason why any woman, not excepting your daughter even, should not learn to make shoes if it so please her. But this is not what I meant. I merely wanted to say that there are certain business forms and methods which obtain in all business, if well conducted, no matter what the trade or profession may be.

Among these are bookkeeping or the keeping of ordinary accounts, in which no elaborate system of bookkeeping is involved; drawing checks, drafts and promissory notes; buying and sending money orders and postal notes; drawing up agreements, etc. In short, every process that relates to the correct administration of financial affairs. And such things all women should know. You may think that the article previously quoted is a great exaggeration. To a degree—yes. But let me tell you that the number of women who buy a money order and then coolly retain it ("as a receipt," they say,) is beyond belief. How they imagine the people at the other end are to receive it is beyond me entirely.

Did you ever travel any distance? Did you ever watch many women buy their tickets and hear many of them ply the poor ticket agent with questions irrelevant and too numerous to mention? I have, and I have seen those same women seize the long-suffering conductor every time he passed through the train to inquire if they must "get out at the next station," although he had already told them four separate and distinct times that *their* station would not be reached until certain other stops have been made. These are the women who would be likely to take part in a conversation just like that quoted from Drake's Magazine.

On every printed form used in business transactions, there are certain printed directions. These are so worded that the average intelligence can comprehend their import and instructions. You have only to read them once or twice carefully and you will probably be mistress of the situation. If not, and there still is some doubt in your mind, inquire of someone in authority, but ask only such questions

as are necessary. Say, for instance, "And I am to sign my name here?" (indicating the spot.) Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will be right, and an affirmative is all that is necessary on the part of the official. If you have misunderstood, he will probably say, "No, *here*," and he will put down one to your credit as having *tried* to understand and having talked as little as possible.

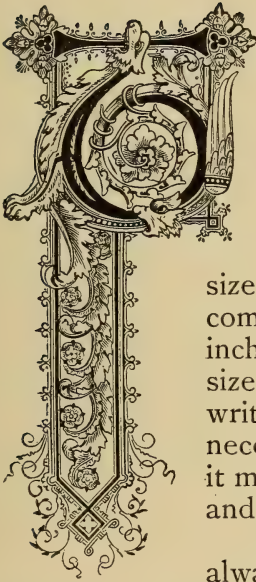
Many persons use the expressions "sign a check" and "endorse a check" as interchangeable terms. This is by no means the fact. The person who *signs* a check is the one who holds the money in bank, and without this signature the check is worthless. The person who *endorses* a check is the one to whose order the check is drawn. If a check is made out "to bearer," no endorsement is necessary—it can be drawn by anyone who presents it. If, however, A makes out a check to "B or order," when B presents that check at bank he must turn it over and write his name across the back of it before he is entitled to the money. This signature should be placed about half way between the middle and what would be the left-hand end, were the check properly face up. A check should never be turned end for end when endorsing, as bank clerks arrange all these things very systematically, for the sake of celerity, and they must have them so endorsed that they can turn them rapidly under their fingers and not be obliged to hunt for the signature. All this to the uninitiated seems unnecessary, perhaps, nevertheless reflection will reveal the fact that none of these regulations are arbitrary, but that all are the result of profound study, as to the best method of accomplishing the greatest amount of work in the smallest space of time.





## CHAPTER IV.

### PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPT.



HERE seem to be just now so many persons seeking either fame or fortune "at the point of the pen" (instead of the sword), and so many inquiries are made upon the subject of ways and means, that perhaps a few words would not come amiss.

First, as to paper. There is no particular size or kind necessary, but, for the convenience of compositors, ordinary note paper, about six by nine inches, is preferable to foolscap or any of the larger sizes, as being handled with greater ease. The writing of manuscript on large paper involves the necessity of its being cut by the compositor, so that it may be given out in sections to the various hands, and the type-setting thus facilitated.

Second, pen-and-ink or pencil. Pen-and-ink is always preferable, as there is no possibility of its blurring or rubbing off. But *clear* pencil writing is by no means objectionable. Many writers of note use nothing but pencil. The quality of the *writing itself* is of far more importance than the materials with which it is done. Whichever method is selected, let it be in "black and white," for it is very trying to the soul of an editor (to say nothing of his eyes) to be obliged to labor through a manuscript in purple, red or green ink (or pencil), upon a ground of yellow or any other brilliant and effective color, which the writer may elect to use. Make the copy as clear as lies in your power, not only in regard to chirography, but in regard to expression and spelling as well.

Third, numbering the sheets. There is no special spot for placing the numbers of the pages, but it certainly is advisable to

number them carefully, and in pretty nearly the same position, as, in case the sheets should become displaced after falling into the editor's hands, there will be no difficulty in re-arranging them. *Anything* which saves one moment of time to the busy editor may be considered as to the advantage of the aspirant for literary honors. An editor may examine at once a manuscript sent by a renowned writer, even though the manuscript may be carelessly arranged, but if pressed with business, as most of them are, he will assuredly lay aside until he "has more time," the paper of the "unknown" who sends to him an article ill-written, blurred, or in any other way difficult to deal with.

Fourth, fastening the sheets together. This is optional—the only care to be observed being that they are so fastened as to turn readily. But, in any event, one may be pretty sure that the sheets will all be taken apart before examination, and returned to the writer in that condition, if returned at all.

Fifth, regarding margin. There should be a margin of at least one inch at the left-hand side of the sheet, and on no account write on both sides of the paper. Editors positively refuse to examine a manuscript that is written on more than one side of the paper.

Sixth, signing the name. This, which is, perhaps, one of the most important points in preparing articles for the press, is one which meets with the least consideration. In signing a fictitious name, or *nom de plume*, never omit to give the *real* name as well. Thus :

BEAUTIFUL SNOW,

By Daisy Jonquil.

Mary L. Simpson,

Box 45, Applethorpe,

P. Q., Canada.

It is well even to put the information twice, once at the beginning, once at the end. By this means the editor is relieved of all necessity and responsibility of guessing about the writer. If amateurs in authorship could for one moment realize the miseries they inflict by carelessness in this respect, they would certainly exercise more care. In many cases they blame the editor for not "forwarding the manuscript or its value," when perhaps the only clue to the writer is a name, evidently fictitious, without town or state. Whatever *else* you fail to put on your article, *always* put your name in full, your street number, town, state—in short *everything* necessary to identification or correspondence.

The manuscript having been properly prepared, next comes proper sending. A manuscript should *never be rolled*, as many editors refuse to examine even a rolled manuscript, no matter how renowned the writer. It should not even be folded, if it be possible to avoid doing so, but should be enclosed flat in a stout wrapper of some kind, and be *fully prepaid*. For surety and certainty, it is always well to enclose in this package two things. First, a postal card or stamped envelope, fully self-addressed, to be mailed by the editor upon receipt of manuscript. Then the writer feels *sure* that his article has reached its destination, and he can afford to wait a little for a reply, without being annoyed by a haunting sense of anxiety. Second, an addressed, stamped envelope, for notice as to desirability of the article after examination. Stamps for return must not necessarily accompany the manuscript, but if desired again, if not accepted, the editor should be so notified when the article is sent, and stamps for return should be promptly forwarded upon notification of rejection. A pile of manuscripts awaiting "stamps for return," becomes a burden, and it is one from which an editor should be relieved as quickly as possible. An article must be of exceptional merit indeed, and only rejected for want of space, or some equally potent reason, to escape the waste-basket, if unaccompanied by stamps or a request to have it retained until sent for.

As to "the prices set on any particular class of articles," they are as variable as the wind. Some periodicals pay per line, some per article, some per column, some per word, and writers fix their own value in the same irregular ways. Some editors insist on the writer setting the price, some set the price themselves. In the latter case the writer has always the liberty to refuse before the article is published. One periodical may pay twenty-five dollars for an article that another would not have for a gift. In literature, success in any particular line depends directly upon the laws of supply and demand, and it is therefore well to consider the market to which you must send your wares. *Iron Age* has no use for society articles—a purely society paper cares nothing for the latest wrinkle in bread-making. And now for the final question so often asked :

"Do editors read over all articles sent in to them?"

"No—they do *not*, for there are many articles sent to periodicals, where the very *name* of the article is sufficient to condemn it as unsuitable for that particular publication, (for reasons aforesaid,) though able in construction and grand in conception.



If a periodical which never publishes poetry under any circumstances, receives several foolscap sheets on "Beautiful Spring—a Poem," naturally the editor of that same periodical does not even examine it. If stamps, name of writer, address, town and state accompany the manuscript, it is probably returned; if not, with equal promptness, it is consigned to the waste-basket, even in the face of the writer's pathetic little prelude. "I know you never publish poetry, but I thought I would send you this. I like your paper very much, but I think it would be better if you would publish some poetry once in a while."

Many articles, as entirely unsuited to their columns as those mentioned, are received daily by periodicals, meeting with the fate mentioned, but any manuscript that seems to have any bearing upon the interest an editor is trying to serve, is carefully examined with as much promptness as may be, whether the writer be "old" or "new," unless the matter for this particular magazine is already contracted for, two or three years in advance, as is by no means unfrequently the case.

Perhaps it would be a matter of interest to the aspirant for literary honors to know something about the *practical* making of books, so I quote here from *Book News* an article taken by them from the *New York Sun*. Reading this process, can we wonder at the marvelous cheapness of books in our day, the works of standard authors as well as those of lesser merit?

"A syndicate of publishers has perfected arrangements that are calculated practically to give a monopoly of the business of reproducing here European books. The names of the members of the syndicate are kept secret at present, but it is expected that they will soon be known by the stupendous surprises they propose to flash upon their business rivals. The syndicate has made a three years' contract with a company controlling a process for reproducing books for all that they can do in that time, and the company is fitting up an expensive plant for the carrying out of the work. It is asserted that fac-simile plates, ready for printing, could be profitably furnished as low as one cent a square inch. One of the company, Mr. Penfold, says: 'The amount of matter that a compositor would charge six dollars for setting, we can furnish, blocked and ready for the press, at a profit, for fifty cents.' In a general way the process is understood by many, but the especial features that make it valuable are secrets carefully guarded by the three gentlemen who constitute

the company. As far as they are willing to make it known it is as follows:

The instant that a book for reproduction is put into their hands it is ripped apart, and its pages are put in fixed places before half a dozen cameras simultaneously operated. No time is lost in focusing, and the making of negatives of the pages is a matter of only a few moments. Each negative is transferred to a transparent rubber film, which is stripped from the glass and used to print from, after which it is laid away, like a sheet of paper, and can be kept indefinitely. The printing is done upon heavy sheets of gelatine, from one-thirty-second to one-sixteenth of an inch thick, prepared with bichromate of potash and other chemicals. Ten pages are thus reproduced at once, upon each sheet of gelatine, and, as there is space on the roof for laying out, at once, forty of these sheets in their printing frames, one hour of sunshine will give four hundred pages printed on the gelatine. The portions of the gelatine upon which the light has not acted, are easily washed out with brushes and warm water, leaving the letters, pictures or other photographed images in bold relief, and only six or eight hours are required to dry the plates perfectly. The plates thus prepared are blocked to type height, and it is affirmed that as many as two hundred thousand clear impressions can be made from them if they are not touched by water nor subjected to excessive heat. Their relief is equal to that of ordinary type at least, and the outlines are sharp. Engravers are ready to carefully overlook and repair each plate, should a spot appear in which the printing has been defective, but so cheap is the work of reproduction that, if it is found that more than five minutes will be needed to make a plate perfect, it is simply tossed aside, and a new one is made in its stead.

It is evident that important details are missing from this general recital of the process, but those are the secrets of the gentlemen who do the work, and their security against rivalry. Enough has been told to demonstrate how cheaply and rapidly the work can be done."









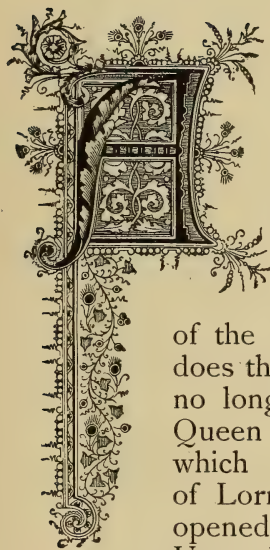




# DRESS.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS.



AMONG the many topics of general interest there is none, perhaps, civil or political, which causes more conversation, in the long run, than does the subject of dress. Indeed, such gigantic proportions do these discussions at times assume, that they become questions of national interest, and assume a political significance not to be denied. As the cropping of the hair proclaimed a man a "Roundhead," just so does the removal of a Chinaman's cue proclaim him as no longer in sympathy with his own country. When Queen Victoria inexorably insisted that, in the court which surrounded the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), only *décolleté* dresses should be worn, she opened up a question which could not end just here. Unused to the rigors of our Canadian winters, and unable to combat her royal mother's *dictum*, there was nothing for the Princess Louise to do but to withdraw from Canada—a fact which, combined with other circumstances, certainly caused a variety of complications in the royal family. Eras of history have been traced, and even designated, by some peculiarity of dress at that particular period, and fashion of dress has long placed its imprint upon the manners and advancement of a nation.

It is a fact beyond dispute, in my mind, that to the introduction of the overdress, as a garb for woman, are due many of the priv-





BRIDE OF OLD.

ileges which have been granted her in later years. It would be almost impossible to estimate the far-reaching influence of this article of wearing apparel. You laugh? Think a moment, and see if the argument presented is not a just one! Years and years ago, when "Dunstable" bonnets were "the fashion," every woman wore a Dunstable; and the rest of her dress so accorded with that of every other woman of her acquaintance that, if their backs were turned, it was almost impossible to tell "which was which." In those days, each woman tried her very best to look like every other woman. Look at "The Bride of Olden Times!" Could anything be more alike than she and her bridesmaids? And just so was it in every particular of dress.

Later along, new fashions were introduced, and every woman followed them, even in question of color! When leather color (or "cuir color," as it was called) came into vogue, it is safe to assert that nine hundred and ninety-nine, out of every thousand women in the United States, adopted this color, hideously unbecoming as it might be.

Then the day of emancipation arrived—the day when overdresses were introduced to the notice of the women of America. At first, the old tendency to bondage was very perceptible. Every woman looped her dress in precisely the same place, and in exactly the same way, as did all her neighbors. Then some bold spirit ventured to loop *her* dress on the *left* side, whereas everyone else was looping on the *right*. As there was no very calamitous result from such daring, others ventured to display a little originality. Then came the day when a still bolder spirit introduced combination of goods and colors in the construction of dresses, and the work of emancipation in this way, was complete. Bonnets were made in many shapes, to suit many styles of face. Hair was worn high or low, at the will of the wearer. Satin was combined with velvet, silk with cashmere; and to-day a woman dresses as she pleases, without remark from the world, so long as she remains to a reasonable degree within the range of fashion, or perhaps I should say fashions. That she often lamentably fails in the effect, or that she entirely misjudges her own capacity in the line of beauty, is her misfortune. She holds the power in her hands to make herself as fascinating as the natural material will permit.

Dress having become a question of individual taste, instead of one of comparative expense, women have discovered that they have minds of their own, and, grown accustomed to think for themselves



on this subject, they have gone further. They have investigated their mental anatomy, and have determined that they have not only tastes but *ideas*, and some of them very pronounced and decided ones at that. They have learned that to have an *individuality* is no crime, and they have likewise learned to exercise that individuality for their own good and for that of the nation. They are not only thinking more deeply themselves, but they are teaching their sons and their daughters to think also, and the destiny of the American man of the future will be greatly influenced by the overdress which has been introduced into the wardrobe of the American *woman* of to-day.

Dress, apart from any foregoing argument, is a great factor in the world's economy, and among the axioms that parents have striven to impress upon the infant mind, the one that is pre-eminently irritating is, "Handsome is that handsome does." That it is to a degree true, is beyond question, but that it is *absolutely* true, as children are intended to believe it, is a matter admitting of very strong doubt. That a patient, pleasing spirit—a desire to please for the sake of principle, and not for the sake of attracting temporary admiration—does beautify the expression of the face until it takes on newer and lovelier curves, no one will deny. But one may do and effect all this, and not be handsome either; *lovable*, certainly, but not handsome.

"What! is it not better to be lovable than handsome?" Certainly, my dear madam, better, far better, if one cannot be both; but why not *be both*, if it lies in one's power? The most lady-like child in the world never was *handsome* in a purple dress and blue hat, or in a dark blue hat by itself, if she was afflicted with a sallow complexion; nor should she be taught to feel that even if draped in inharmonious colors, she is a harmonious whole, providing her behavior is all it should be; nor should she be allowed or taught to think that if her behavior is perfect no one will notice her appearance. Teach her to bear patiently an incongruous combination (if such a combination be unavoidable) just as you would teach her to bear any other affliction, but do not permit her to sustain such an injury (for injury it is, to a sensitive eye and mind) for one moment after it is avoidable. It is not true that it makes no difference. People will notice her dress, and she will become an eye-sore and source of annoyance to all who may be compelled by circumstances to look at her.

Everyone has some good point or points, and it should be the duty of each one to make as much of that particular beauty as



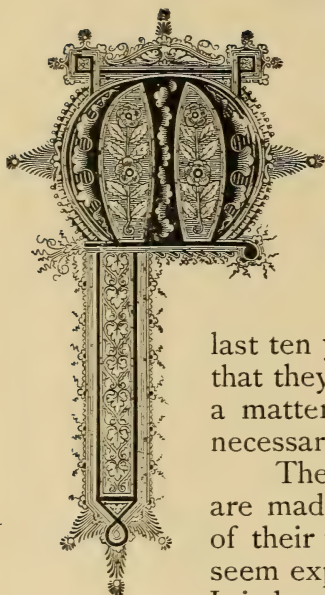
possible; to do otherwise is an insult to society at large. That many spend too much time upon themselves, and that a goodly portion of these only succeed in making themselves elaborately hideous, is no argument against the principle. Napoleon is recorded as having been first attracted towards Madame de Beauharnais by the pleasing effect produced in the contrasting colors of her drapery and that of a crimson chair upon which she was sitting. How often have we ourselves been personally *attracted* by the appearance of some man, woman or child, when we knew nothing of them at all—an attraction that led to a desire for nearer acquaintance—a desire which culminated in a life-long pleasant friendship.

If a child have pretty, curling hair, do not plait it in tight braids on the plea that it is less trouble, or that you do not wish to encourage vanity. The innocent pleasure that the child may take in her curls will be far less harmful in its effect upon her general character, than will be the chafing and fretting against the injustice. She is innately conscious of the fact, and “Do not think so much about yourself,” “Handsome is as handsome does,” will not alter her opinion of herself; indeed, it will only tend to increase the evil you are trying to guard against, by *making* her think about herself; whereas, the chances are ten to one that if some little attention is paid to her personal appearance, she will be a better, because a more *contented* child. We all know the feeling of satisfaction, the content with all the world and its doings, that pervades every fibre of our being, when we look at that same world and ourselves in the glass, through the medium of an especially becoming bonnet, or a dress that we know to be well-fitting.

Above all things, never permit a child to acquire the notion that he or she is possessed of a homeliness so hopeless that nothing can modify it but perfection of behavior. Perfection of behavior is unattainable, and the sense of defeat in having lost *one* chance of being passably good-looking, by some lapse, is absolute torture to an over-sensitive mind. On the contrary, teach a child that *everyone* has some good points in appearance, and that to note and make the most of these, without being vain of them, is not only a commendable thing but an absolute duty; that the reverse is an insult to society at large, and that no woman has a moral right to neglect *this* gift from God, any more than she would have to neglect a talent for painting, music, or any of the thousand and one other things she is expected to cultivate if she has the slightest turn for them.

## CHAPTER II.

### DRESS VERSUS COST—MOURNING.



ANY fallacies in regard to women obtain among men, but the one which they most fondly cherish at the present day, is that the dress of women, in these times, is extravagant and expensive beyond description, and that women spend all their time thinking about "dress." That the fashions of to-day (to-day refers to the period covered by the

last ten years) are extravagant, is not to be denied; that they can be made expensive beyond limit is also a matter which admits of no denial, that they are necessarily so, is false ground for argument.

There goes a saying to the effect that "fashions are made for the wealthy," but the present fashions, of their very lavishness, paradoxical as it may sound, seem expressly designed for women of limited means.

It is because, under existing modes, such good effects are possible at so small an expense, that non-thinking (or, rather, non-discriminating, for it were cruel to accuse him of not thinking over a subject about which he has talked so much) man feels at once a vague sense of uneasiness when he sees, upon a female friend, a garb which he feels sure could not be so effective without an outlay upon her part, not warranted by the state of her finances.

This is not willful misunderstanding—merely ignorance of the laws of cause and effect as applied to woman's dress. When, in summer time, a man is pleased with the effect of a soft, long dress, of creamy yellow-white, with belt and ribbons, or flowers, of color to light up the complexion, does he take in the very important detail that the dress material is unadulterated, *unbleached muslin*, at an expense of perhaps seven cents a yard, making the whole costume,

ribbons and all, possible at an expense of something less than two dollars? Certainly not. The effect is good, and the method of production is to him a profound mystery. Indeed, it is an open question whether, being admitted into the secret, his respect for that particular costume would not go down many degrees. It is not that all women put, year by year, more money into their dress, but that they are learning from day to day, with all the methods of artistic culture going on around them, to do more easily, deftly, inexpensively, those things which were necessarily the work of a "professor" in days gone by. What fashion could be a greater boon to the "limited" many, than the present system of combinations? It is perfectly possible to make such a combination of silks, satins and velvets that it shall cost hundreds of dollars, but suppose a dress to have been worn and worn, and re-worn, as is often the case, till frequent darns and varied stains make it, as a whole, no longer presentable or even wearable? What does a woman do under these trying circumstances? Throw it away (as a man does, because he can do no better) or give it to some less fortunate sister? By no means! She rips that thing up and examines it with the eye of an artist, and perception, sharpened by necessity, discovers just what it will do (for do *something* it *must*) and then buys enough new material of a contrasting color to finish it out; and finally evolves, at a small cost, a neat, tasteful costume which impresses some of her masculine relatives, as unnecessarily expensive, but through whose flimsy veil of pretention (if she be of the "false pride" kind, and ashamed of her economy) her female friends penetrate at a first glance, well knowing from experience, all the ins and outs of the shifts to which she has been put. Or perhaps she may own, or be the recipient of, two half-worn dresses, each totally inadequate in itself to form anything like a complete dress. A judicious combination (supposing them to be suitable), a badly-worn place arranged to come under the basque tails, an ingenious trimming here to cover a long rent, a line or two of embroidery there, to cover up some stains impossible to be eliminated in any other way, even by the most economical cutting; and lo! she appears in a costume that, as a whole, is as stylish and fresh, and neat in effect as it is inexpensive. It is not fair to presume, each time a woman appears in an unfamiliar rig, that she has on a totally new dress.

All this may be done without "devoting all one's time and thought to the subject of dress." It is possible to-day for a woman



to make everything she wears (and many do it because they must, or go without) except her shoes; and while one must sew, let taste come to the assistance of ingenuity. Not in multiplicity of ruffles and manifold stitches does a "fashionable costume" consist (though there be many, of course, whose chief charm seems to consist of these), but in a certain exercise of individual taste which is an intuition to most women, aided by the suggestions of the multitudinous prevailing modes. With this and the patterns, and the art education, and the cheap, pretty materials of the day, most any woman can make herself "look like other people" (surely a commendable ambition) at a comparatively small expenditure of time, money and labor.

As for "spending their time thinking about dress," take an average family and the chances are ten to one that the women of that family will not spend half as much thought upon some egregious failure or shortcoming in their wardrobe as the men will upon some infinitesimal spot on a shirt front or an unexpected wrinkle in pantaloons that were intended to be skin tight. It seems possible, taking all these things into consideration, if one chose to devote one's time to it, to prove that, as a dresser, woman is no more extravagant in the use of time, thought and money than man, or, as this seems a not entirely fair conclusion (as a woman who makes her own clothes must spend more time upon it than a man who gives an order to others), it would be well to reduce the comparison to thought and money.

But there are other prices to be paid for clothes than that of actual money. A young girl who embroiders for herself a suit, at the expense of time and nerve and sight, pays a much higher price than she can afford. So it is with the question of underclothes, more especially the wedding outfits. Love of finery is a pardonable attribute of youth, and the woman's heart never grows so old that she does not appreciate and love "pretty things," even though the time goes by when she would sacrifice health and strength for them. But it is too often the case that, day after day, week after week, the prospective bride sits at her needle, puffing and ruffling, and embroidering and stitching, for what? Many times, in order that she may have a larger and handsomer trousseau than her neighbors. How much better it would be if she would spend some of this valuable time in going out in the open air and taking exercise—in drinking in health and good humor; so that she may not present to

her husband the tired, worn-out specimen of young-womanhood she has become, under the baneful régime she has prescribed for herself. A lady once said to me, "I never had any trousseau, nor do I mean that my daughters shall have." In reply to my comments on her rather heretical sentiments, she said, "My mother always said that she did not believe in any girl 'getting ready to be married.' She believed in our keeping up a good stock of clothes *all* the time. She said that a girl who was going to be married needed no more clothes than one who was going to remain single. She gave us a good stock, and we were expected to see that the stock was kept up. Consequently, when I was married I could have been married quite as readily in one week as in six. For I had literally nothing to provide except my wedding dress." What an excellent plan! And was not the dear old lady right?

In buying muslins, always select one that you know, from experience, will wear all over alike. There are muslins which are very strong and heavy in the beginning, but which wear in slits. This is most annoying. One can calculate for wear, but one cannot calculate for slits in muslin, and very often, just when one thinks that the family sewing is done, lo! the first garments are beginning to give out in the most unexpected manner. If you buy a muslin that grows thin all over, you can lay away the thin garments for summer time and prepare new ones for winter wear. But under no circumstances have a great stock ahead; for muslin garments wear out, or "tender," as housewives say, far more in lying by than in being worn. Clothes should be only in such quantities that they can be worn all around, at least once in five or six weeks.

Shoes are better for being "seasoned," as the shoemakers say. That is, ordinarily, when one buys shoes, they are newly made; the leather is still "green," as they call it in the trade. Now, if those shoes are worn at once, they will only last about one-half the time that they would if they could lie by for three or four months. Six months or a year is none too long to keep shoes before wearing, though it is not possible for all of us to buy our clothes so long ahead and let them lie idle. But when it can be done, it is great economy.

Gloves do not improve with lying by, as they are liable to spot. Neither do silks improve with disuse; they crack and go into slits.

There is much said in derision of home dressmaking, on account of its lack of that certain indefinable something called "style." But

"style" really consists mainly in a perfect fit of waist and sleeve, combined with exact hang in skirt. All these may be obtained by the home dressmaker, and when there are added, natural taste and a quick eye for effect, the dresses turned out by the family seamstress are equal to those made by dressmakers with a more prominent name. Do not be satisfied with anything less than a "good fit." There are many ways of obtaining this, and it is worth what may seem an extravagant price at first. A good pattern—a *reliable* one—is like a "thing of beauty," it is a "joy forever." Do not attempt too much. This is another caution to be observed. There are many little tricks and intricacies that an experienced hand may accomplish with ease, that should never be attempted by the amateur. Let the first work be of the simplest kind; as more confidence is gained, one elaboration may be added after another. Be neither too anxious nor too independent in regard to prevailing modes. There is no praise for an independence which manifests itself in an utter indifference to fashion. We have no right to mortify our friends by making ourselves conspicuous.

Having procured a good fit of the waist, next will come adjusting the sleeves. This the home dressmaker can seldom do well for herself. Never be satisfied to adjust one sleeve by the other. Each should be fitted in place, and should be pinned and altered, and altered and pinned, until a satisfactory result is reached. A dress that might otherwise have been made by Worth or Redfern, is a failure if the fit of the sleeves is imperfect. Why may we not fit one sleeve by the other? Because few human beings are so blessed as to be exactly alike on both sides. Naturally, to have a "good set" then, there must be certain modifications before the *effect* is the same. Remember that in dressmaking and millinery the *effect* is the great object. Therefore it is better to have a dress that *appears* straight, yet in reality is an inch larger on one side than on the other, than one which *is* straight and appears crooked. In nearly everyone, one hip is a little higher, one shoulder a little larger, one side a little fuller than the other. And these peculiarities should be noted and looked after. If one hip is larger than the other, let the drapery fall with comparative plainness on the large side, while the fullness is mainly placed over the small hip. Select a pattern of dress in which this is possible, and be sure *not* to select a pattern which will fall so plain all around as to but accentuate the defect. Sometimes there will be a difference of, perhaps, three-fourths of an inch be-



tween the two sides of a neck. But this fact must be recognized and provided for. Very many of the difficulties arise from just this trouble and no other. The young girl who is making her own dresses, has never realized that she possesses these defects, and is almost in tears because the "hateful thing will not go right." A woman who dresses herself, must study her good points and her bad, and dress accordingly. If she be dumpy, a spot or a large plaid will only increase her dumpiness. A short, broad woman should invariably dress in stripes, or if in plain color, let that be black or dark, and let her dresses be made so as to fall as nearly in straight lines as possible. This will give her the appearance of greater height and slenderness. A tall woman, if not broad in proportion, can carry well the most pronounced patterns. The *petite* woman should wear only dainty little patterns, though she can carry off some daring atrocity with much better grace than can her broader sister. We are not obliged to look at ourselves, but to do less than our best, with the material for dress and the natural capabilities which Providence has given us, is to voluntarily make of ourselves a blot upon the landscape, and to offer a tacit insult to those who must look upon us.

As a measure of economy, black is the best to wear, and no wardrobe should be considered complete without at least one good black dress. A well-made, black silk dress is a great boon. It is equally appropriate for a wedding or a funeral, and is quite good enough for "small and earlies," but do not make the mistake of thinking that a black silk dress is suitable for *everything*. There are many occasions on which you may be invited, when a black silk would not be sufficiently "dressy." It is much better to refuse such invitations than to suffer the mortification of being different from everyone else, as well as the misery of feeling that your hostess must feel the same way about it. Probably, being a true-hearted woman, your hostess feels nothing of the kind, though she cannot help noticing your unlikeness to everyone else. But we owe it to a hostess to dress in ordinary conformity to the demands of an occasion, precisely as a judge dons gown and wig as peculiar to his office. We never want to be "picked out" anywhere by peculiarities of dress.

With all the improvements we find in the dress of both sexes, there is none more marked than in that of children. The short socks, and still shorter skirts, exposing the bare and purple knees

of the little ones to the rude blasts and cruel cold of winter, have been abandoned for the warm and comfortable dresses and woolen stockings of the present day; and probably at no period has the general dress of children been more sensible, and at the same time tasteful, than at the present day. They have individual fashions in conformity to their youth and requirements, and are no longer mere miniatures of their elders; they are certainly to be congratulated upon the change.

While speaking of particular garbs assumed for particular occasions, I cannot forbear to say a few words on the subject of "mourning" as it is used and abused. It is a subject of congratulation that physicians are making a protest against this custom as being unhealthful, and some day, perhaps, the heavy *crépe* veil, which breathes of poison, will no longer be used to keep a woman's face confined in a six by seven space of mephitic air. It has become mainly a badge of vanity, not of grief. The custom of wearing black at times of mourning has, no doubt, originated in the fact that on such occasions the heart and soul are so plunged in gloom that anything bright is more than distasteful—it jars on every nerve, and is but an added torture. As an outgrowth of sorrow, then, the wearing of what is commonly called "mourning" attains a dignity which is worthy of our highest respect and sympathy. The veil was originally intended to hide from the public gaze the quivering lip, the sad eye to which "the tears will unbidden start," and as such, was and is a great boon to sensitive women in the first shock of affliction.

But when one sees the sable robes used as an instrument to convey to the public an inward sentiment of grief, a thing that should be too sacred to be paraded, then dignity is gone. One sees in a code of etiquette such sentences as these: "After six months the *crépe* veil may be thrown back, and a light net veil some six inches in length substituted." "A lady should wear the same mourning for her husband's relations that she does for her own." "Diamonds are admissible with mourning," etc. When one meets, daily, women in deep mourning—no, black would be the better word—with their veils thrown back and pinned to their bonnets gracefully, artistically and ornamentally, one is filled with a feeling akin to disgust. "Oh, I shall wear mourning for a long while," says one, "it is so becoming to me;" and she gives her veil an extra twitch on the right, and settles it over her left shoulder, well satisfied

with the effect. "When my husband died," says another (both cases quoted being from real life), "I mourned very deeply. *Why, my veil touched the hem of my dress.*" Such mourners were better dressed in bright blue or pink. One can respect the over-sentiment of the widow who asked for black underclothes in which to attend her husband's funeral, even if she did marry again early, for at the time her grief was so real that it was despair. But of the widow who *mourns till her veil reaches the hem of her dress*, there is little mention to be made. The less said the better.

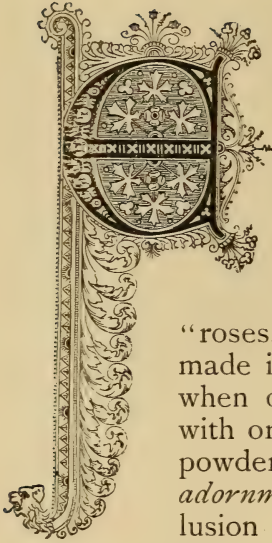
When the time comes to throw the veil back, the time has surely come to take it off. Its usefulness is gone, and to *ornament* ourselves in robes of grief seems ghoulish. A young lady, "being in mourning," as the phrase goes, *may* go to a party, *but*, being in mourning, she must wear a black dress; nevertheless, in order to make her funereal garb and her gay surroundings a little more compatible, fashion graciously permits her—not to wear a gay ribbon—oh, dear, no! That would *never* do; but she *may* wear a *scarlet flower*. Being in mourning, too, she must not dance, but she may play cards at this same party, and have just as good a time as she knows how. Oh, consistency, where art thou?





## CHAPTER III.

### GENERAL CARE OF THE PERSON.



VERY one knows the necessity for bathing and general habits of cleanliness, so it will not be worth while to dwell upon that subject at all. But there are other questions which arise in regard to caring for the skin—the questions of cosmetics, unguents and powders.

First, use no cosmetics, whatever, no “creams,” nor “balms,” nor “lillies,” nor “roses.” Present to the world your face as the Lord made it and *you* have cared for it. In summer time when over-heated, powdering of the neck and arms with ordinary corn-starch is cooling and refreshing, but powder should never be used in any other way. As an *adornment* it is an “abomination of desolation,” a “delusion and a snare.” Some of what are termed “the loveliest French complexions” are *never touched with a drop of water* from one year’s end to another! What do you think of that? Cold cream, applied at night, and “mopped off” with a soft linen towel in the morning! This is all the owners know of the delights of washing their faces! Just fancy!

If there is any tendency to chapping of the face and hands, simple lanoline is the best thing to be found. Being a purely animal oil, and of the very finest quality, it more nearly assimilates with the human skin than almost anything else of the kind. The face should be washed in the very hottest water just before going to bed, with no soap. This is a wonderful preservative of freshness of complexion. One authority on skin diseases asserts that nothing but the hands should ever wash the face—that no cloth should ever be permitted to touch it. A soft, large flannel cloth, however, dipped

in very hot water, is very grateful to the skin, and cleanses and softens, without roughening it. Another authority asserts that lanoline, thoroughly rubbed into the skin at night, will, by assimilation, remove wrinkles. It is all absorbed by the morning, and the face ready for a good washing in hot water.

But there is another and surer preventive of wrinkles, to which few of us, I fear, give the deserved amount of consideration—the preservation of an equable frame of mind. “What a pity,” remarked Mrs. A. of Mrs. B., “that she will frown so at nothing. It is such an ugly habit. I met her this morning as she was walking in the sunshine, and she had her face all screwed up. There is no need of anyone frowning like that because of a little sunshine. A little self-control is all that is necessary. When Mrs. B. grows old, instead of having one of those lovely, smooth skins, her beautiful face will be all wrinkled. If people all knew enough to keep calm under the most trying circumstances, women’s complexions would be preserved way on into old age. Every time anyone frowns she adds a new wrinkle somewhere, they say.”

Whether a “lovely, smooth complexion” is altogether a beauty in a fine-looking old lady, is an open question. A face unmarked by past emotion, unseamed by events—a face upon which the finger of experience has traced no lines, the chisel of deep thought has made no furrows, is deemed by many to be characterless, and, as such, unattractive. Be that as it may, it is not to be doubted that many of the ugly lines which really disfigure the face in old age, are entirely under the control of the possessor. The curve of scorn, the frown of impatience, become as deeply cut, as firmly set by frequent recurrence, as though nature had marked them with her finger in babyhood, or adverse fate had drawn them with the cruel pen of circumstance. The lines drawn by sadness and those marked by passion are two entirely different things. And so marked is this distinction, that the beholder in after years has no difficulty in deciding from which cause the lines have sprung. It behooves all, therefore, to keep the mind as nearly in equipoise as possible, if they would avoid making, unnecessarily, “a new wrinkle.”

After the care of the face comes the care of the hands. In this line there is much to be considered. There are many things you cannot afford to do with your hands, and no one should consider it anything more than a proper pride upon your part, to kindly refuse to do them. There are certain professions and callings wherein the

hands are brought much into play, and for the sake of advancement in those callings and professions, you cannot afford to display a marred or stained pair of hands. For instance, a music-teacher cannot afford to stem strawberries or pare potatoes; she should keep her hands presentable before that public which is her judge and censor. There is no special credit due to a young girl who "is not afraid of her hands," and dashes them into ashes without heed to appearance. It is our bounden duty to make the most of ourselves, and there is no false pride in a girl who does her hard work in a pair of gloves. The finger-nails should never be cut, but should be daily shaped with a nail file. They should, likewise, never be cleaned with anything sharp or metallic. A piece of match, or any other sliver of wood, is the best thing. One of those public abominations, a toothpick, is a good thing, if not too sharp.

Next, let us consider the teeth. I shall not say much about daily cleaning; you have, probably, already heard many times about all that. But I would urge upon you general care—unremitting care and watchfulness. You will very often find poor teeth accompanied by a poor complexion. This is a rather complex state of things, because the action of each upon the other is often reflex. Defective teeth may be either the result or the cause of indigestion. Improperly masticated food will produce indigestion, and indigestion from any cause, will affect not only the teeth, but the complexion. Imperfect assimilation of food produces a superabundance of acids, which seriously affects the condition of the teeth, if it does not result in their absolute destruction. The teeth should be well cared for by a competent dentist. In the economy of nature, as in that of households, "a stitch in time saves nine," and a small filling, placed early, may save absolute loss of the molar. The tendency was, in years gone by, to immediately extract an aching tooth. To-day, we have learned to save. "What is the use, it does not show, way back there?" is the argument often used when a dentist objects to extracting a troublesome tooth, preferring to build it up if possible, if only for a year or so. But every tooth extracted, deducts from the general contour of the face, and worse than this, brings more pressure to bear on those that are left. And, believe it or not, as you please, replacing one or two lost teeth, even if they *be* "very far back and do not show," will be almost as effective in arresting decay, as will the filling of those remaining. If a child's teeth are noticed



as coming in very irregularly, it is probably because the mouth is crowded. Dr. Edward A. Bogue, a prominent dentist, says that it is a well attested fact that the human jaw is at least three teeth shorter than it was originally, and that the shortening process is still going on, which accounts for so much over-crowding of the teeth. When this crowding is marked, a reliable dentist should be consulted as to the propriety of extracting four of the molars so as to give the rest room to spread. This is a necessity, as teeth which are crowded will decay much more quickly than those which are not; the matter should be attended to between the ages of ten and sixteen ordinarily. A child should be sent to a dentist regularly for examination, at intervals of not longer than six months—more frequently, should the dentist himself consider it judicious. An adult should not make the intervals longer than a year. Do not wait to have the toothache before you have your teeth examined. If you have them examined with sufficient frequency, you may be mercifully preserved from that “fell destroyer” altogether.

Next, let us take into consideration, the hair. First let me enter an earnest protest against either bleaching or dyeing it. If there is one thing that renders woman a painful object to look upon, a travesty upon nature, it is having her hair either bleached or dyed. I remember reading in an old-fashioned book on “etiquette” a sentence something like the following: “When a lady finds that her hair is growing grey, she should wear a false front, of hair the color that her own was originally. Grey hair makes a woman’s face masculine!” Fancy! Picture to yourselves some of the sweet-faced old ladies you know, with their soft, silvery hair, and then think of the amount of womanly dignity (?) that would be added to their faces, if their heads were covered with such an atrocity as a bright brown front! No, the beauty of grey or white hair has grown to be appreciated at its full value. The ones who now dye their hair are not the older women, who find theirs growing grey, but the younger ones, the color of whose hair does not suit them. But there is one thing you can depend upon, and that is that if Dame Nature knows anything at all, she most thoroughly understands matching hair and eyes with complexion and eyebrows. Do not tamper with her work. Nature is resentful of interference. Sometimes, when she finds us determined to have our own way, spite of her mandate, she quietly steps back, and allows us to steer our bark to suit ourselves, and when we finally find ourselves in danger of shipwreck and call upon

her to aid, she does not always extend that aid with a good grace. Indeed, she is sometimes very slow to accept our allegiance again. It is well, therefore, to keep on the right side of the much abused dame, and to heed her mandate before her patience is entirely exhausted.

Not long ago, some man propounded the theory that neuralgia, in women, was owing to the fact that they drew their hair up to the top of the head, and left the back of the neck exposed. Candidly considered, is the back of a woman's neck any more exposed by a high dressing of the hair, than is a man's neck by having his hair cut with the clippers all the winter round, as do hundreds of men? Or, even theoretically, is neuralgia any more common now than it was in the days when women wore their hair low on the neck? The hair should be worn to suit the contour of the face. A "Psyche-knot" is very much at variance with a long nose, as is high dressed hair with a long, narrow face. At night the hair should be taken down and well brushed, but whether it should be left down, is a question for individual decision. If the hair is worn high, to take it down at night and leave it so, if the hair is light and fluffy in texture, would be to get it into a hopeless tangle, and so much hair would be literally "torn out by the roots" in the effort to readjust it in the morning, that the advantages of having had it down and free during the night, would be entirely over-balanced. Even if plaited, much difficulty would arise in again bringing it to the top of the head.

Shall I say anything about tight lacing, I wonder? What is the use? Both the squeezed and the unsqueezed will unite in asserting that they "wear their clothes just as *loose*!" Well, perhaps! I will not dispute the fact, but I *will* say that if your clothes are not comfortably loose, you are ruining your complexions and making your hands red. You perceive I say nothing about the manner in which you are predisposing yourselves to serious complications of the heart and lungs. These things are "*in futuro*," and each foolish girl hopes to ward them off. But a bad complexion or red hands are an ever present distress which, like the spot on Lady Macbeth's hand, will not "out." I make no mention of the ill-health caused by tight lacing, because there is so much said daily upon the subject. But if, perhaps, a few may be tempted, through *vanity*, to do right in this respect, there will be a point gained. Remember, too, when you are lacing yourself "within an inch of your life," as the saying goes, that

it is said that a good figure demands *only* ten inches difference between the measure of the bust and that of the waist, and that "wasps" are no longer even "the fashion."

Now, the care of the feet. Corns? Well, yes; it is an unfortunate fact that many of the human race are afflicted with these painful and undesirable appendages. But they do not always arise from tight shoes by any means. They are, however, always the result of ill-fitting ones, though some people are more predisposed to this kind of thing than others. A pair of shoes that is too large will produce corns quite as quickly, if no more so, than one which is too small, and a shoe that is too short will produce what are called "ingrowing nails," but which are in reality an irritation of the toe which causes the flesh to overgrow the nail. A shoe that is too narrow will produce distorted joints, while a shoe that is too wide will produce corns. You see the necessity of having your shoes like everything that belonged to the "middle-sized bear"—that is, "just right." And what *is* just right? Well, "just right" is in accordance with your foot. Very few people can wear a pointed shoe unless it is at least one size longer than the shoe they have been accustomed to wearing, simply because no human being's toes were ever meant to be cramped into such a narrow space, nor is it possible in most cases to do so. The toe of the shoe is left vacant, and appearances are preserved. A high heel drives the foot forward, and for this reason, if one be worn, the shoe should not only be quite long for the wearer, but it should be tight across the instep, so as to keep the foot well back. Wright, the well-known shoemaker of New York, who makes it his business to treat deformities of the foot (either contracted or natural) by means of a properly made shoe, claims that a shoe should *always* be tight across the instep and loose across the toe.

In Spain, when a gentleman meets a lady who is unknown to him, he first looks at her feet; if those are pretty and well shod, he looks at her face. If her feet do not please him, her face is a matter of perfect indifference to him. This is a fact vouched for by the little Countess D'Anderez. "I do not understand your American women," she said to me once; "you think so much of your dress and your hair, and you do not care how ugly your shoes are. Great broad things! A Spanish woman would consider herself disgraced to be seen in such shoes. We wear such pretty slippers and shoes in Spain, with such high heels. In my country, a woman's greatest



attraction is her foot." A pretty foot is a pretty sight, be it in Spain or America, but ideas vary on the subject of abstract beauty in this respect, as witness the Chinese foot. We Americans are a sensible race, and learning daily that the more nearly we approach to nature as God has decreed it, the more nearly we approximate true beauty, and to realize also that to tamper with and distort that which the Creator in His wisdom has created, is practically an irreverence for His handiwork.

If your circumstances are such that a degree of economy is a necessity with you, let some of that economy be exercised upon the dress in which strangers see you. Do not reserve it all for home use. Nor do not let the time ever come when you feel that you are too far advanced in life to be *careful* of your dress. A middle-aged woman has just as much need to be prettily and becomingly dressed as has a young woman. Father and mother, why not dress for each other *now*, as you did in years gone by? Mother, why not select a pretty pattern for your wrapper, instead of that hideous brown thing with the green sprig in it? Why not have a little bit of color in your bonnet? "It does not matter; anything is good enough now. Nobody looks at an old woman like me." O fie! Suppose someone else should say that! Does not father look at you? And is not he as well worth pleasing now as when you married him? Do not you suppose he takes pride in thinking what a fine looking old lady his wife is? Why screw your hair up in that uncompromising little knot, when a deft turn or two would arrange it in pretty puffs, so becoming to you and so gratifying to those around you? And father, why encase your naturally neat feet in those hideous old slippers, all down at the heel, when you have two more good pairs in the closet, just because the old ones go on so easy? I dare say they do; they apparently *come off* "so easy" too, that every step is a shuffle, and as you go up and down stairs an unmusical clip-clap! clip-clap! heralds your movements. Why not trim your beard neatly and make yourself generally presentable? If the time has gone by, father and mother, when you care to dress for each other, then dress for the sake of your children. It is a bad day for a mother when her son contrasts her appearance with that of "the other boys' mothers;" it is a bad day for the father when the daughter looks upon his careless dress with a sense of mortification.

And, O daughter, beware of the time when you shall permit yourself to go around in curl-papers and crimping-pins! In old age,

carelessness of dress may be in a degree condoned (and yet at no time of life are neatness and care more needed) but in the young it is unpardonable. And of all forms of carelessness, the curl-paper and crimping-pin is the worst. A tear, a missing button, a spot of grease, may any or all of them be the result of accident, but a curl-paper or a crimping-pin is aggression. Daughter, you should dress for the "old folks at home" even more than for outsiders, instead of less, and you should take into consideration that you are helping form your brother's impression of women. For the sake of your sex, as well as for the sake of the brother himself, you cannot be too careful to have that impression the very best.







# OCCUPATIONS

FOR

# WOMEN







# OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

## CHAPTER I.

### WOMAN'S SPHERE.



AND what *is* woman's sphere? Decidedly, in the present day, a very unsettled thing. Every few weeks some new writer comes to the front and endeavors to establish a fixed standard. But "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," does not seem to have the desired effect upon constantly advancing woman. And now we ask again, who will or can define a woman's sphere? That sphere was once considered to be bounded on all sides by the circle drawn round the domestic hearth. Nobody seemed to reflect that there were some women so unfortunate as to have no special domestic ties of their own. Such miserable creatures were directed to seek *womanly* employment among the families of their married relations. Why should a single woman unsex herself by going out into the world, when her brother or sister had a houseful of obstreperous children to look after? Why, indeed!

In these times, all is changed, however, thanks to the persevering ones who have hacked and hewed a way to competence, through thorny paths, leaving the road comparatively clear for those that follow. "No head for business," says some man; "a woman's



proper sphere is housekeeping." Let us see! No head for business! Very little head for accounts! Well, perhaps the last proposition is true in the main, but it is purely for want of practice. Ask any business man who employs a woman bookkeeper, whether his accountant is competent or not? There is certainly one point on which the women can yield the palm to the men (no doubt they will do it gracefully and willingly), and that is the number of betrayed trusts. Let him who reads the daily papers say what per cent. of the women employed as accountants, and handling large sums of money, pocket the half of it and flee to Canada.

"No head for business." Leaving aside the scores of women employed in business houses, there is hardly a thing in the world that calls for a clearer head for business than the intelligent management of a household. Not the scrubbing and the scouring, though even in these the more brains one can bring to bear upon them the better, both for the occupation, and the persons engaged therein. But the management of all the minutiae, the being able to consider each separate detail, and see the result of the great whole at the same time.

Why, to be a successful housekeeper, a woman must understand—let us see—baking, washing, ironing, cooking, sewing; that is, four *trades*, without the minor acts of dishwashing, sweeping, dusting, etc. But a woman, to be true mistress of her house, must absolutely be accomplished in four *trades*, that require no mean skill, any one of them, and three of them, trades that many men practice. Men bake, men cook, men sew. Do they unsex themselves when they practice three of the trades of housekeepers, or do *women* unsex *themselves* when they practice in their households three of the trades in which men have been successful? How is it, anyway?

Taking all the facts into consideration, we think "woman's sphere" is the same as that of man, *i. e.*, to do cheerfully and well the work that comes to her hand, whether it be with a pen, a surgeon's knife, a dentist's drill, a pair of scissors or a broom.

In an article recently published, entitled "Woman and Work," there is much sound, hard, common sense, with a few ideas which will, I think, bear modification. "It is not more money the world is suffering for," says the writer of that article, "but more virtue; not more homes of luxury, but more homes of real refinement, happiness, goodness and love; more sterling women who realize what is their truest and noblest sphere of usefulness; more men who will carry

into the world the aroma of homes, lovely in every sense." She should have added (no doubt she forgot it) *and more men worthy and appreciative of such a home.*

She speaks, in the earlier part of the article quoted, of men becoming contemptible and losing their "spark of manliness," but perhaps if she had made more than a surface observation of the human race, she would have found that it is the women who have been sufficiently unfortunate to discover that their husbands, or other masculine connections, already *lacked* that "spark of manliness" (the loss of which is certainly much to be deplored, whatever the cause of that loss) have been compelled to turn out for themselves.

The "spark of manliness" and the love of home comforts, supposed to be implanted in every masculine breast, do not, unfortunately, "make the pot boil;" and if the writer of "Woman and Work," had gone a trifle more deeply into the subject, made notes and drawn up a set of statistics for herself, I think she would have found that it is *necessity*, and not love of display, of money, or of power, which drives most women to work in public places. Even the career of school teaching (which she *almost* condemns), with its alluring prospect of money and fame (!) is not entered into by many because they *will*, but because they *must*.

When, too, there is more than one daughter at home, and the family can "get along" (nothing more) "on father's salary," that extra daughter is reprehensible who does not turn out and "do something," in order to provide the luxuries for the parents, who, in their older life, require something more than a mere "getting along," at the hands of the children for whom they have toiled and striven all their anxious lives. Sometimes, too, "protectors" die (perhaps from the very strain of "getting along")—then what? Useless, as far as combating the world is concerned; helpless from having been taught to consider that their sole duty was to "shed the aroma of sweet, womanly influence" around the domestic hearth, they sink into that most deplorable of all positions—"poor relations."

In whatever else it may disagree, the world unanimously considers it a settled fact, that woman must eat and be clothed, though as to her legitimate path in the pursuit of food and raiment, there be various opinions. Without discussing the desirability or legitimacy, of the devious paths now open to women; without at all wishing to open up the subject of "woman's rights," I would urge upon parents a closer thought in regard to the future of their

daughters, which, indeed, in these days of fluctuating fortune, is no light matter. Let them be educated for good housekeepers, by all means, if they have any taste for it (and led to it, if possible, if they have not); let them be taught to sew, to knit, to weave, to bake, to brew, to scrub; anything and everything, in short, calculated to make their own home or that of the "coming man," pleasanter and more comfortable. Let them further be educated so as to be able to fill with ease any position in society; let them become brilliant women, if they have the ability for that. But there is something yet beyond this—let them be educated to be self-supporting, if necessity should offer.

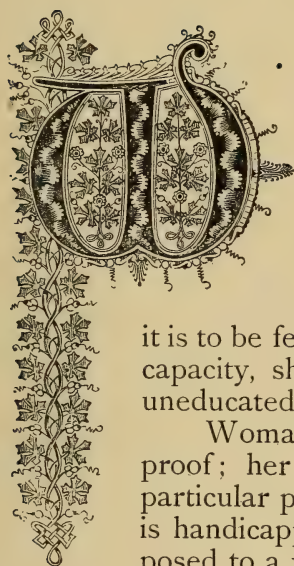
Each girl should have a trade or a profession. When a man of fortune fails, who is to take care of his five daughters, or what use has the world for five "good housekeepers" who have no houses to keep? Since it is a melancholy fact that "ladies" are at times unexpectedly obliged to support themselves (and even those around them), every woman should have at her command some trade or profession, in order that when necessity occurs, if ever it does, she may have wares to offer, for which the public is likely to be a ready purchaser; for, believe it, the world has but little to say to the woman who can urge only her "good housekeeping" as a plea for a position whereby she may earn her daily bread. Let each daughter be taught some trade or profession outside of her own home: one, millinery; another, dressmaking, and so on—if only the so-called *womanly* employments are preferred. If, however, popular prejudice, or private opinion, does not interfere, the branches in which a woman may perfect herself with a view to future self-support, are legion—bookkeeping, short-hand, type-writing, any of the thousand-and-one new avenues opening for women, or the time-honored old ones. But, parents, do not, as you love your daughters, do not allow them, in case of reverses, to find themselves stranded on a barren shore, incapable of anything but "eating the bitter bread of charity" as "poor relations."





## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT SHALL I DO?



• **W**HAT *can* you do? That is the question. Having elected and decided that *something* she must do, the question of "What shall I do?" is one which causes many an anxious day and sleepless night. The tendency seems to be more towards a point of willingness than one of capability. The avenues to women are so immeasurably advanced that,

it is to be feared, without sufficient thought as to individual capacity, she enters into paths entirely unfitted for her, uneducated as she is in business.

Woman's mental ability is a thing which needs no proof; her capability—her adaptability to some or any particular position—remains always to be proved, and she is handicapped by generations of ancestors who were opposed to a woman's advancing one step beyond the kitchen or ball-room. To the woman who found herself "obliged to look out for herself," in past years, there was absolutely but one refuge for "decayed gentility"—that of teaching. Taking boarders was the only other occupation which a woman could take up, unchallenged. Now, everything is so different that, in the excess of freedom, women with all the audacity of ignorance, seek paths for which they, as individuals, are entirely unfitted. All this will probably be eradicated with generations of education, and women who must seek a business life will have inherited, in a degree, a business education. And, if not, what then? Do we not find men in positions to which they are no ornament? Look at the various trades and professions, and answer the question for yourselves.

There are many points of consideration when the grand question is to be solved, but the very first—the one that is of all the most

important—is your peculiar fitness for the walk you have chosen; and if none is decided on, if there be no real predilection, then for the path you are *about* to choose. Do not fancy, because it is elected that you must earn your own living, that pluck and energy and perseverance, combined with your natural abilities, will enable you to fill any position you may select. You may desire to do some particular thing, or to enter some particular walk, because “it is so respectable and genteel,” or because someone else has done so. But be very sure that you have the requirements of success before you float your bark, lest you not only lose *this* chance of a safe passage, but prevent all chance of making port in any other direction. There are yet many domestic avenues open to women, that have so far been untried. One smart woman, who felt that she lacked the brain required for a lawyer or a physician, or, in fact, any of the professions or callings, accepted the work at her door, and did “the next thing.”

If we would analyze the methods by which the successful ones in the race of life have achieved their end, we will find that it was by their ability to seize on “the next thing.” “Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,” says the sage, but those few who are born to greatness, or those who have greatness thrust upon them, are nothing to those who “achieve greatness” by doing “the next thing.” To everyone is not given the power to see just what *is* the next thing, but to such as it is given, is assured success. Others have the gift, but from modesty or indolence (as often one as the other) they hesitate, and “he who hesitates is lost.”

There is nothing so likely to produce success as a definite, settled purpose; nothing so likely to assure a mediocrity of achievement as a daily performance of fixed duties, with a vague hope that “something will turn up.” Life is too short for mere *waiting*, unless waiting be inevitable. Let her who waits, *watch* also, that any straw which floats in her direction may be seized to best advantage. It is not once in a thousand times that one *leaps* to success. One arrives there only after having, with toil and pain and weariness, taken in hand from time to time, as opportunity presents itself, “the next thing.”

This brave woman spoken of, took up “the next thing,” and made a trade and name for herself, as a *lamp-trimmer*. There are quite a number of these now, who go by the name of “lampers.”

For a certain sum per lamp, they keep in order all the lamps of a household, coming at stated periods, trimming, filling and cleaning, as occasion requires. What a blessing this is to the busy house-mother! Men make their living by winding clocks, going from house to house and office to office, as do the lampers. Why should not women learn to do this also? This is more of a trade, however, as one must understand clockmaking before such work can be attended to in a truly satisfactory manner.

I am growing older every day I find, and the more I read and hear and see and feel, the more am I convinced that many of my fellow-women have nothing to do, because they are not willing to do that which lies before them. "I must earn some money," sighs someone, "but how? I have no trade, and there seems nothing for me to do." Nothing? Can you do *nothing* well? Can you do none of the homely *home* work *well*? If you can accomplish any one thing deftly, there is your trade at hand. Are your preserves a success? Go round among your neighbors at *so much per day*. Plenty of them will be *glad* to have the bother of preserving off their hands. Can you mend and darn to your own satisfaction and that of others? Go darn your neighbors' stockings at so much per pair. Can you—oh, dare I mention such a menial occupation!—but really, *can* you clean and polish children's shoes nicely and quickly? Then a fortune awaits you. For I can even now see the eye of the mother brighten with relief, as she sees you enter and attack the five little muddy pairs of shoes which she has been regarding with such despair, not knowing where the time was to come from for her to do it. For her who can do well something which the neighborhood needs, there is occupation and money, as, when once the mothers find that they can be relieved of many little duties which have taken them from more important things, they will gladly hand them over to someone who makes a profession of it, and will cheerfully pay for it, too. A woman may not desire to set up a bake-shop in her own house, but if she truly understands the art of baking, there are many neighbors who will welcome her gladly to their homes to do the work.

The trouble with too many who cry for work, I am convinced, is that they are so anxious to be "genteel" (being full of that false pride which is far worse than none), and are *not* willing to do that which they *can* do well. One woman, whose forte is evidently baking, desires to give music lessons; another, who wields a needle



with neatness and effect, desires to paint placques. Surely, good biscuits are better than bad music—fine darning better than coarse painting.

There are women who make it their business to lay carpets, others to hang curtains and keep them in repair, doing them up at certain seasons, and folding them carefully away in the summer season. Why should not some woman make it her calling to go around packing winter clothing away from the moths? If called upon to do something *at once*, and you feel that there is some homely task that you can and do perform *well*, that is the thing for you to try first. It may prove a step to something higher and more intellectual, but as a beginning, it is the very best you can do. You have a good oven, and it is not always convenient for your neighbors to heat theirs for baking, why not start a trade in baked potatoes, for instance? Mrs. Jones, over the way, will soon be glad to send her order for a dozen smoking hot potatoes, and shortly, her dear friend round the corner, learning that your potatoes are always “done to a turn,” will follow suit. And the same enterprising woman who sells hot baked potatoes, may also sell cold baked apples with equal success. The question of getting along is greatly one of supply and demand. When seeking work you must be able to offer, *well done*, that which people need, and you must also go to those who *need* what you can supply.

A step beyond this class of occupations, which require little or no capital, is another class, in connection with which may be mentioned bee-keeping, poultry raising, the silk-worm industry, and the raising of small fruits. For each of these a certain amount of capital is needed, and frequently the ultimate success of any of these enterprises depends upon the amount of money one has to lose, or how long one can wait for returns to come in. If any woman fancies that it is but to put in a little money, followed by a little work, and then a rich harvest in a few short months, let her disabuse herself of the idea at once. There are quantities of beautiful, theoretical stories written, in which a girl accustomed to luxury, suddenly finds herself alone in the world, her sole capital about one hundred dollars and some old farmhouse or other, that the family has considered of so little importance heretofore, that they have really forgotten they owned it. To this she retires with her hundred dollars. This sum she invests, as the case may be (or, rather, according to the taste of the writer), in one of four things—strawberry

plants, chickens, silk-worms or bees—and, spite of the fact that she has no practical knowledge in regard to these matters (or, indeed, *practical* knowledge in any direction) she buys a book upon the subject, and fearlessly attacks the problem of caring for her stock in trade. In a few months, her capital yields her immense returns, and she shortly finds herself a “bloated bondholder.” She never meets with any mishaps; the eggs always hatch; no rats ever devour the small chicks; the incubator lights never go out nor flare up too high; her chickens never have rheumatism, nor any other complaint; the result is an immense



number of spring chickens just when the market is at its very best. No blight ever strikes the plants; no drought kills the berries. The silk-worms thrive and fill their spindles, and the magician's wand converts the web-like filaments into gold. The bees always swarm at the proper season, and winter finds the young mistress with stores of golden honey, and “silver coin galore.” All this, and much more, is credited to her, and all the result of little capital and, inferentially, less work.

But the truth is that to success, as to learning, “there is no



royal road." Every success represents so much experience—every dollar, so much hard work. Do not permit yourselves to be deluded by statistics. Let actual experience be the source from which you draw your information, and unless you can gain your knowledge from someone who has had practical experience in the calling which you wish to undertake, you are unwise to risk your little hoard. Books must be had, of course, but it is impossible to gain in this way, information so exact as to form an infallible premise upon which to base business calculations. The *Silk Growers' Association* has been a wonderful success, and many women are doing well in that way. But it is not an *easy* path. It is not so back-breaking as washing, ironing or house-cleaning, but it requires as "strict attention to business" as either of those. It is a pleasant occupation, however, and one that can be begun on a small scale, with very little capital. As such, it is to be cordially recommended to the notice of women. For they can gain such experience for a small outlay of money, as will be invaluable to them when desiring to increase the business. A few words taken from the reports of the association, will give a brief history of the industry that may be interesting.

"Every time the culture of silk has been introduced into this country it has met with discouragement and failure, caused by speculators in mulberry trees, and primitive machinery. At the present time it is introduced under more favorable auspices, and in states where legislative aid has been extended, it is successfully pursued. About twenty-five years ago the silk-worms of France were diseased and the industry crippled; at that time healthy and fine quality eggs were sent to the silk-growing districts of France from Louisiana; a private firm from France has bought thousands of acres in Mississippi, and is fitting up a silk farm.

The United States ranks third as a silk manufacturing country, but depends entirely upon imported raw material and skilled workmen. The 'Woman's Silk Culture Association,' of the United States was organized in Philadelphia in the year 1880. Mrs. John Lucas is president, and Mrs. Bishop Simpson one of the vice-presidents. The association was formed to create an interest in silk culture, to give reliable information to culturists, and to make a market for cocoons. The ladies of the association used their own money for this, until government aid was furnished in 1885, when a government experimental station in silk culture was established in Philadelphia, and Mrs. John Lucas was appointed superintendent



of an experimental station, to demonstrate the filature department of the silk industry, which was done at 1222-26 Arch street, Philadelphia, and this silk reeling station did good service."

This industry, the progress in which is due entirely to the zeal and undaunted courage of women, bids fair to be one of our chief industries. Silk underwear even is being made in Chicago, the silk native to America being specially firm and fine, and well adapted to this purpose. Out of five successful silk raisers in Massachusetts, four are women. There is a wide field open for women in this direction, both as raisers of mulberry trees, and also of cocoons. The *Silk Growers' Association* report a great advance in quality of the cocoons. The industry is growing slowly, but the best results are being brought out by women who have taken up the work.

The association has taken a tract of land at Odenton, Maryland, where they carry on the business on a large scale, and in which they are desirous of interesting the women of America. Any woman, therefore, who desires to go into this business would do well to obtain advice and instruction from this centre of silk-worm culture.

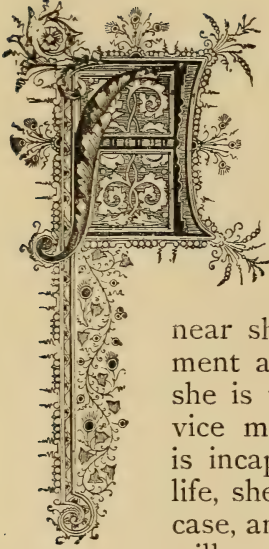
Raising flowers for the market, more especially sweet violets, has become quite an occupation among women, and when successful at all, it is quite lucrative. But, like all the rest, success only crowns untiring devotion to business and unceasing vigilance. The windows must be closed when the weather is too cold, they must be opened when too warm, lest the flowers should be chilled or smothered, and thus the labor and expense of months be lost. If a sudden change comes in the night, the flower-raiser must arise and examine the furnaces and the sash, to see that all is right, and her charges in no danger of harm.

In everything, you see, it is the same, but then, when heights are gained and success is won, by a blessed provision, the winner looks back, not upon the toil, but upon the pleasant steps which have led to final conquest, and competence is enjoyed with a greater zest for the very reason that it was not lightly attained.



## CHAPTER III.

### ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.



ADVICE!" That is an ugly word, is it not? Few of us are so humble or so self-distrustful that we really like advice that has been given unsought, and yet no one in the wide world needs advice, good, sound, common-sensical advice, as much as the young woman who turns out for the first time to seek a livelihood. Whatever else a mother is capable of doing, however near she and her daughter may be, whatever her judgment and counsel may be worth in all other respects, she is utterly incapable of giving her daughter the advice most necessary to her as a wage-earner. She is incapable of this, because by reason of her secluded life, she is utterly ignorant of the requirements of the case, and the circumstances and treatment her daughter will meet with. She can only do her best to ground her in firm principles of integrity and truth and loyalty and honor, and then bid her "God-speed," striving to assist her in a general way, by still keeping, if possible, her hold as her daughter's confidante. If she can do this, she has done all that a mother *can* do—the world, experience, and a judicious friend must do the rest.

There are many, however, to whom the "judicious friend" never comes, and to aid such, much has been written by both men and women, who should certainly be considered as experienced. But even in this, individual judgment must be exercised and a close line followed as to the advice to be taken. Witness, for instance, a recently published article, entitled, "Advice to Young Women who are Alone in the World." I would like to quote, *verbatim*, a paragraph or two, just to see how it will strike *you*.

"Live in a first-class neighborhood. It is worth more to you to have a good address on your cards and envelopes than any

amount of finery you could pile on. In a first-class neighborhood, you can afford to dress as plainly as you please; but if you lived in a little back street, particularly if you dressed well, it might be sufficient to ruin your reputation. If you are at all straitened in circumstances, never board with anyone who depends upon your board-money. Then if you run at all behindhand, you will not be likely to be tortured by demands to pay before you are able. We hear a great deal now-a-days, about the rich grinding down the poor, but the poor are just as likely to grind down each other. *You* cannot afford to be ground down by anybody.

For a similar reason, go to a first-class physician, dentist, or other professional man or woman, if you need their services. You may have to pay a little more in the end, though the probabilities are that you will not—but, in any event, your bills will not be sent you in a hurry, and you will not be harassed until your soul is sick in the effort to pay. ‘Rich people’s doctors’ are proverbial for their patience and sympathy with the poor; they will take your money rather than allow you to feel under any obligation to them, but they are not seriously injured if anything happens, and they never get what is due them. But this is not all. If you employ first-class professionals, the services rendered you are better. Rich people can afford to risk their life, health and appearance for the experiments of bunglers—*you* cannot.”

There! I will not go any further with it, except that later on I would like to quote one more short paragraph. The advice here given clearly is, as a measure of self-preservation from duns: “Incur all sorts of debts, no matter whether you have any immediate prospect of paying them or not. Board with someone who can better afford to support you (even though you have no claim on them), than *you* can afford to live in a back street. Unhesitatingly ask the services of the best professional men, because they can afford to *give* you their services, if you find yourself indisposed to pay them.” In other words, get everything you can, and do not feel the slightest embarrassment at being considered a “genteel pauper.” She says you “cannot afford” to do this or that, but believe me, you can still less “afford” to lose one whit of your self-respect, or the respect that is due you from a world you have treated honorably. Now for the closing paragraph of this truly remarkable article.

“About economy? Oh, yes! Every letter to young women contains something of the kind. Well, the foregoing indicates in what



directions *not* to economize. You can economize in every other that you please, except kid gloves, real lace, the best shoes and corsets, violet sachet powder, cream linen paper and fresh cut flowers. These things you '*have* to have.' The world has long laughed at the young fellow who said: 'Stockings I can do without, but a buzzum pin I *must* have!' But the world was wrong and the young fellow was right. The probabilities were that he had more stockings than he needed already; so have you!"

On this paragraph I have little comment to make except to say, dear girls, that the advice which counsels "cut flowers" instead of stockings, and "real lace" in place of honest payment of debts, is dangerous, to say the least, and will lead to some very risky experiments, and unpleasant experiences upon the part of the experimenter.

In contradistinction to the former article, I would like to give another one, recently published in the *Business Woman's Journal*. I shall give this entire, as I feel sure that every word of it is needed and to the point. I am only sorry to be unable to give the name of the writer of an article so informed with common sense. It is called "Homely Hints to Young Women in Business."

"Never ask for your services more, and never accept for them less, than they are actually worth. If you demand more compensation than you are capable of earning, you will either not be engaged at all, or will be dismissed as soon as someone can be found to take your place. If you accept less than you know your experience and ability ought to command, you will throw out of employment someone else who is only capable of earning a small salary. Most business men who demand skillful services are able to pay for them. On the other hand, there are certain firms who cannot afford to pay high salaries. For the sake of economy, the latter are willing to accept less competent labor. Positions of this kind should therefore be reserved for those whose capacity is only sufficient to fill them. A man whose business is large, and time consequently valuable, will not cavil about a few dollars a week, when he has to decide between a skillful and an unskillful employé. But when the skilled artisan will *accept* the salary of the unskilled, the employer does not hesitate to avail himself of such an opportunity, and the bread is thus taken out of the mouths of those whose workmanship is estimated on a lower scale.

Never chat during business hours. Remember that, although

you may not be occupied at the time, others in the office with you are, and your conversation will be very likely to disturb them. Employ your leisure hours *in reading or study*, and you will be surprised to see how much you can thus add to your stock of knowledge.

Be as lady-like in an office as you would be in a parlor; and above all things, avoid undue familiarity with the clerks with whom you may be associated. Treat them always with kindness, and be ever ready to do them a favor, but remember that familiarity breeds contempt. The dignified and refined manners of the young ladies who first entered the different kinds of business awakened respect and made a place for others. Do not, by your careless behavior in public offices, destroy the good opinions which have thus been earned. Do not treat as a social friend a young man you may chance to meet in business, until you have the approval of your friends, or your association with him has been sufficiently long to prove his worth.

Never accept gifts or other attentions from your employer, unless he has introduced you to the members of his family, and you have been received on a social equality by them. He may invite you to entertainments with the kindest motives, but remember that in accepting his attentions, you are exposing yourself to criticism, and will lose much of the respect of others to which you are entitled. In your association with men in business, above all things strive to command their respect.

Do not receive letters or social calls at your place of business. Although you may have leisure for this purpose, such calls will probably be an annoyance to those with whom you are associated in business. In a printing office or in a manufactory, at noon, business ceases and the employés are given an hour for lunch, but in most offices where ladies are employed, the machinery of business continues all day. Some of the employés must be constantly at their desks, and it is necessary that there should be no disturbance or interruption, and that quiet and order should always be preserved.

Never use the telephone for your personal business, except in cases of absolute necessity. You may be alone in the office of your employer, and a little chat with a friend through the telephone may not, at that time, interfere in the slightest degree with the interests of *your* employer, but what do you know of the engagements of the young lady at the other end of the wire?

Imagine a scene like this: In a busy office, a call comes through the telephone for Miss Smith, the stenographer or typewriter oper-

ator. The small boy whose duty it is to answer, knows that Miss Smith at this moment is taking dictation from the head of the firm, but being anxious to oblige the young lady, he consults the managing clerk. This young gentleman, thinking there may be an important message for Miss Smith, invades the sanctum of his senior, just as he is in the midst of dictating an important paper, and announces that the young lady is wanted at the telephone. The senior member of the firm frowns ominously on the daring clerk, and reluctantly gives Miss Smith permission to answer the call. She rushes from the room, seizes the speaking tube and receives this important message: 'Halloa! Jennie, where are you going to lunch? I am going to —; meet me there, please.' Jennie answers: 'Yes; I am awfully busy. Good bye.' The whole operation, perhaps, may not take over five minutes, but in that short time it has disorganized and thrown out of working gear, the entire office. The stenographer now returns to her task to find her employer in a state of nervous excitement, which impedes the progress of his work, perhaps, for an hour. The flow of his thoughts has been interrupted, and he finds it almost impossible to dictate with the same fluency as before.

To most young women in business, the advice we have given above, is entirely unnecessary. The good common sense and judgment displayed by most of them is proverbial, but to the few, who through thoughtlessness, are in the habit of subjecting their employers to these annoyances, a few hints of this kind will be useful. The fact that employers do not complain of anything of this kind is not a proof that they are satisfied. Most of them dislike exceedingly to find fault with the refined and lady-like girls in their employ, and rather than do this, will either bear these annoyances in silence, or which is more often the case, conclude to dismiss the young woman in fault, and hire a young man.

If all employers would take the same course as one of whom I recently heard, who requested a young lady in his employ not to receive, at his office, calls from young lady friends, such suggestions would not be necessary. But, unfortunately, this is very seldom the case. We do not mean by these remarks to imply that young ladies generally are not quite as business-like, and quite as trustworthy as young men. On the other hand, the statement that they are far more trustworthy than young men has frequently been made to the writer by employers. For this reason, my dear girls, I want you to keep up the record. We do not feel responsible for the conduct of the



young men; but we must remember that the employment of women has not yet, in popular estimation, ceased to be an experiment, and that the mistakes made by a *few*, are recorded against us *all*.

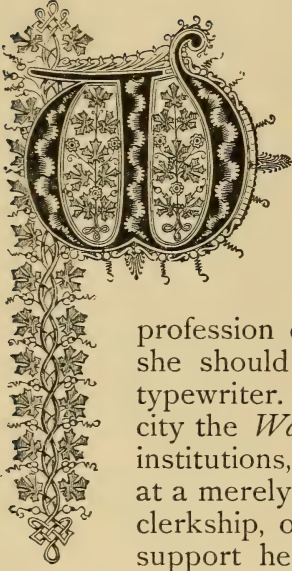
A man who at some time had in his employ a giddy girl, who was in the habit of spending her leisure time in chatting with the clerks, can never be convinced that this is not the common habit of all women in business, unless previously he had employed one who had been a valuable assistant. If a young man in his employ proves troublesome or incompetent, he dismisses him and employs another. It never occurs to him to say: 'I will never employ a young man again, young men are idle and incompetent, you cannot depend upon them.' Yet these are just the kinds of arguments that are used against women, when any one of them makes a mistake. Women have not, in popular estimation, reached the heights where they can be considered as individuals. We have not yet attained to the dignity of having our work estimated as that of Ellen, Sarah or Jane. We still belong to the inconglomerate mass called 'women' and must stand and fall together.

When the standard of womanhood has been raised so high that men will not say, when some woman of their acquaintance makes a mistake, or has done some foolish, unbusiness-like act: 'Oh! these women.' When we have advanced to such a position that we may be judged as individuals, then the responsibilities which rest upon our shoulders will be lighter; but under present conditions, and in every act of our lives, let us all remember that on each of us rests the responsibility of sustaining the dignity of all."



## CHAPTER IV.

### SELECTION OF A CALLING.



WE will suppose that our young woman is already equipped with good common sense and firmly grounded principles, and the question of selection of a calling arises. But how shall she proceed? She has no influential friends, and as little money. What hope is there that she will ever be able to enter some calling or profession congenial to her tastes? The very first thing she should do, is to become a good stenographer and typewriter. Well, how can she do this? In every large city the *Women's Christian Association*, and other kindred institutions, have opened this field by starting night classes at a merely nominal sum for tuition. If she can obtain a clerkship, or some other employment, by which she may support herself, she may in the meantime be preparing for a higher field. Having become a good stenographer and typewriter (and let her not stop short of excellence), her next step will be to find, if possible, such a position in the office of some professional man. By this means she will learn much of the business and can, by degrees, pick up such an amount of knowledge that she may consider herself well on the road to the goal. Copying papers for lawyers, writing specifications for architects, or attending to the correspondence and general clerical work of physicians, as a method of education, is not by any means to be despised. As stenographers are employed in all professions, callings and trades, this certainly opens the best avenue to the aspirant as giving a knowledge of the business, and at the same time insuring a livelihood. She learns what she should and must know, and has at hand very

often the means of studying those things in which she is most deficient.

In training for a stenographer, the novitiate generally considers that the training of the hand is the most important point, whereas the training of the brain to quick thought, is the primary point. In no calling is *intuition* more necessary than in this. Next to this comes a quick ear, but here again quickness of brain and intuition come to the fore. There must not only be acute hearing, but a quickness to connect sound with idea. When a stenographer hears the word "rational" she should know by intuition that it *is* "rational" and not "national," even though she may have fancied that the latter word, and not the former, was spoken. To be truly valuable, the stenographer should also be able to write a good letter—to punctuate with accuracy, and phrase and paragraph with judgment. A lack of these characteristics is the general complaint among those who employ people in this capacity. An employer would prefer intelligent rendering, to rapidity of execution. He would feel that the latter might be acquired if lacking, but would be perfectly hopeless in regard to the former, if that were wanting.

Are women employed in architects' offices? Not to any great extent as yet, but I believe there is a great field for women in this direction. One architect has been known to declare that he always has a woman in his office, because he is convinced that women know far more about planning conveniences than do men. In dealing with detail, or, in fact, in planning at all, he always consults the young woman who has, by her exercise of sound judgment and common sense, made her advice valuable.

To quote from a recently published article by Mary F. Seymour, editor of the *Business Woman's Journal*. "To the question, 'Is there any reason why a woman should not become a practical architect?' we have an unqualified negative from most of those who have employed women; others answer, 'No, as far as draughting, planning and designing buildings is concerned;' but they are of the opinion that her sex and her dress unfit her for superintending construction. One answers, 'Women are specially apt in matters of interior decoration.' Another says, 'I should think it best for women to study architectural drawing, with a view to decorative work, in which they can, and some have, made a real success, but only an exceptionally strong-minded woman, with a long daily experience in the uses and qualities of materials and mechanical trades, could



superintend the construction of a building, without being constantly imposed upon by the contractors and workmen.'"

Alexander I. Tinkle, a prominent architect of New York, is quoted, in this same article, as saying, "I think I have been the only architect in this city who has made it a practice to fit young ladies as architectural draughtsmen. I have had them as far back as 1884, and am satisfied in my mind that they can do as well as men." Mr. Tinkle also says: "I have fully considered the matter for several years, and have come to the conclusion that draughtswomen, for office work especially, would in many instances be preferable to men." And then he adds: "I will give you all the help in my power for the introduction of women into our profession."

But the other side of the question should be pointed out to the student. In order to do this, I will quote one more paragraph from the same excellent article by Miss Seymour.

"A young woman who is a graduate of a good technical school may be able to earn a salary of two or three dollars per week, after remaining in an architect's office for three or four months. If she has no previous training, she cannot expect to earn anything in less than six months; after three years' practice, she ought to be able to earn from eight to twelve dollars per week; in five years, a specially competent person may command a salary of from twenty to twenty-five dollars per week. Excellent draughtsmen may be obtained for eighteen dollars per week."

It would seem from this, that in a financial point of view, the study of architecture by women is not as desirable as many another path which they might tread. Indeed, the matter may be summed up by one other quotation from Miss Seymour. "We would not advise the study of architecture by any woman whose necessities compel her to earn a salary at once. \* \* \* But having faithfully done this" (*i. e.*, pointed out the difficulties), "we feel justified in saying that for the woman who loves art well enough to sacrifice personal comfort for the sake of success, architecture offers a most delightful occupation."

In civil engineering, too, there is an avenue opening. The chief engineer of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad declares it as his belief that there is no reason why women should not be largely employed in the offices of civil engineers. There is much work, he says, of computing, drawing and transferring, that may be done quite as successfully by women as by

men. In this opinion he is supported by other engineers of high standing.

In many cases we see young women, who are their fathers' trusted assistants in some particular profession. Why should not other young women be trusted assistants in other similar offices which are not controlled by their fathers? For instance, I am well acquainted with a young girl, scarcely nineteen, even now, who has for the past three or four years been the right-hand man, so to speak, of her father, who is a conveyancer. She makes his calculations, she projects his maps, she engrosses his deeds—in short, she does everything in her power to save him the unnecessary expenditure of his overfull time. Why could not she, or any other young woman, do the same work for any other conveyancer?

Into the international contest, last summer, there entered, as contestants for honors as rapid typewriters the following:

Remington operators—Miss Mae Orr, New York City; Miss M. C. Grant, New York City; Miss M. Berry, Toronto; Frank E. McGurrin, Salt Lake City; Thomas W. Snyder, Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Caligraph operators—Mrs. A. J. Henderson, Toronto; Miss Mary McManus, New York City; A. I. Nicholas, Youngstown, Ohio; George McBride, Ottawa; T. W. Osborne, Rochester, New York.

Miss Orr took a well-earned first place. The account of the contest, as given by the *Phonographic World*, pays a pleasant tribute not only to Miss Orr's excellence in her profession, but to her womanly qualities.

Quoting first from the *Evening Mail*, of Toronto, it runs: "In legal work, Miss Orr averaged over one hundred words per minute, but the correspondence abounded in long words and brought her total average down to about ninety-nine words per minute. The total number of words written was nine hundred and eighty-seven. McGurrin wrote nine hundred and fifty-one. Of five thousand points as a basis, Miss M. E. Orr gained four thousand, nine hundred and thirty-five; McGurrin, four thousand, seven hundred and fifty-six and a half. Both of the winners used the Remington machine, and demonstrated that the limit of speed on that machine has not yet been reached. An analysis of Miss Orr's copy shows that she averaged about nine strokes per second, and neither machine nor operator showed any signs of distress. Miss Orr owns a very prosperous copying office in New York. Her nimble fingers bring her

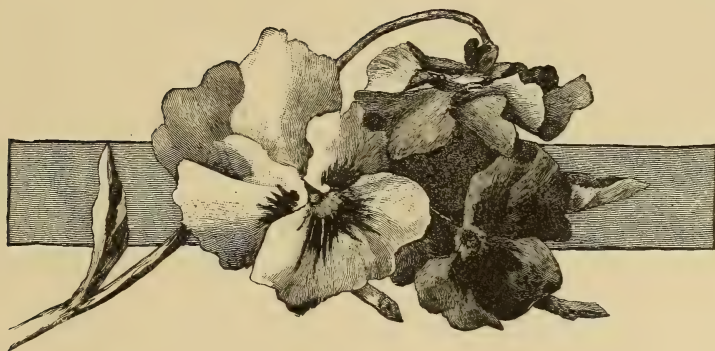
an income of about three thousand dollars per year. She has won several contests in New York, but this is her first appearance in an international tournament.'

"Miss Orr, the winner of the championship medal, commenced the study of typewriting about five years ago, and for the past two years has been in business on her own account. She is a woman of whom the profession is justly proud, not only for her remarkable skill as an operator, but for her excellent personal qualities. She combines with business ability an unassuming and attractive manner; but is possessed of a quiet determination, the exercise of which carried her successfully through the Toronto contest. She carries herself with all the dignity necessary in a woman engaged in commercial pursuits; is intelligent and agreeable, methodical and matter-of-fact in her transactions, and, as a consequence, enjoys the respect of all who know her. Such women are ornaments to the profession, and do more every day toward advancing the interests of, and removing the prejudice against, female labor, than does a 'Woman's Rights' Convention. The branch of her business to which she personally attends, is the taking of dictation upon the typewriter, from court stenographers. Among her customers are such men as Munson (the short-hand author), Bonynge, Caswell and Keib. Mr. Bonynge reported the famous Jacob Sharp and Kerr trials. Every line of his notes was dictated to Miss Orr, and her remarkable speed enabled him to furnish daily copy to the court. Miss Orr writes from dictation as rapidly as the average operator can read his notes. So accurate is her work, even at this high speed, that her copy is handed in without revision. In order to give an intelligent idea of her skill in manipulating the keys of the typewriter, we might state, that at a convention of typewriter dealers, held in New York last winter, she wrote a full line in five seconds, under several stop watches. In this line were sixty-five strokes, an average of thirteen strokes per second."

Surely this is a rapidity almost phenomenal, and Miss Orr deserves all the praise that has been given her. Her success proves the steadiness with which she has pursued her profession, and is in itself a story with a moral; but this is not the best of it all. With all her success, and all her contact with the world, her association with business men, and her own well-proved business ability—with all this, she has not lost one whit of her womanly dignity or her womanly qualities. Let her career be a lesson to those who are

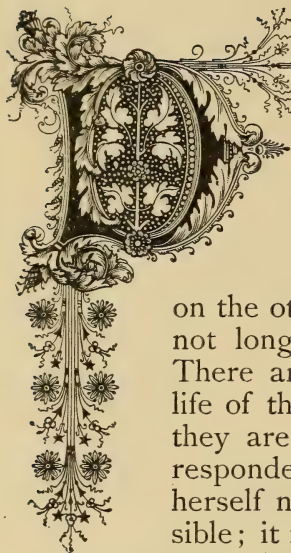


following in her steps—a refutation to those who hold that a business woman *must* acquire such habits of masculinity as make her obnoxious to all who come in contact with her. I am even not quite sure but some feel confident that, could they bring themselves to stepping into the “offices” of the women of whom they have heard, they will find the occupants in the full enjoyment of the masculine privileges of cigar and cuspidor. Indeed, when one reflects, there is really no *good* reason that a *woman* should not smoke for solace, as well as a man, except, perhaps, that she has superior good common sense on this point. So the wary or fearful ones need be in no wise afraid. They will find, if they care to investigate the matter, that *business* women are very much like all other women, the world over.



## CHAPTER V.

### WOMEN AS BUSINESS WOMEN.



O women ever become *thorough* business women?" is a question that many men have seen fit to raise, and many others, to assert strenuously that such is not the case. "I hope that the day may come when no woman may make the entry on her account book, 'Received from my husband \$50.00,' on one side—on the other, 'Spent it all,' " wrote a business man to me not long ago. This is not an exaggerated instance. There are numbers of women who could not, for the life of them, tell, after an account is made out, whether they are creditor or debtor. But, as I told my correspondent, this is a fact for which neither the wife herself nor her mother before her, is in any way responsible; it is chargeable directly to the father, who has not given his daughters the education in business matters which it is every girl's right to receive at her father's hands. Men too seldom think of the generations of uneducated women who have gone before. There is nothing more surely inherited than education (be it in business or other branches) and a logical brain. A woman may inherit a logical brain from her father, but if she never receive such an education as shall exercise the peculiar muscles and functions necessary to its development, it becomes inert, and she does not transmit to her offspring that which she herself inherited. As the race of slaves must be educated for centuries before, as a class, they will be educationally as capable as the whites, so it will take centuries of careful training and inheritance before women, as a class, can hope to hold their own in all directions with men. There are exceptional cases, and these are becoming more and more frequent. Women are daily entering more and more into business

enterprises for themselves, and making successes of them too. One great reason that women do not arise to the eminence of men in many of the paths which they have chosen for themselves, is that marriage interferes. A woman enters a calling, and after a few years, having reached a certain degree of perfection, she marries and drops it all. This is as it should be. The woman who does not expect to undertake the *duties* of the "Queen of Home" has no right to her title. But in the man's case it is different. He simply goes on, scaling greater heights, and each new effort means greater comfort to his family; whereas, if the wife were to continue progressing in *her* line, it would mean confusion in the parlor and chaos in the kitchen.

But "women there be" who have devoted their lives to business, and, as business women, have attained the same success as men. This is particularly noticeable among the French, where women have been specially successful. In America also we have many instances of women carrying on business alone. Among the many avenues now opening for women, there is none, possibly, more congenial and lucrative than that of "purchasing agent." There is a double advantage in this institution. Primarily, it furnishes occupation to many women; secondarily, it in a great measure does away with an abiding nuisance, that of being annoyed by one's friends to make small purchases. Now, no woman is so selfish, perhaps, that she is not willing to do a favor for a friend, but there are other women who are confined to the house all the time, and thus, though not lacking the money for their purchases, *do* lack the necessary time and opportunity required to make them. Or, perhaps they only lack the required taste and ability to select that which is not only appropriate but becoming. What way has there been, then, for these victims of circumstance or inheritance, but to depend on some more fortunate friend? The very friend selected would, probably, be the very one to whom no remuneration could be offered for the service performed. There was nothing left, by way of recompense, but a gift now and then, which to the receiver would seem extravagantly disproportionate to the small service rendered, while, at the same time it was, in the estimation of the giver, impossible to come at anything like a just *money* value for the service received. Thus there was always such an uncomfortable balance of accounts between the two parties, that, in many cases, friendly relations became strained.



An enterprising woman set her wits to work, and having the courage of conviction, stated to her friends that she was hereafter prepared to make all purchases, *but* on a business foundation only. Her friends saw the justice of it, and to-day the business of purchasing for others is one of magnitude. So great a business has it become, that many people even put the whole furnishing of a house into the hands of others whom they consider more competent than themselves. But do not fancy that, because you desire to do this thing, you are necessarily competent. In the selection of this for your life-work, you must look at your fitness in precisely the same way as in any other. The woman who undertakes this work must possess taste, a sense of harmonious color and outline, a sense of congruity, tact, a knowledge of the world and its doings, and, above all, the capacity to shop to the greatest advantage.

The purchasing agent must possess every one of these qualities, because, very often, her main work in the contract, will be to give advice. A woman will write to her: "I have a parlor so long, so wide, so high; it is painted in old-fashioned blue; what shall I do with it? I have only so much money to spend." It is not every woman who can, upon such an indefinite call as that, evolve a harmonious whole for the sum to be expended. This is proved by the fact that the woman who has the money to spend, finds herself unqualified. But to the woman who possesses the requisite qualities, there is a future of competence.

To know just how to dress a woman one has never seen, requires a certain amount of intuition that many women, but not *all*, by any means, possess. Many know nothing about dressing even themselves. Did you ever, for instance, note women hunting for a bonnet? One woman will try on all possible shapes and styles and colors, and stand before the glass studying the effect, only in the end to purchase some incongruity, that an infant could have told her was unsuitable for her years, or her station, or her face, or possibly, all three, while about one out of ten will come in, give a glance round at the shapes, and know at once, without ever seeing her face beneath it, exactly which one of those bonnets she can wear best. Just this tact is needed by the purchasing agent. She should obtain from her client all possible points of information, and, bringing her natural sense, intuition, tact and judgment to bear on this knowledge, should be able to produce such wonderfully pleasing effects and combinations as will make for her a steadily increasing clientèle.

Let her do nothing *rashly*; if she is uncertain about a point, let her expend an extra stamp, and take the trouble to have all things clear, rather than make one false step, which might otherwise have been avoided. This and kindred occupations deal mainly or solely with women, but there are many other occupations and businesses in which women are engaged, where they are dealing daily with men, and are standing mentally side by side with them in their work, and are not suffering by the contrast. More than one woman has been a successful stock-broker or stock-reporter, and her work pronounced good, while she never for one moment lost her manner and appearance as a lady.

Look at the "Teachers' Agencies," run by women, and say whether women have an innate capacity for business. Where will you find a more thorough business woman than the one at the head of what was once the "Schermerhorn Teachers' Agency," in New York? How many Mesdames This, or Misses That, are there, who run large establishments, of which they themselves are head and centre, chief and autocrat, and where nevertheless, everything is on a strict business basis? How many women are there who, when death of father or husband has left them with a business so involved that to sell meant abject poverty, to go on meant almost certain ruin, and yet who, in spite of this, have taken the reins in their own hands and have finally "brought order out of chaos?" How many? Thousands! I need recall to you but one name to "point my moral." Look at "Frank Leslie," and say again that women cannot be made to understand business!

As woman is daily being more fully recognized as a trustworthy assistant, she is daily being placed in positions of greater trust. She is more frequently seen at the cashier's desk, and is in all ways more frequently entrusted with large sums of money. In the Mint, many of the most important positions, among the weighers and filers, for instance, are filled by women. The government offices are full of women, and we hear no complaint of their inefficiency. The government prefers women as detectors of counterfeit money, on the ground that their perceptions are keener and are more to be relied upon.

Most prominent among the employes of the government is Ada C. Sweet. She bears the proud distinction of being the only woman who was ever entrusted with the disbursement of public moneys. "I do not know that my career has in it any special encouragement for women," she writes. "If there is any lesson

in it, it is to the effect that judicious training in practical work will give reasonably good results, when applied to girls, as well as boys. \* \* \* I hope my business experience will not have the effect of encouraging either women or men to enter public service. There is no work in the world so trying in many ways, and which gives so little preparation for other business. However, I learned the business of disbursing pensions as one would the banking business, or as one would study a profession, and the *real* lesson of my life, as I have before intimated, is that girls can be trained successfully for business and professional life."

By her permission, I give to the world the following little sketch of her life, and in the story that it tells of earnest purpose, and victory over adverse circumstances and the prejudices of a nation, may be found much that will not only be interesting, but instructive as well, to the thousands of women who are engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the world for existence.

Ada C. Sweet was born February twenty-third, 1853, at Stockbridge, Wisconsin, on the eastern shore of beautiful Lake Winnebago. She was the first-born child of a youthful pioneer couple, Benjamin J. Sweet and Louisa Denslow. The parents of these young people had moved West from Oneida County, New York State, and the schoolmates became lovers while they were yet young in years, and were married when the bridegroom was but nineteen years old.

Ada Celeste, their first child, grew up out of doors, the friend of birds and of all living things of the woods that stood like a wall around the clearings in the wilderness. The beauty of the country about her sunk into her heart before she could speak plainly, and she remembers to this day how a snow storm looked to her when she was three years old—lovely as a dream sent by fairies to their prime favorite. The love of nature became a passion with the child, and remains strong in the woman.

When the War of Rebellion began, Ada's father, who was, by that time, a rising lawyer and a state senator, took up arms at the first gun, and went forth to the war as major of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry. Afterwards, when colonel of the Twenty-first Infantry, he was desperately wounded at Perryville, and after a fight for life, maimed and broken in health, took command of Camp Douglas, at Chicago, as colonel of the Eighth United States Veteran Reserve Corps. The commandant had his family with him at the camp, and Ada's young eyes were feasted on the pomp and show of military





*ADA C. SWEET.*



life, while, under the excitement of the scenes around her, every faculty expanded rapidly. She had practically had no schooling, and now passed through the forms of study at one or two convent schools, when she could be coaxed away from the camp in the winter, while she spent her summers in the Wisconsin woods, happy and at home. After the war, the girl spent a winter in New York with her father, now become General Sweet, who had resigned when peace was declared. The general soon opened a law office in Chicago, and the family settled on a farm twenty miles from the city. Ada was a tall, delicate girl of fifteen, full of dreamy visions, a lover of music and poetry, when it dawned upon her that her father needed her. His right arm hung useless at his side, and he took kindly to the idea that his daughter should supply its place.

There was a brood of younger children, but Ada was the only one old enough to "help Papa" and beginning at this time, a sweet and inspiring companionship grew up between the young, chivalrous father and his daughter, not quite twenty years younger than himself. How the girl worshipped her handsome, dark-eyed, soldier father, only those who knew the pair can understand, and her devotion was repaid by the most wise, tender and patient love that was ever given by parent to child. The brave, gentle mother helped her husband in the training and care of their eldest girl, cheerfully giving up the daily company she loved in her home, with full faith in the plans of those she loved. The family life was very happy, and the children have always been united by a more than ordinary bond of affection.

In 1868, General Sweet was appointed by President Grant, United States pension agent, at Chicago. Ada entered the office with her father, and there she walked the treadmill of routine office duties for months and years, learning to do every kind of work that was to be done in that place. General Sweet explained the laws and the principles of the rulings and instructions under which the office was constituted and perpetuated, and was so pleased with his young pupil, that he soon formed the project of having her study law. "We will hang out a shingle some day," he used to say, and this will be on it, "Sweet and Daughter, Attorneys-at-Law." Alas! the dream of life-long companionship crumbled too soon with his loving and proud heart!

When her father went to Washington, as first deputy commissioner of internal revenue in 1872, Ada soon followed him, acting there as his private secretary. Here she entered a new world, and



one most interesting to her. She met the famous statesmen and soldiers of the time, Sumner, Grant, Sherman, Governor Morton, Senator Conkling, and a thousand men of lesser note, but national reputation, and here she became intimately acquainted, from the inside, with the politics of the day. She heard the first mutterings of the revolt which led to Greeley's nomination, and saw that struggle through to the end. General Sweet never hid anything from his secretary, and from her quiet corner in his great room in the Treasury building she learned many a strange lesson in the ways of men. In the midst of all her expanding hopes and ambitions (they were all in one direction—for her father) the blow fell; he died. New Year's day, 1874, his eyes closed upon this earth, after an illness of but four or five days.

The stricken family lived on, and Ada soon found, in living for them, courage to live herself. It soon became apparent that General Sweet's estate would be of little value to his family; business complications really left them nothing, and at the age of twenty-two, Ada found herself with her delicate and grief-stricken mother, two younger sisters and a baby brother to care for. President Grant, a friend of General Sweet, heard the story of the family embarrassments, and knowing that Ada had conducted almost alone, at times, the business of the pension agency, appointed her United States pension agent, in March, 1874, the appointment being the first ever made by the United States Government of a woman to the position of disbursing officer.

The duty of the United States pension agent, at Chicago in 1874, was to pay pensions for the northern district of Illinois, there being at that time four agencies in the state. There were about six thousand names upon the rolls of the Chicago agency, of pensioners who were paid quarterly, the annual disbursements being a little over one million dollars. There were six regular clerks in the office, one being a woman, and at the time of the quarterly payments many extra clerks were employed. Miss Sweet had seen enough of government offices and their management, to have become a thorough convert to the most advanced doctrines of civil service reform. She had also observed, in the department at Washington, that much of the hardest work was done by women, and that, as a rule, the women were more conscientious than the men employed there, in the discharge of their duties, and had come to the conclusion that the reason for this fact was, not because women are all in all, more

honest than men, but because they cannot rely upon their political services to keep their places, and so must earn what they receive, by hard work. Be this as it may, it was not long before most of the clerks in the Chicago pension agency were women, and after a long and hard fight with political spoilsmen, it finally became an established fact that political influence did not count for much in applications for clerkships in this office.

July first, 1877, President Hayes issued an order which made the Chicago pension office a much larger and more important one than it had been heretofore. All Illinois pensions were made payable at Chicago, and the books, records, etc., of the Springfield, Quincy and Salem agencies were brought to Chicago. Miss Sweet found herself taxed to the utmost, to effect the consolidation of four offices into one, so as to make the payment for September with promptitude and accuracy, but the task was satisfactorily accomplished, and the new state of affairs soon became established so perfectly, as to bring about an acknowledged improvement in the manner of disbursing pensions. From this time on, the business and the load of responsibility connected with the office constantly grew, and the yearly disbursements increased from one million dollars to four, five and six millions. Miss Sweet continued to give her own entire attention to the business of her office. The clerical force grew to be a large one, and the agent, in making appointments, almost invariably chose one of her own sex. She maintained a rule, however, that, in any case, such new clerk should begin at the foot of the ladder, and as he or she became more useful, the pay was increased, and in no case was there any difference between the quantity and quality of the work demanded of a man or a woman, nor was there any difference between their pay.

In 1878, when her four years' term expired, President Hayes reappointed Miss Sweet, although she had many strong contestants for the place. In 1882, she was again reappointed, by President Arthur, after a struggle with the friends of ambitious politicians. Miss Sweet always found strong friends among the ablest men in Illinois, and even among politicians who confess themselves as spoilsmen; and she needed such friends, for without them she could never have stood up under the constant war waged upon her, first, because she was a woman in a high salaried position, and second, because she would not run her office as a political machine. Generosity flourishes in unexpected places, and to the generosity of a few of

the most ardent advocates of "the machine" in Illinois, Miss Sweet will always be indebted for her chance to run her office on anti-machine principles.

The Presidential election of 1884 saw Miss Sweet's party turned from power. She had a year to serve on her commission, and hoped to be allowed to serve it out peacefully, when she expected to retire from public office. Early in April, 1885, however, occurred an episode which has been misunderstood quite as much by Miss Sweet's friends, perhaps, as by those who criticised adversely her action at this time.

The new commissioner of pensions, hardly well settled in his chair, sent a telegram to Miss Sweet, asking her to send him at once her resignation, to take effect July first, 1885. He, in the same message, declared that he made this request "for no reason personal to Miss Sweet, nor to her management of her office." Miss Sweet was naturally surprised at such a request, made by telegraph, from an officer recently appointed by a President who had declared his intention to make no removals except for cause. She knew, also, that the commissioner of pensions had no right to interfere in any way with the appointment or dismissal of pension agents, who are appointed by the President. She appealed to President Cleveland by telegraph, and he sustained her in the position she had taken, and nothing more was ever heard from the commissioner of pensions on the subject.

Miss Sweet gained her point easily, it would appear to an outsider, but the storm of public comment evoked by her refusal to resign, and the evident hostility of the pension commissioner, combined to make her seek for another field of activity, and in September, 1885, she sent her resignation to the President, in order that she might accept a promising business engagement in the East. In November, 1885, she left Chicago, and became immersed in her new venture in New York City, where she worked all winter with all the energy there is in her nature. The next spring, feeling the strain of long years of constant toil, care and anxiety telling upon her, she went to Europe and took a long needed rest. Upon her return to this country, Miss Sweet devoted herself to writing, taking the position of literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. Literature has always been her main solace and delight, and her writings are known favorably at least to her friends. At present the pension department again absorbs Miss Sweet's attention. In September,



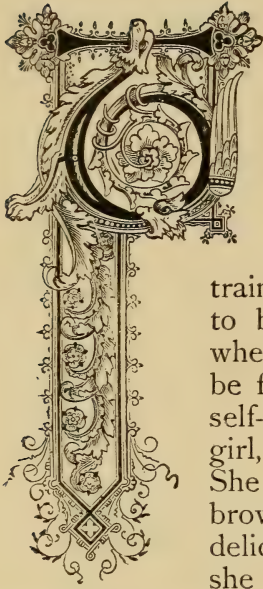
1888, she opened a claim office in Chicago, and her success is already assured. Her experience in the pension department, and her large acquaintance among ex-soldiers and the families of soldiers, combine to give her all the work she can do, to assist claimants to present their cases to the Government.

New domestic sorrows have been met during the years since Miss Sweet lost her father. Her beloved mother was killed in a railway accident in 1878, and in 1887 she lost one of her sisters. She is left now with one sister and a brother, the youngest two of her father's family, to whom she is devoted as only those sisters can be who have been both father and mother to the fledgelings of the home-nest. She has proved to the world that a woman may be a "thorough woman"—may retain all the graces of true womanhood—may be quite as much "mother" as "father" to those under her charge—and may *still* be a *representative business woman*.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TRAINED NURSE.



HERE is, perhaps, no occupation undertaken by women, in which the requirements are so thoroughly misunderstood by the aspirant, as in that of trained nursing. It seems to be the general impression that, given a young woman with an incentive and a desire to become a trained nurse, with a few months' work, the trained nurse is an accomplished fact. There seems to be no idea of peculiar fitness for the calling, whereas, in reality, there is nowhere an occupation to be found that should be entered into with more rigid self-examination. It is so "genteel," thinks the young girl, and the "cunning little caps are so becoming." She sees herself, in a becoming cap, "bathing the brow of some fevered patient," or carrying some delicacy on a dainty tray to the invalid. Or, perhaps, she pictures to herself the gratitude of the family, when, by some especial piece of skill upon her part, she shall have brought to a successful termination, a violent illness. She has always heard that so much more depended on the nurse than on the doctor! To be one of these is her ambition, and in her visions of the future, she herself is the central object in the sick-room. This sounds harsh, perhaps, and perhaps exaggerated, but it is neither; I only speak of the mistake that many make who imagine themselves particularly adapted to this calling. All honor to the many noble women, who have faced bravely the discomforts and hardships of their positions, and have gone on steadfastly to the end, thinking not of themselves—only of the precious life which it is their province to try to help save. Let us study the prerequisite conditions a little.

Says Dr. Fisher: "The good nurse must have good, vigorous,

general physical health. She must be free from nervousness. She must have good hearing and sight. She must be of gentle manners, even temper and cheerful disposition. She must be willing and active, and ready to submit to trying, monotonous work. She must be of blameless character and settled habits. She must be of pure mind. She must be neat, clean, orderly, systematic and thorough—especially neat and clean in person. She must have a fair, general education (knowledge of the fundamental branches), and be of quick intelligence. She must not be too fastidious to encounter soils, stains or odors. She must be free from alcoholic or opium habit. She should not breathe heavily when awake, nor snore when asleep. She should be possessed of the highest quality of discretion.”

Quite an array of necessities, you see, yet anyone who has studied the subject at all, can see the positive necessity of each requisite. Of them all, perhaps, none is more important than the one which declares that she must be willing and active, and ready to submit to trying and monotonous work. One of the greatest difficulties, I am told, with which the trainers meet, is insubordination upon the part of the students. This would be a comparatively small matter if it ended here, because the student could merely be removed and someone better qualified be given her place. But physicians meet with this same spirit in the nurses who have been graduated and are nursing under them. Many young women who have been graduated as nurses, seem to consider that they know everything, and if, in their wise judgment, a given order seems arbitrary, they relegate to themselves the right to do otherwise. Sometimes this takes place at a period much more critical than the nurse imagines, and the result is disastrous. It is needless to say that disobedience to physicians' orders is equivalent to incompetence. A trained nurse should be an intelligent machine. Intelligent when her intelligence and judgment are required—a machine when they are not, and only strict obedience to orders is needed. But this same physician adds: “Though a woman finds herself qualified in all the foregoing, she is not yet a nurse, even though she has nursed satisfactorily in a number of cases.”

Why must a nurse be trained to be efficient? Why can she not train herself? Why is not a woman who has nursed many cases a trained nurse? are questions sometimes asked. Because, first, by reason of her affections, her judgment has been biased—she has either been led by her hopes to take an optimistic view of the cases,



or by her fears, to take a pessimistic view. In the latter case, her care has been exaggerated, and in many cases, wholly unnecessary. In the former, her hopes have led her, perhaps, to relax a vigilance that was of the utmost importance. She has learned just so much, or so little, as each case has presented to her, and her premises from these experiences are often of the falsest kind. The physician will listen gravely to her views, or account of the patient, and will wonder, meanwhile, if such things can be and the patient still live. Then she is called, perhaps, to nurse a neighbor, and she must unlearn all she has previously learned. She immediately forms the conclusion that Dr. — does not know as much as her own family physician, and probably, if she is more than usually indiscreet, she will say so. All this complicates matters very much, and the physician finds that she, who should have been his valuable ally, is an enemy in the camp, or, at best, performs but grudgingly the services that he asks of her. She will also, probably, entertain her patient with a dissertation upon her own knowledge of drugs and diseases, all of which is detrimental to the patient, and more than annoying to the attending physician.

Schools for the regular training of nurses are to be found in all large cities, and if, after having made a rigid self-examination in regard to the foregoing requisites, the young woman feels herself so far qualified for her work, as to make her willing and anxious to attempt it, let her then examine carefully into the list of requirements, as given by the same physician. "The course is usually a graded one, and examinations are held to ascertain the pupil's qualifications for advancement. Let no prospective applicant shrink from the amount of work nor be shocked at the kind. The following list may enlighten those not familiar with the subject, in all of which the pupil must attain a fair proficiency before graduation:

Application of bandages and padding of splints.

Making beds, cleansing patients and utensils, and changing bed-linen without disturbing the occupant.

Arranging positions, preventing bed-sores and dressing them.

Manner of applying frictions, duration and repetition.

Application of cups and leeches.

Making and applying fomentations, poultices, blisters, etc.

Dressing of wounds, bruises and sores.

Administration of enemata.

Use of the catheter.

Giving baths, general and partial—their temperature, duration, etc. Vapor and medicated baths.

Ventilation.

Disinfectants—their preparation and use.

Methods of ascertaining and noting pulse, respiration and temperature.

Methods of preventing hemorrhage from wounds, and stopping hemorrhage.

Proper procedure in emergencies and accidents.

General condition of patient's appetite, tongue, mucous membrane, skin, secretions, etc.

Effects of medicines and foods.

Special fever nursing.

Special surgical nursing.

Special nursing of heart and lung diseases.

Special nursing of diseases of the alimentary tract.

Knowledge of domestic remedies.

Feeding and preparation of foods.

Study of elementary anatomy and physiology.

Hospital housekeeping—care of linen, etc.

Massage and Swedish movements.

"Lectures are given by the physicians in charge and by the head nurses, and by specialists upon special subjects. Very few books are required, and only such as shall be recommended by those in charge of the school. During the whole period of study, an allowance per month is made to the pupil nurse, which, if carefully expended, will be sufficient to provide her clothing. The discipline is rather rigid in the schools; but no woman of from twenty-four to thirty, who is preparing for her life-time work, will require to be forced into good behavior."

You see the requirements are not small, nor the course of study of a trifling kind, even though few books are needed. Only those who mean to make it a life-work, or who expect to throw into it the very best that is in them, should undertake it.



## CHAPTER VII.

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.



STEADILY as women are advancing in all directions, in none are they gaining more recognition than in the arts and sciences. And nowhere do we find greater evidence of this advancement than in the fact that departments have been established in the public schools, for the instruction of girls as well as boys, in all the arts of the present day. The schools of manual training open these fields to girls as well as boys, and the work done—the good work done by the girls—shows that they are quite as apt as the boys in acquiring the knowledge and required deftness. We find classes for instruction in drawing, designing, hammering brass, clay and putty modeling, wood-carving and all kindred studies.

“Drawing and designing!” some one repeats; “are they not the same thing? If one can draw, cannot one design, without further instruction?” Not by any means. Designing is a separate study—a thing of itself—to which a knowledge of drawing is merely the initiatory step. And not only that, but the artist for each separate branch of designing, must undergo a special course of instruction. For example, a designer of wall-papers is not, by any means, a designer of carpets. To become an expert, one must not only understand the combination of colors and the correctness of lines, but the construction of the fabric for which the design is intended. A design meant for a curtain could not possibly be utilized upon a wall-paper, without much modification and adaptation to the new purpose.

A young girl, of no mean ability as an artist, was once ap-



proached by a large carpet firm, to furnish for them designs to be used in their factory. To which she replied: "I can give you no designs until I have first visited your factory, have thoroughly inspected the work, and have comprehended, as far as in me lies, the method of constructing carpets from the very foundation." To this the firm would not hear. They never, under any circumstances, permitted anyone to visit their works. "Very well then, gentlemen," was her reply, "I decline your proposition. No *good* work can be done in designs unless the artist thoroughly comprehends the mechanical work, the purposes of which the design is to serve." She could ill afford to lose the engagement, but she could still less afford to take up her work in any but the *very best* way. No one can afford to do that. It does not pay in the long run. Designing is work that pays well, providing the student becomes an expert, but, like everything else, to be an expert requires long, close application and natural talent. A student cannot elect herself to be a designer any more than she can choose to be a musician without the required talent.

One of the paths in which women are making considerable headway, is in wood-engraving, though, "As yet," writes John P. Davis, teacher of engraving, Cooper Union, New York City, "the number of women who have followed wood-engraving until it led to any proficiency is very small. The reason for this is not inherent in the vocation itself; for similar reasons may be found operative in debarring the progress of women in all other occupations save those of a purely domestic nature. I shall have no difficulty, however, in making you a list of half a dozen, as you request; so I shall not trouble you with the reasons why there are not more of them.

Miss Caroline S. Powell shall head the column by priority in years and achieved results. She has worked at engraving for more than twenty years; was a pupil of W. J. Linton, at the time he had charge of the Cooper Union school, and subsequently of Mr. T. Cole. She is a member of the Society of American Wood Engravers. Her work is principally seen in the Century Company's publications.

Miss Edith Cooper, easily the second, and a very close second, has worked at engraving for the past fifteen years. She also began at the Cooper Union school, but has been mostly under my own instruction. She paints and draws; is a member of the Art Students'

League and assistant teacher of engraving at the Cooper Union. Her work is seen in many important illustrated publications, beside in all the magazines.

Miss M. J. Whaley is probably entitled to the third place. I do not know where she learned. She came to New York from California. She works for the Century and Scribner's magazines. She draws and paints, and is a member of the Art Students' League.

Miss Margaret Jones, a pupil of the Cooper Union school, has worked for about twelve years at engraving. Her work appears occasionally in the Century and Scribner's, but she is mostly engaged at illustrated paper and commercial work. She is a proficient draughtsman, having studied in the antique and life classes of the Art Students' League.

Miss Angelina Waldeyer, a pupil of Cooper Union, has worked at engraving for about twelve years. Studied drawing at the National Academy of Design. Works for Century and for commercial purposes.

Miss Hart; a pupil of Cooper Union. Engaged as local draughtsman and engraver by a silver-plate manufacturing company at Meriden, Connecticut. Doing excellent work of the kind—comparing favorably with the best men in the same line.

Miss M. L. Owens, a pupil of Miss Powell, whose work is seen in the Century Company's publications.

Miss Flora Stiegleman, of Olive Hill, Indiana. Pupil of Cooper Union engraving school, and of drawing classes of the Art Students' League. Working at present on florists' catalogues.

Miss Elenor Wragg, of Charleston, South Carolina. A pupil of the Cooper Union school. At present engaged extensively in commercial and mechanical engraving.

In the Cooper Union classes—which figure rather largely in my report, because it is a very prolific source of women workers in art, and about the only one of women wood-engravers—there are excellent pupils who graduate this term as full-fledged engravers, and, doubtless, will soon be heard from. In fact, one, Miss Rebecca Shipman, of Vermont, has already done much good work for engravers in Boston.

I cannot close even so slight an account of the good work done by women engravers of our country, without reference to that of Miss Alice Barber, of your own city. It is likely she never takes a graver in her hand in these later years, but the time was when we

had looked to her for achievements equal to our best men. She chose the easier road to glory, however, and shines among the most promising American painters. She had at least one pupil, Miss Willoughby, who promised well, and who must be known among you if she still engraves. Philadelphia may contain other women practitioners of engraving, as Mr. C. P. Williams, an excellent engraver, has been teaching there for some years.

I have complied as closely as possible with your request, and the reason why I have failed in diffusing my examples more widely over the country is their fault, not mine. No matter where our pupils hail from, they show equal reluctance to leaving New York."

I may add to this a letter received from Miss Cooper herself, in relation to her art

1300 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
April 20, 1889.

MRS. E. C. HEWITT:

*Dear Madam*:—Mr. Jno. P. Davis has handed me your request for a few lines on my experience as a wood-engraver, which I herewith append.

In learning the art of wood-engraving, I, like most others who only judge a business from the success that has been made, and not understanding the long and weary struggle of years that has brought the success, thought it looked simple enough, just cutting lines, and with application, which I was willing enough to give, it would not take long to earn a good living. This is the experience of most of those who take up the business, whether they are sixteen or fifty years of age; for engraving has such a deceptive appearance, that ladies of the latter age have made inquiries, and some have even made an attempt to learn it, thinking it could be as easily taken up as crochet-work, and would pay much better; but experience of many years has taught how vain any such expectation is. It is one of the most difficult of the arts to acquire; a knowledge of drawing and painting is necessary, and constant practice of, not *two* or *three* hours daily, but seven or eight all the year round; and if, after four or five years' practice of this kind, one is fortunate enough to command work in competition with the hundreds of men who have already gone through the hardships of learning, she has done remarkably well.

In comparing engraving with other branches of business that women take up, it is one of the pleasantest, for its variety of subjects, and the delight of being able to translate beautiful paintings into black and white, if one really cares to take the highest branch of the art and compete with fine etchings. Even the ordinary book illustrations, though only drawn in black and white, are generally done by artists whose work it is a pleasure to reproduce.

In regard to the amount earned, the fabulous accounts which have been reported from time to time, have misled many into believing that after spending three or four years in practice, work would pour in on them without any trouble to themselves, and sums ranging from twenty to fifty dollars a week could easily be made. One lady even thought she would be satisfied if she made twenty dollars a week after giving six months of her precious time, but suddenly departed when she found her self-sacrifice was not appreciated.



The reality, I am sorry to say, is far different. It requires much patient hunting for a little work, and if one manages to average ten dollars a week after four or five years' practice, it is all she can expect. If she continues her study, becomes known among the different publishers for excellent work, her income will increase, and after fifteen or twenty years may reach the large sum of twenty-five or thirty dollars a week; or, if she is a rapid worker, still more.

Of course there are exceptions here and there, in cases of great business tact, rapidity and excellence of workmanship; but, as a rule, women have not had the self-reliant training necessary to compete with men, who from childhood have learned to depend on themselves, and it takes a long time to acquire.

In saying this, I do not wish to discourage women from learning the art of wood-engraving, but to open their eyes to the difficulties which stand in their way, but which can be overcome by a person of energy, patience and much natural tact in taking advantage of favorable circumstances.

Yours very truly,

EDITH COOPER.

It may readily be seen that the "path of glory" in this profession is no easier than that in any other, and that it requires the same indomitable perseverance, the same exercise of will and energy, to insure ultimate success.

In the higher branches of art but one or two need be mentioned, for the world knows them all. With Harriet Hosmer as sculptor, Rosa Bonheur as painter, Maud Humphreys and Ida Waugh, as illustrators of the highest type, the capacity of woman, as woman, to meet the demands made upon her by devotion to some particular art, cannot be denied.

Women, have, as yet, not become prominent to any degree, as scientists, except in rare cases, as, for instance, Caroline Herschell and Prof. Mitchell, so well known as astronomers, but they have attained such proficiency as to have become most careful and successful teachers, and in almost all the schools of the present day, we find women teachers of all the highest branches; and the day may yet come when, as scientists, they will be prominent by reason of the good work they have done. The inventors among women are many. Most of their inventions are in the line of household conveniences, it is true, but there are instances where the invention has taken a much more scientific turn. It was a woman, for instance, whose invention prevented noise in the machinery of the elevated trains in New York—a noise which had baffled all the engineers. The wife of one engineer first inquired in regard to the cause, and then rode backwards and forwards on the trains till there was suggested to her mind a remedy. It was proposed to

the company and accepted, and it stands to-day chronicled as an invention of great importance in the line of mechanics.

Why should there not be more of such achievements? What *is* invention? It is merely the suggestion of improvement over an old method; and as women are more and more versed in the laws of mechanics, physics and all kindred topics—as they learn more and more, scientifically, of cause and effect—why should they, too, not learn to look in their own brains for hitherto unheard-of means for overcoming difficulties that have baffled all effort so far. *Someone* must discover a remedy for the evil, or a better and quicker plan of accomplishing some simple daily task? Why not some woman?



## CHAPTER VIII.

### DENTISTRY.



HORRID! So masculine!" exclaims some ignorant girl who aspires to be distinctly feminine. But a glance at the profession of dentistry as it really is, will soon disabuse the sensible of all real objection to the profession; and those devoid of good, sound, common-sense are better out of it than in it.

There is no profession wherein a valuable servant is of more *real* value than in that of dentistry. A young woman forced to seek a livelihood felt a great desire to enter dentistry. Advisedly, I do not say "desired to become a dentist," because that was hardly her defined object, as witness her interview with her superior:

"Tell me your object in coming to me," said the D. D. S.

"I wish to enter your office as assistant."

"But what do you mean to do with your work? Do you wish to set up an office for yourself when you become proficient? I ask these questions because the replies influence our relations in a degree."

She hesitated a moment, and then replied frankly:

"I hardly know just exactly how far I may go in the end. I feel that there is a field for women dentists, the more especially in the treatment of children. I think a woman understands or *would* understand interesting and amusing children, so that half the terrors of 'going to the dentists' would be removed, and the patient be much more tractable. But I had not reached so far as that in my



mind. At present, and perhaps for years to come, I desire to be only a *valuable servant*. There are too many already who desire to be master or mistress, and I am convinced that there is a great field for valuable servants. I desire to be one."

And in her position as assistant (which was assumed the next day) she *was* invaluable. It would be perfectly impossible, in a treatise like this, to give any idea of the duties incumbent upon a woman in that position; for they are varied entirely according to the requirements of the particular employer with whom the worker's lot is cast.

There is one thing, however, that is more valuable in a private assistant than almost any other, and that is *discretion*. In all businesses there are certain professional secrets, as well as those of a more intimate nature—certain little family disturbances—that are, necessarily, more or less brought to the notice of anyone taken in so intimately as is a dental assistant, and unless a woman can make up her mind that, pre-eminently, loyalty to her employer is her motive power, let her abandon all thought of taking up this, or any other, position of trust. The woman who works for what she receives, who merely does her daily duty, without thought of bettering in any way the work around, without any ingenuity to devise or head to plan improvements in her own work or in that of her employer, is not the one for a position of trust.

I have said it was impossible to give any adequate description of the duties of a dentist's assistant, but you may rest assured that for a long while it will consist of tasks which are not only disagreeable, but perhaps positively repulsive. But the time will come when the science of it will dawn on you, and there will not only be satisfaction, but positive pleasure, when you are permitted to perform some delicate task by yourself. As an assistant once said, "I do not know any one moment in my life that was more filled with solid satisfaction than the one in which I was permitted to take the cast of a child's mouth, and knew that I had done it successfully, and in a way worthy of commendation from my employer—a man not easily pleased by any means."

There are one or two things, however, that are absolute requisites, before even thinking of entering the profession of dentistry in this way:

First, nerves that are not easily unstrung, or at least such as may be controlled by strong effort, for the time being.

Second, power and will to do *anything*, no matter how disagreeable the task may be.

Third, keen sight.

Fourth, insight into character.

Fifth, a steady hand.

Sixth, power of endurance, as the assistant may be obliged to stand almost without change of position for two or three hours at a stretch, during difficult operations.

Seventh, a good education—more than what is called common-school. The dentist's assistant will always be called upon to keep more or less of the employer's books, and will be expected to conduct the main body of his correspondence. Therefore, an absolute knowledge of letter-writing, in all its branches, is one of the requisites.

Of course, if the aspirant enters college at once, the course will be entirely different; but it is strongly to be recommended, that anyone desiring to finally have an office of her own, shall, before going to college, spend a certain term of apprenticeship in the office of some already established, reliable D. D. S.

It would seem that the practice of dentistry was far more suited to woman than that of medicine, for various reasons.

In the first place, the work does not require the exposure to inclement weather, which is necessary in the life of a conscientious physician. In the second place, the hours are better adapted to her physical requirements. Though the continued physical strain is greater for the moment, the working day is necessarily short, as daylight is required for operating. The mechanical work, of course, must be performed after the hours for operating are over, but it is a change of occupation, and even then the working hours are much more a matter of choice with the D. D. S. than with the M. D. The physician is the servant of the people; the people are the servants of the dentist. If one has a tooth to be filled, he must await the dentist's pleasure for a disengaged half-hour, or hour, as the case may be, but if any other part of his body fail in its proper functions, the physician must come *now*, be it night or day, sunshine or storm, summer or winter, to minister to his ill. Therefore, as before stated, as a profession for women, that of dentist offers greater independence.

It is a path which many are treading or desiring to tread, and though, as yet, Frau Hirschfeld Tiburtius is the only one who has made a *real* mark in the profession, there is no reason why, with advanced

education and increased advantages, many more women may not stand side by side with her in her eminence.

Dr. Olga Newman, herself a well-known dentist of New York, has recently given to the world a short treatise on this subject, and this treatise she has kindly placed at my disposal. As it gives a clear and concise account of woman's history in dentistry, I will leave her to tell the story in her own words.

"Though the profession of dentistry has had women among its members for the last seventeen years, it may be considered as one of the comparatively new occupations for women, and one which is as yet to receive the stimulus of popularity. It seems strange that with all the American woman's propensity, and her readiness to adopt and adapt the new, the first incentive to woman's studying dentistry should have come from abroad. In 1867, a Mrs. Hirschfeld, now Dr. Tiburtius, came to Philadelphia, with letters of introduction, to seek admission to the Pennsylvania Dental College. The Board of Trustees at the time had among its prominent members Drs. Truman and Pierce, both men of recognized ability, friends of progress and the advanced education of women. Through the influence of these two gentlemen, who afterwards became her staunch friends, the young woman finally gained admission to the college and graduated with honors in 1869. Hers was the path of most pioneers. As one of her classmates, whom I met two summers ago, told me, it was a great strain, and using his own words, he confessed: 'When Dr. Tiburtius first entered the college we were almost all opposed to the new issue—opposed to a woman's presence in our midst—opposed to her as the first one whom we supposed would curtail our advantages. Her quiet manner, earnest ways, and ability to cope with each and all of us, soon imbued us with the utmost respect and deference; and, glancing back, I do not know but that I must confess it was she who first weaned me from youth, and inspired a manly mode of thought.'

Dr. Tiburtius' success in her own country, to which she returned, is in itself a sufficient testimonial of woman's capacity to become a dentist. She has had an income from her practice amounting to fully \$10,000 a year, and selected her patients from among the highest social class in Berlin—the German Crown Prince and family among the number. Slight of stature, and to all outward appearance fragile, she has nevertheless all these years been a most thorough and conscientious practitioner, without shirking one



iota her duties as wife and mother. From her the impetus has gone forth, and this is probably the reason why dental colleges, heretofore, have had more German than American women students. And wisely, these foreign women, whose scope of occupations is infinitely more limited than ours, have availed themselves of the privilege.

In 1870, the first American woman, a resident of Philadelphia, then only eighteen years of age, became an applicant for admission at the Pennsylvania College. It seemed then as if her nationality were to prove a barrier. She was refused entrance to one of the lecture courses; she, as well as her supporters, annoyed and harassed, until, nothing daunted, she allowed the issue to become one of legal inquiry, and the justification of her presence at college, as well as at every lecture, settled beyond a doubt by the courts. Dr. Annie Romborger has now a practice of \$5,000 a year, coping with two other lady dentists in the same town. Her ability and excellence of workmanship have earned for her several medals, among them one awarded by the Centennial Committee.

With these two women as signal examples, we glance through the lists of graduates and as yet are able to record no failure. There are women students to-day at two of the Philadelphia dental colleges, their admission to the University of Pennsylvania being merely a question of time.

Ann Arbor has several women students every year in its dental course, and my own College, the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, has had many women students.

Having answered the requirements for admission, the first duty of the student, after entering the college, is to familiarize herself with the new surroundings, the plan of studies, and the instruments as well as appliances, needed in the work. The lectures, similar to those delivered in the medical colleges, include anatomy, supplemented by practical dissection on human subjects, Physiology, Materia Medica, Chemistry, Prosthetic Dentistry, Dental Pathology and Therapeutics. All practical work is done in the clinics in charge of an efficient body of demonstrators. The acknowledged fact of women's admission seems to make them welcome. Professors, demonstrators, students, all treat us with the utmost courtesy, offering assistance where possible, and there is an existing *entente cordiale*, which reassures the women of their position.

In the operative department the women excel. They are ear-

nest, conscientious, painstaking and hard-working; they appear especially adapted to the niceties of the work.

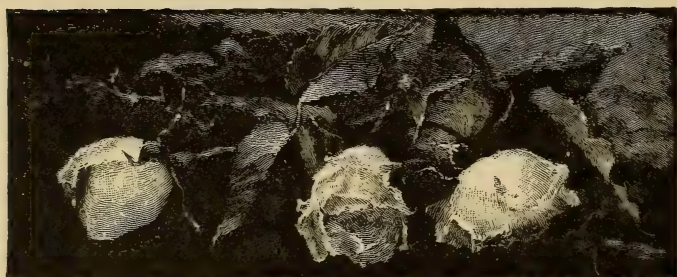
There have been excellent mechanical dentists among women, and in Germany, where special laboratories for such work are but few, the women superintend and give to all mechanical cases their personal attention. This department is not so cleanly, owing to the appliances necessary, and thus we find women preferring operative work. The preference does not, however, preclude their aptitude, as one of our professors assured me that he had proportionately seen quite as many women efficient in the manipulation of prosthetic cases as men.

Once graduated, the hours of attendance on lectures done away with, the dentist finds herself or himself in a quiet office or laboratory, the work of the day outlined, and in a profession, which though apparently a drain on the physique, is in all reality more restful than occupations which call one away from home. One of my fellow-students, an apparently delicate girl when she entered college, told me at the end of the first year, she had never been so well, even though her work had seemed infinitely more arduous than what she had been accustomed to. My own experience has only made me more of a convert, and assured me of a woman's perfect physical fitness for this occupation. To those who ask the further, and the, to me, so oft repeated question: 'Do you feel confident of sufficient strength to extract teeth?' I would say: 'Should I doubt my capability or strength, there are men who make a speciality of extraction, and to whom such a case can be referred.' This would be no concession of weakness or inefficiency on the part of the dentist, as there are men in the profession, occupying the foremost ranks, who have no forceps of any description in their cabinet, and refer all these cases to the specialists.

In actual practice, man and woman alike have to be guided by no different code of ethics than that which rules every conscientious life. Of the reception accorded us by the men in the profession, personal experience has convinced me of its being cordial and sincere. Theirs has been that perfect willingness to lend a helping hand, so welcome to all beginners. The First District Dental Society of New York, though it had no lady members on its list when my name was proposed, did not hesitate to accept the same. Invitations have been extended to visit the offices of some of the most capable and best known men in the profession, permitting me

to reap full benefit of all I could absorb. At all the meetings and public clinics thus far attended, I have invariably met with courtesy, and even cordiality. At a recent anniversary meeting of the above-mentioned society, held in this city, which was attended by some six hundred men, the executive committee had placed on the list of clinical operators the names of two women dentists, Drs. Sophie Feltwell, of Pittsburgh, and myself. It was a personal pride that women should be represented, and that the profession at large should recognize the new departure.

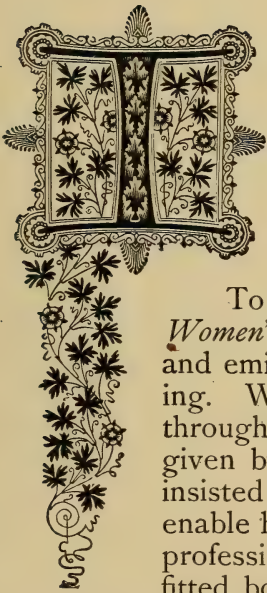
As a reply to the varied objections put forth to a woman's undertaking the profession of dentistry, one can only ask for this general consideration—let a young woman judiciously select her vocation; let her exercise all perseverance; and in the earnest fulfillment of her task, seeming obstacles, will, as it were, remove themselves. The observing of this 'eternal fitness' will further aid in abolishing that class of girls who claim 'to have such an aching in them to be or do something uncommon, and yet a kind of awful assurance that they never shall.'"





## CHAPTER IX.

### MEDICINE.



N no branch of woman's work has there been greater advancement than in the profession of medicine. In the face of opposition on all sides—in the face of derision from the opposite sex and condemnation from their own—a few brave souls have held fast, and, after advancing step by step to honor and renown, can look back upon their pathway and cry "Excelsior."

To quote Dr. Mandana F. De Hart, in the *Business Women's Journal*: "They never doubted their ability and eminent fitness for the more arduous work of nursing. Women were trusted to carry out with accuracy, through the long and tedious night-watch, the directions given by the doctor in his two-minute visit; but some insisted that no amount of study and experience could enable her to *give* those directions, or bear the strain of professional life. Women were considered eminently fitted, both by nature and grace, to be invalids, but utterly unqualified for the much less difficult career of healthy and pleasant work. They were unquestionably born to be mothers, with all which that implies, of work, anxiety and agony, but lacking in the courage, endurance and strength necessary to assist others in labor so essentially feminine; as if it were not much easier to recommend and applaud heroism than to be a hero."

To those who deny that women have done good work—acceptable work in this line—let such names as Elizabeth Blackwell, Frances Emily White, Hannah Croasdale, Mary Putnam Jacobi and Clemence Lozier, as well as such specialists as Amy Barton, oculist, and the many other women who have made a specialty of obstetrical prac-

tice—let the work of such women as these carry the confutation of conviction.

Elizabeth Blackwell may be justly considered *the* pioneer of women physicians. She was the first woman to receive a diploma from a regularly chartered college. Like many who have followed in her path, she was met on all sides by ridicule and opposition. Brave to the end, however, she was graduated in 1848, at Geneva, N. Y., her woman's tenacity standing her in good stead. So great was the prejudice against the course she had pursued, that it was with great difficulty she could obtain a boarding place or a house to practice in, after she had been graduated. A private letter written by her at this time of trial, and since given to publication, gives her exalted motives and inspiration for her work as no one else can give them.

"My whole life is devoted unreservedly to the services of my sex," writes she. "The study and practice of medicine is, in my thought, but one means to a great end, for which my very soul yearns with intensest passionate emotion, of which I have dreamed day and night from my earliest childhood, for which I would offer up my life with triumphant thanksgiving, if martyrdom could secure that glorious end, the true ennoblement of woman—the full, harmonious development of her unknown nature, and the consequent redemption of the whole human race. Every noble movement of the age, every prophecy of future glory, every throb of that great heart which is laboring throughout Christianity, call on woman with a voice of thunder, with the authority of God, to listen to the mighty summons; to awake from her guilty sleep, and rouse to action; to play her part in the great drama of the ages, and finish what man has begun. She is bound to rise, to try her strength, to break her bonds; not with noisy outcry, not with fighting and complaint, but with quiet strength, with gentle dignity, firmly, irresistibly; with cool determination that never wavers, with a clear insight into her own capacities, let her do her duty, pursue her highest convictions of right, firmly grasp whatever she is able to carry. If the present arrangements of society do not admit of woman's free development, then society must be remodeled and adapted to the great wants of humanity."

With such motives as these underlying her every action—with self set aside and only the good of her sex as a beacon light to lead her on, what wonder that she succeeded!

Realizing the necessity for advantages of education hitherto almost inaccessible to woman in order that they might successfully

cope with men in competitive examination, she labored to establish a college for women. The institution which she labored so hard and so successfully to found is called "The Woman's College of the New York Infirmary." While laboring to aid all who desired to enter upon this path, she heartily discouraged all effort that was not to be permanent. She knew that only unlimited endurance, abiding faith in results, unexampled patience and unshakable tenacity, would overcome the obstacles which beset on every side the path of the woman who entered this career. She knew, too, that without all these requisites, failure was sure. And failure meant so much to those who were following, and who looked to the pioneers for hope, encouragement and guidance. She, therefore, only encouraged to take up the work, those who she felt sure had the requisite courage, and who intended to make of it their life work.

To quote again from Dr. De Hart :

"The difficulties which these women met can scarcely be realized by those who now undertake the study and practice of medicine, as this career has been made pleasant and honorable by these brave pioneers. Their motives were questioned and their characters assailed. Every attempt to enter the hospital clinics was opposed by both professors and students, who seemed to vie with each other in their attempts to make these women so uncomfortable that they would be discouraged and stay away, and thus lose all opportunities to become skillful. But, contrary to their expectations, this behavior only confirmed the women in their determination to persevere and obtain, under any difficulties, that knowledge which would enable them to minister to their own sex. The state of public opinion at that time, may be gathered from a letter of the Paris correspondent to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, which appeared soon after Elizabeth Blackwell went to France to complete her medical education.

'The medical community of Paris is all agog by the arrival of the celebrated American doctor, Miss Blackwell. She has quite bewildered the learned faculty by her diploma, all in due form, authorizing her to dose and bleed and amputate with the best of them. Some of them think Miss Blackwell must be a socialist of the most rabid class, and that her undertaking is the entering wedge to a systematic attack on society, by the whole sex. Others, who have seen her, say that there is nothing very alarming in her manner; that, on the contrary, she is modest and unassuming, and talks rea-



sonably on other subjects. The ladies attack her in turn. One said to me a few days since: "Oh, it is too horrid! I am sure I never could touch her hand!" I have seen the doctor in question, and must say, in fairness, that her appearance is quite prepossessing. She is young and rather good-looking. Her manner indicates great energy of character, and she seems to have entered on her singular career from motives of duty, and encouraged by respectable ladies of Cincinnati. After about ten days hesitation on the part of the directors of the Hospital of Maternity, she has at last received permission to enter the institution as a pupil.'

Looking back to those days of trial and struggle in obtaining a medical education, some of us recall, with singular pleasure, isolated instances of helpfulness on the part of fellow-students. I can never forget the politeness of one young man, who, while his companions jeered, waited behind the rest of his class, to show us the way through the labyrinth of halls and passages in the Blackwell's Island Hospital, to the lecture-room, and held the door open for us to enter. Such politeness to us, at that time and place, was real heroism, and made an impression that twenty years has not effaced.

Little by little this opposition gave way, and finally the professor welcomed us. The students would sometimes take off their hats and stop smoking, when we entered the lecture-room, and some would make room for us to sit down where we could see the operations.

It is a pleasant duty to speak, also, of our friends in the profession who have, from the first, helped women to obtain a medical education, and given advice and assistance, in defiance of the edicts from time to time promulgated by the medical societies. They may never know the comfort they have given, but those whom they have befriended, should never fail to remember the men who helped them when friends were few."

Dr. De Hart herself, from whose article I have made such copious quotations, is a physician of long experience and recognized ability. She is also known in the lecture field, and her lectures are so fitted to the comprehension of all, that the most unscientific mother cannot help being benefited by the information she has imparted.

Dr. Maria Jakszewska, at one time associated with Dr. Blackwell, opened a dispensary in Boston, "until now," to again quote, "the New England Hospital for Women, under the entire charge of women doctors, is a monument to her courage and ability."

Dr. Alice Bennett has charge of the department for women in

the Asylum for the Insane at Norristown, and by her method of conducting the place in her charge, has won the highest encomiums.

Nor are the women lights of the medical world confined to New York, by any means. Philadelphia has her colleges and hospitals for women alone, and not only this, but they are admitted as fellow-students to the clinics at the "Philadelphia Hospital," which is the hospital connected with the Blockley Almshouse.

The "Women's College of Pennsylvania" was founded in 1850, two years after that of New York. Prominent among the men who thoroughly believed in women as physicians, and who always gave the much needed encouraging word as well as assistance, was Dr. Isaac Comly, deceased since a few years.

In the death of Rachel L. Bodley, A. M., M. D., the "Women's College" met with a serious loss. She was Dean of the college, and a very efficient woman in every way. Her place has been filled by Dr. Clara Marshall.

In a valedictory address delivered by Dean Bodley in 1881, she gives some statistics that are worthy of note, as embodying opinions and facts to be obtained only from members of the profession themselves. As early as this date (1881), women were occupying prominent positions as physicians as follows :

"In our own state of Pennsylvania, one is physician in charge of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia; one is resident physician to the department for women in the State Hospital for the Insane of the South-eastern District of Pennsylvania; one is assistant physician in the State Hospital for the Insane, South-eastern District of Pennsylvania; one is assistant physician in the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg.

In New York, one is resident physician in the Nursery and Child's Hospital, Staten Island; one is assistant resident physician, same institution; one is resident physician of the House of Mercy for Girls, New York city. Eight are assistant physicians in the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, and in the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Boston. Besides these, several are consulting and visiting physicians to hospitals and charitable institutions, members of consulting boards; one alumna occupies the responsible position of physician to the State Industrial School, Lancaster, Mass. Others have in the past occupied similar positions, as the position of resident in our own Woman's Hospital, resident in the N. E. Hospital for Women and Children, Boston; in the late Mission

Hospital of Philadelphia, etc., etc. Besides this service in hospitals, several record themselves as resident or visiting physicians to schools for girls; one as auxiliary visitor to the State Board of Charities in Massachusetts, etc., etc. One states that she was City Physician for one year to the city of Springfield, Mass. Another is now Health Officer to the city of Charlotte, Michigan. The frequent mention in the answers to this fourth question of being physician (usually without salary) to "Erring Woman's Refuge," "Home for Unfortunate Women," "Orphans' Home," "Home for Girls," "Reformatory School for Girls," "Infirmary for Infants," "Children's Home," "Home for Aged and Infirm Persons," etc., etc., suggests the wide and fruitful field opened by medical work to true-hearted women, skillful and wise physicians, wherein they may accomplish great and lasting good for their race."

Previous to the delivery of this address, Dean Bodley had had propounded by letter, a series of eight questions to the alumnae of the college, of whom there were at that time two hundred and forty-four, thirty-two having passed away in the thirty years intervening since the opening of the college. To the last question, "What influence has the study and practice of medicine upon your domestic relations as wife and mother?" came sixty-one replies. The answers of the fifty-two married ladies tabulated as follows: "Influence favorable, forty-five; not entirely favorable, six; unfavorable, one."

To make a still further direct extract from the valedictory address:

"Eleven unmarried ladies reply to this question, after striking out from the line, the words 'wife and mother.' Of these, three state that the study and practice of medicine have prevented marriage, while a fourth states definitely that she has 'remained single for reasons entirely distinct from her profession.' The following answers from unmarried women are given as fair specimens of the remainder:

'Never married, but have found time and means to care for several orphan nephews and nieces.'

Another: 'I hope I am more patient and persevering, withal a better woman than I ever could have been without the discipline which the study and practice of medicine has afforded me.'

Returning to the answers of married women, because these possess the greater general interest, I remark that the song of domestic life, as I have listened with ear attent, has been sung in no minor key. In the melody (as the tabulated statement shows) are a



few discordant notes, but these are such as a master might throw in to enhance the harmonies of his strain. For example, a thoroughly conscientious mother writes from her nursery, where three quite young children claim the mother's ministry. 'The *study* of medicine is of great benefit, but the practice often interferes with my duty to my family.' The clear, pure quality of the replies, as a whole, is truly exhilarating, for example: 'Purifying and ennobling. Married a physician since I began practice. Am the mother of a boy of eight years of age.' Another: 'I keep house, and care for husband and three children as I would if not in practice; perhaps not quite as well, however.'

Another: 'I have not been less a wife or mother. My duties as such have never been neglected. At times I may have been more taxed than if I had not these duties to attend to.' Another wife and mother, whose successful training of three children, now in adult life, entitles her to an opinion: 'I think if the history of the families of women physicians were written it would be found that their children are well cared for, well trained, well educated; all this, and household duties not neglected. \* \* \* Women who study medicine are watchful and careful.' Another: 'As wife, my duties have never been interfered with; as a mother, I have been incalculably benefited. \* \* \* My husband is also a physician. I am often enabled to assist him with his cases, both in diagnosis and treatment, and I often find his advice of great value to me. We are, mutually, a help to each other.'"

With all due respect to the opinion of those who have tried practicing medicine and wifely and motherly duties at one and the same time, it would seem that a conscientious physician—a physician who should be at the beck and call of the public at all hours of the day and night—is hardly in a position to give to her household, and above all to her children, the care a mother alone should give. Who puts baby to bed, while Mama is seeing that someone else's baby, three miles away, is being relieved of the colic? Who nurses baby through her croup, while Mama is administering croup medicine to that other baby round the corner?

There are many reasons by which a woman may be actuated to take up the practice of medicine, even after she is married, and all honor to the women who have made it their work in this way; but for a woman who has assumed wifely duties, to continue in a course of labor that will necessitate the relegating of her motherly duties to

another, perhaps a servant, is all wrong, radically, emphatically wrong. A man who deliberately tried to run two professions would be derided by society and the world in general. In all its fullness and sacredness, "home-making and home-keeping" is a profession in itself, and to try and combine with it another profession which naturally takes the worker away from the duties of the first, must naturally interfere with both. A man does not try to practice law and dentistry at the same time. While he pled in court, the patients would wait—while the patient's teeth were filled, his clients would wait. And yet the calls of these two professions are no more incongruous than those of mother and physician—that is, *practicing* physician. Who should teach the baby its infant prattle but the mother? Who should teach the growing girl her housewifely duties but the mother? Who should have the long hours of confidential talk with the maiden—the hours of reading and study together—the *formation of the daughter's soul*, in fact, but the mother? If the mothers' lives be such that they *must* go out into the world and make the daily bread, then God help them to bear the cross! But, from choice, let no mother relegate her duties to another, while she practices her science and knowledge away from home.

There have been a number of students among women who have been actuated with more than ordinary desire to assist their sex. Notably among these is one from Turkey, who studied medicine with the express desire to assist her sex in her own country, where the services of a man are rarely allowed. So rigidly excluded are Turkish women kept, that it is considered far more desirable that they should suffer all the pangs to which "human flesh is heir," than that they should be relieved by a man.

A student of the college in Philadelphia, at the present time, is an Indian woman, who has but one desire—to help her sex among her own tribe. It is for this she has labored; first, to conquer the English tongue, and then to be graduated as a physician—to this work she means to devote her life.

A cry, too, an imploring cry, has gone up from Persia, that America will send to them women physicians; for there, too, are they kept excluded from the assistance of man.

The question of income derived, is one of considerable importance. Of seventy-six who were questioned in this respect, the replies were as follows: "Twenty-four, as much as one thousand dollars per annum, and less than two thousand—twenty, as much as two

thousand, and less than three thousand—ten, as much as three thousand, and less than four thousand—five, as much as four thousand, and less than five thousand—three, as much as five thousand, and less than fifteen thousand.

Four report sums varying from fifteen to twenty thousand per year, while ten report less than one thousand. The four who report the exceptionally large sums, are established practitioners, and have reported the amount each year for several years.

These sums may probably be relied upon by the social statistician as fair averages of the income of women physicians, since many are careful to state that they give only actual receipts, as indicated by bank-book or ledger, and several decline to attempt to reply, stating as the reason that they are too busy to make an accurate estimate, and they are unwilling to hazard a guess. Several, who make no estimate, reply that they are able to support comfortably families varying in size (frequently stating the number in family), father, mother and brothers; mother and sisters; several nephews and nieces, etc. Three alumnae report having accumulated sums sufficient to permit them to retire from active service."

I feel that I cannot close this chapter without relating, in the words of Dean Bodley herself, some of the struggles that such noble women as Dr. Ann Preston, and others, underwent to obtain for their sex, recognition and advantages in this profession.

"When the history of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania shall be written, the future historian will dwell with great satisfaction upon the heroic support which women here afforded women in the hour of extreme discouragement. When, after ten years of earnest effort in the pursuit of medical knowledge, it became evident that the doors of the renowned clinics of Philadelphia were persistently closed to women students, a serious doubt as to the possibility of properly educating women for the manifold duties of medical practice arose. Without bedside teaching, didactic lectures failed of their high purpose. It was at this juncture that the courageous Dr. Ann Preston, member of the first graduating class of the College, so weak as to her fragile form, so strong in the might of a holy purpose, resolved that clinical teaching should be had. Faithfully throughout one year she threaded the streets of Philadelphia and the roads of suburban districts. It was while thus engaged that she made this record in her diary: 'I went to every one who I thought would give me either money or influence.' As a result, funds were pledged,



influential women interested, and, in 1860, a charter was obtained which sets forth as the object of the corporation a three-fold purpose, viz: 'To establish a hospital for the treatment of the diseases of women and children, for the practical training of nurses, and for furnishing facilities for clinical instruction to women engaged in the study of medicine.' Important as are the first two objects, the last will, in the history of the allied institutions, stand pre-eminent; for its accomplishment saved the cause of medical education for women in Philadelphia, when it had well-nigh failed, not from lack of students, or of able professors, or of money, or of friends, but through lack of clinical instruction.

The Scripture, 'Whosoever hath, to him shall be given,' has since been fulfilled in the progressive unfolding of hospital teaching afforded our students in other hospitals of Philadelphia, and 'the end is not yet.'

Another alumna contributed to securing clinical advantages also, but in quite another way. She was a member of the third graduating class (1854). She had entered upon the study of medicine for the express purpose of going to Asia as a medical missionary. She is described in well authenticated documents in my possession as a young woman of rare gifts and graces, combining 'womanly dignity of character with refinement of manners.' Having received her degree as stated, she realized her unpreparedness to enter upon the practice of medicine in foreign lands without hospital training, and, in company with other members of the class, sought access to the wards of the different hospitals of the city. Every effort in this direction having failed, she applied, supported by the powerful influence of Mrs. S. J. Hale, for the situation of a head nurse in the Philadelphia Hospital. This she obtained, the immediate care of the woman's wards being assigned her, with access to cases of interest in any part of the institution. In this laborious position she faithfully wrought three years; at the expiration of this time, realizing that her purpose was accomplished to the extent possible in her limited sphere, she applied to the missionary board of the church of which she was a member, to be sent out as a missionary physician. This they positively declined to do, stating as a reason for denying the request, that the Board would not send out single women. Foiled in the accomplishment of this cherished purpose, and seeing no other way to compass her desire to carry healing mercies to the daughters of Asia, she remained in her position at Blockley, serving as before.

Some years later, when Matthew Vassar was making up his corps of noble women for the faculty of Vassar College, the claims of this cultured lady were presented by influential friends. As a result, President Raymond invited her to occupy the chair of Physiology and Hygiene, and the post of resident physician in the institution when it should be opened, and she accepted. She resigned her position, and looked forward to release from arduous duties. Before the expiration of the term of her engagement, she was smitten with fever (at the time epidemic in the wards), and died an employé in Blockley Hospital, January 28th, 1865; and yet, four years after her death, for the first time in the annals of Philadelphia, a distinguished clinical lecturer, Alfred Stillé, M. D., L. L. D., began his lecture in the amphitheatre of the same hospital in which this woman physician had wrought, unrecognized, seven years, with words of welcome to '*Ladies and Gentlemen,*' the class of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania having been admitted to attendance as students of medicine.

But the valuable ministry of Dr. Elizabeth G. Shattuck did not end here. Her rejection by a Missionary Board in 1858, because she was an unmarried woman, together with other cases of a similar character, led Mrs. T. C. Doremus, of New York, Mrs. S. J. Hale, of Philadelphia, and other ladies of kindred spirit in those two cities and in Boston, to form a society, in 1860, whose express object was stated to be to send out single ladies as teachers or Bible-readers to the women of heathen lands. The society, which flourishes still after the death of its founders, is known as the Woman's Union Missionary Society. It may be regarded as the mother of six or more other missionary societies composed of women, and formed for the purpose of sending women to teach and to minister to the spiritual and physical needs of women in Eastern lands. Although the first society was organized in 1860, the development of the work of these Associations did not justify the employment of missionary physicians until 1870, when a graduate of this college (class of 1869) was sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Her destination was Bareilly, India. This lady, Dr. Clara Swain, may be regarded as the first of a rapidly lengthening line of women missionary physicians, who, working in harmony with their associates in the zenanas of the east and the crowded abodes of China and Japan, are accomplishing a silent revolution in the condition of women, of which the world at large little dreams.

In all, eight of our graduates have engaged in this work in Asia. Two of these, Dr. Mary Seelye and Dr. Lucilla Green-Cheney, are numbered among our alumnal dead. Dr. Mary F. Seelye graduated in 1870, and after one year spent in the Woman's Hospital in Boston, sailed for India, Wednesday, September 6th, 1871. Her destination was Calcutta, where she at once entered upon her work in connection with the Woman's Union Missionary Society. She died June 9th, 1875, aged twenty-eight years. During the four years of her practice in Calcutta, she attained a professional success which was quite remarkable. Her profession and her sex proved at once a passport to the most secluded apartments of Hindoo dwellings. The gentlemen of the medical profession, native as well as English, were among the first to speak her praise. They freely consulted with her and esteemed her advice of the first importance.

Before the close of her first year she established a child's hospital, the earliest of its kind in India, which called forth from the Calcutta papers many words of approval and encouragement. There was scarcely a medical man in the city who did not give it his countenance and support. Early in the fifth month of its existence, the government granted to the little hospital one hundred and fifty rupees per month for the ensuing year. It accommodated thirty children. During the last year of Dr. Seelye's life there were one hundred and forty-five sick children in its wards. Thirteen hundred and ninety-five patients were treated in the dispensary, held in the hospital building, and the number of patients visited in their homes, was eight hundred and sixty. In the midst of this abounding professional work, Dr. Seelye was stricken down. She sought rest and relief from the intense heat of the city, in the mountains of Northern India. After sixteen days' illness the telegraph wires flashed back to her associates in Calcutta, 'Dr. Seelye has gone home.' She was buried the morning after her death, just as the sun was rising upon the Himalaya slopes, the pure white peaks of the snowy range looking down upon the lonely grave."

But little more is to be said. Such lives as these are daily telling a story of bravery and patience that all may read, and, reading, may understand all that is meant by a noble life.



## CHAPTER X.

### SCHOOLS, SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.



PROGRESS! Progress! Progress!" has been more particularly the cry of the nineteenth century, than of any previous era. Inventions have been conceived, constructed and patented; complicated machinery has been introduced everywhere, and labor has been saved to an extent, and in a manner, that would have appalled our forefathers, could they have had even a glimpse of the future. Fifty years ago, a young man was sternly rebuked by his father, because he ventured the statement that he believed that, in his time, he would see Philadelphia built up as far as Sixth and Noble streets. That young man is still living, and the city of Philadelphia stretches miles in every direction beyond Sixth and Noble. What would have happened to that young man had he ventured to predict some of the improvements of to-day, I dare not conjecture.

Of all the professions into which both men and women enter, that of *teaching* is pre-eminent in the extent of its influence. The teacher comes, absolutely and without question, next to the parents in the training of children to complete manhood and womanhood. Often, indeed, do they take the place of parents, when those parents, fail, by reason of incapacity, indolence, ignorance, or the dictates of fashion (supplemented by disinclination), to do their duty, or even to comprehend what it means. Many children depend far more on what "Teacher says," than they do upon what Father or Mother says. This arises from two causes. First—they are not with the teacher all the time, and the influence for the time being is much greater, in the same way that we frequently see, in households, the children obeying the father more promptly than they do the mother, not because the father is more judicious or more to be feared, but because his infrequent commands have in them none of that element

of reiteration that comes daily from the mother, who finds "line upon line, and precept upon precept," the only way to impress forgetful little minds. Second—they are fully impressed with the teacher's *book* knowledge, and there is nothing which so impresses the untutored mind of average intelligence, be that mind possessed by adult or child, as "*book* learning," as it is vulgarly expressed.

If "Teacher" knows how far it is to the moon, without even having to stop to think—if she can tell the capital of the island of Java, without even opening the book—if she can predict to a certainty that if potash and sugar, two very harmless ingredients in themselves, should be rubbed together, an explosion will follow—why, surely she must *know*, also, when she says that it is not good for Virginia, Jr., to jump rope at recess till she almost falls down in a fit, or for young Master Paul to race with the boys until he is red as a lobster, and then drink two tumblers of ice-water in immediate succession, or plunge his head into a bucket of ice-cold water, because he is "*so* hot." A true teacher is confidante and friend of her pupils, as well as instructor, and many a wrong has been righted by a judicious or a gentle hint upon the part of the teacher, while the fire was yet but smouldering.

Through higher education, the idea, once so popular, that any girl who has received an ordinary (or extraordinary) education is qualified to teach, has been relegated to the region of the past. It is known and recognized that something more than *mere knowledge* is required in the would-be teacher. A man or woman, it has been discovered, may possess all the knowledge of a Euclid, and yet be unfit to teach the ordinary multiplication table; or all the erudition of a Draper or a Webster, and yet be unable to convey the smallest iota of that knowledge, so as to be of the least benefit to the budding mind. Let us take into consideration the various requisites to successful school teaching.

First—a certain amount of knowledge in regard to the subject or subjects to be taught. I say "certain amount" advisedly, because a teacher, with her superior training, can always keep herself ahead of her pupils. I am personally acquainted with two teachers, both of whom have kept ahead of the pupils, and one of whom has risen from eminence to eminence in her profession. She was, at one time, appointed to one of the most important offices ever held among teachers, over the heads of many others, both men and women, proposed for the position.

Taking the knowledge for granted, then, next in order comes the power to impart that knowledge. After this, enthusiasm for the work and untiring energy in its execution. She must also be cognizant of, and give particular attention to, the mental peculiarities of each pupil. Just as with various sects in religion, one method of instruction will, often, entirely fail to appeal to one pupil, while, to another, it will be exactly what is needed. All this must the teacher take into consideration, and try to find some means by which this particular one may be reached. Let her not set the child down, even in her own mind, as stupid, until all means to reach the requirements of the case have been exhausted. Often, too, let me add parenthetically, the apparent stupidity is due to want of proper vision. A little boy, upon trying to read, was the despair of his teacher. Spell he could not, or *would* not, as they thought, and as to learning his letters, there seemed to be no possibility of his ever distinguishing permanently the difference between them. "H" was as often called "Q" as anything else, and he seemed utterly indifferent to the fact that he had been told a hundred times of their distinguishing features. Finally, the teacher, feeling sure that a boy, ordinarily bright in other things, *could* not be *stupid only in learning to read*, concluded there was something the matter with his vision. She informed his parents of her surmise, the child was fitted with glasses, and at the end of a month had conquered the difficulty. "Why, Mama!" he exclaimed, "they all looked alike to me before. I see how different they are now."

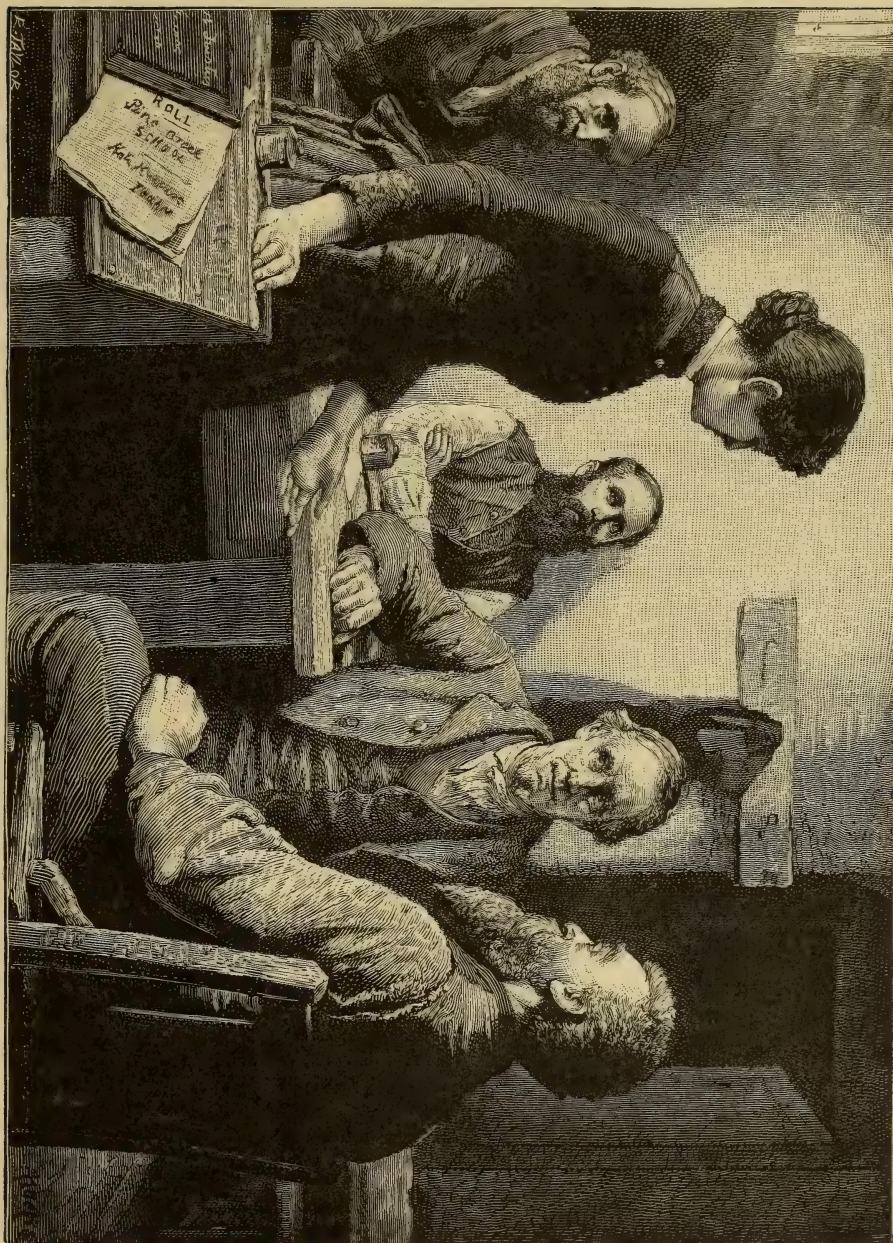
Just as that boy had a physical difficulty which prevented his seeing clearly, just so does a "mental squint," as it is often denominated, interfere with clear mental vision, and it is the province of the teacher to discover where these mental discrepancies lie. A man once said to me, with that peculiar want of tact which seems to inform each word and act of some people, "I want you to make a teacher of my grand-daughter. She's kind o' lazy, and aint much good, so I'm determined to make a teacher of her." I remonstrated with him, and assured him that, of all professions, teaching was the last in which "laziness" and no-good-iveness could be introduced with safety or hope of success. That this same young woman was "lazy" and not "much good" I can cheerfully endorse, and that she never made, nor could make, a teacher, I am equally willing to assert.

The next requisite is the power of self-control. A teacher who cannot maintain both temper and dignity under the most trying combination of circumstances, would better at once give up all idea



of teaching, and undertake something else, in which her personal influence will not be felt to such a marked degree. A teacher without self-control, cannot hope to control unruly pupils. Beside all this, the true teacher should thoroughly comprehend the responsibility which rests on her shoulders, as a moulder of the future destiny of the miniature men and women in her charge. Teaching is not merely *hearing lessons out of a book*. It is not even explaining knotty points, nor lifting infant feet over the rough places on the road to knowledge; it is a combination of all the foregoing requisites and, withal, a calling of such importance that its responsibilities should never be assumed lightly. Added to this, also, comes a willingness to assume new methods, not because new methods are the *fashion*, but because it is a recognized fact that improvements and auxiliaries can be added to this profession as well as to any other.

Compare the school-room of to-day with that of a hundred years ago! What the district school of our century is, the ordinary school of the past century was. Now, even the district schools, if within the radius of a city government, have many of the conveniences and appliances known to the larger places. Compare the size, the ventilation, the desks and benches, the books, the instruments, and the regulations for discipline, with those which were in vogue in the time of our grandmothers, and note the changes! Compare the curriculum now established for girls, with that of our grandmothers! Compare the art-work of to-day with the samplers perpetrated by the dear old ladies when they were in their teens, and hung by them, in frames of superior quality, in conspicuous positions in the best room! Granted! the art-work, so called, of the present day *is*, much of it, not only meretricious, but a waste of time and an eye-sore when complete! But that is the misfortune of the perpetrator. It is the *opportunities* of which I am speaking. Every door of the palace of knowledge is now open to woman in one way or another. If she elects to enter the wrong door, it is a mistake for her and a misfortune for her friends. As opportunities for scholars have increased, in like proportion have increased the opportunities for teachers, and we are having the satisfaction of seeing, in every direction, women occupying the highest chairs, which were, at one time, only accorded to men. Look at the women teaching in Vassar, Cornell, Bryn Mawr or Swarthmore, and say that advancement has not come with rapid strides! Look at the Harvard Annex, and say that we are not preparing women for mental acquirements un-



TEACHER AND DISTRICT TRUSTEES.



dreamed of fifty years ago. Compare Alice Braislin (no longer Alice *Braislin*, however) or Maria Mitchell with men in their position, and say if they fall in any degree short, either in mental ability or in ability to impart their knowledge.

Where the higher branches were once given only to men, women have now the control of many of the highest positions, and it is to be hoped and prayed for, that, some day, such a sense of shame and justice will strike the world, that women will receive exactly the same remuneration for equally well performed labor. Their ability to control and command the respect of their pupils is an acknowledged fact, and their peculiar adaptation to this profession, by reason of the motherly instinct implanted in each woman's breast, has had such an influence on the public that, in many places, there have been put on school-boards women instead of men. For these positions, married women and mothers have been preferred. Representative, both as woman and teacher, no better instance can be cited, perhaps, than Mrs. Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

Louisa Parsons Hopkins, born in Newburyport, April 19th, 1834, was a daughter of Jacob Stone, whose ancestry was of the best New England type, including such names as Parsons, Gyles, Griswold, etc. Louisa P. Stone was a graduate of the Putnam free school, under W. H. Wells, and a classmate and intimate friend of Harriet Prescott Spofford and Jane Andrews, both well known authors. With Jane Andrews, she also passed through the course at the West Newton State Normal school, now at Framingham, graduating in July, 1853. She was poet of her class, and of several anniversary occasions of the institution afterward. She taught in a high school at Keene, New Hampshire; in the Putnam free school, Newburyport; in Friends' Academy, New Bedford, and in the Academy for Girls at Albany, New York. At the age of twenty-three, she decided to devote herself to teaching in foreign missionary fields, and her name was on the list of applicants for such work, at the American Board of foreign missions, for a year and a half. The unwillingness of her parents, and her broad theological opinions, prevented her appointment, and in 1859, she married John Hopkins, of New Bedford, who represented an ancestry as distinctive and distinguished in New England history as her own. They resided in New Bedford, rearing a family of five children, until 1886, when she was elected to her present position on the Board of Supervisors for Boston public schools. Mrs. Hopkins had much to do with general reform-



tory and philanthropic work in Newburyport and New Bedford.

At an early date she devoted herself to her vocation of teaching, and she has studied science and literature all her life, as time and opportunity allowed. In 1875, she opened a small school in her own nursery, that she might educate her little daughter under the most favorable circumstances. This school grew to about twenty-four in number, and was carried on for eight years. All the problems of modern education were initiated and worked out in this little school, and a series of papers, describing its methods and details of work, was contributed by Mrs. Hopkins herself, to the *Journal of Education and Primary Teacher*, during all the years of its existence. These papers attracted much attention, and were afterwards embodied in the book, "How shall my child be taught?" In the meantime, she had published a volume of verse called "Motherhood," which received the highest praise, both as a poem and as an expression of the sentiment of motherhood. She also published a volume of poems called "Breath of Field and Shore." Both were successful publications, and, if the author had not been so vitally absorbed in educational ideas and projects, she would, doubtless, have been drawn, by their success, into the path of poetic literature. A number of versified studies in natural history, written for use in her own school, were published in book form; also, a condensed work on geography, projected for the same purpose, called "Handbook of the Earth."

After closing her school, she filled the chair of Pedagogy and Psychology in the Swain free school, New Bedford, for three years, this position ending only with her appointment in Boston. It was during those years that the very compact little work on educational psychology was published. This book was highly praised by Prof. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, Dr. Peabody, of Harvard, and other high authorities. She is now engaged on a series of manuals in elementary science, for teachers, in connection with her duties as Supervisor of Elementary Science in Boston schools, and attending to the varied and responsible duties of her position.

Coming from a woman so well qualified in every way, Mrs. Hopkins' sentiments in regard to her vocation are specially valuable. In reply to a request for "a few words" in regard to her profession, she writes as follows: "A sympathetic and idealistic temperament, with great energy and a strong executive faculty—inborn love of childhood, with an insight into the philosophy of

human development—all these elements must combine in the constitution of the real teacher. To love each child as if it were one's own, to believe in its best possibilities, to work for it and think for it night and day; to love study and thought for itself, and to feel impelled to communicate these results, for the good of others, in every way possible—these are the natural activities of one who will teach well. All my life I have felt these impulses dominating my action and forming my influence. I have always found courage and inspiration for every effort, and never failed to stimulate interest, and awaken my pupils both morally and intellectually. My faith has never been unsteady or faint, in either the sources or the results of my inspiration. My divine attachments have been equal to every strain of short-coming on my own part, or discouraging conditions on the part of others. The influences which my religious inheritance and training provided, have been the secret and constant spring of all my activities, and through me, have upheld many who trusted to me for help. Great sympathy with nature has given me inexpressible happiness, and an inborn and growing desire to use all my powers toward the right development of humanity, within my own limited opportunities, has made my life buoyant, energetic and busy, yet peaceful, in its constant round of duties and its many endearing relationships. Consecration to duty, courage of conviction, truthfulness of expression, without regard to criticism or favor, and a deep sympathy for humanity, are the elements of my life-work.

The *heart in the life* and the *life in the work*, is my only formula for good work in any direction. I am both learner and teacher, as much now as ever, and I look beyond this life to eternal receiving and giving—to eternal growth and communication of growing forces—to eternal transmission of divine life and love, as fast as I can take them to myself. This is to teach."

As Mrs. Hopkins may be considered a true representative woman among those who are connected with public institutions for learning, so may Miss Anne Churchman, whose long and useful career was closed by death in 1884, be considered a representative *private* teacher. Though a Philadelphian by birth, her labors were by no means confined to her native city, and all over the United States there may, perhaps, be found readers of this volume, who well remember the sensible, conscientious teaching received at her hands. I have truly said a "long and useful career," for, at *fourteen*, she began teaching in a night-school for colored children, at Frank-

ford, Pennsylvania, never remitting, meanwhile, her own studies, attending school with great regularity, which the most robust health and utter defiance of all weathers, readily permitted.

At sixteen, she was offered a position in Byberry, which, with much misgiving as to her abilities, she accepted, upon the urgent advice of friends. She kept up her studies here as well, and I may truly say, that all of her long life was spent in acquiring as well as giving.

So excellent were her methods, so clear and plain her explanations, that a pupil *must* learn. Many of her pupils have said to each other, with a smile, when recalling school-girl days, "Do you remember the day Miss Anne cut up the potatoes and explained *fractions* to us? I never forgot the principle of fractions again. With all the teaching from books I had had in other schools, I never *could* see why one-tenth was not more than one-fourth. But then, Miss Anne taught everything the same way. You *had* to learn—you could not help yourself."

In this was the underlying principle of her teaching. She did not teach "from books." *Fractions were real, practical things in life*, and, as such they must be taught. They were not a question of figures on a slate. She made her pupils feel that *learning* had some more definite object than the mere ability to recite a lesson. Each fraction referred to their daily life in some way; each sentence in their grammar book had a distinct bearing upon their daily conversation; each astronomy lesson dealt with daily or nightly occurrences, which they could and should watch for themselves—thus she taught them. Their daily lessons were woven into their daily surroundings, and she taught her pupils to observe and, above all, to *think*. "I cannot *teach* you anything—no one *can*," she was wont to observe, "I can only *show you how to learn*." She taught in the public schools of Philadelphia, and afterwards in New York. After this, she went to New Orleans, where she was made Principal of the grammar school (a distinction at that time seldom offered to a Northern woman), a position which, by reason of her superior ability, she held, spite of her pronounced Northern views, until the winter of 1853.

In 1858, she opened a private boarding and day school in Philadelphia, which met with the success it deserved, and hundreds of pupils can testify to the excellence of the training received at her hands, and the hands of the able corps of teachers whom she knew how to select.

A woman who has labored faithfully, steadily and successfully,



as a conscientious teacher, over a period covering more than half a century, can surely not be said to have lived in vain, and may surely be considered a representative woman.

There is one branch of teaching about which I have said nothing as yet—about which I would like to say something—but about which I hardly know what to say. I would like to give a word of some kind to the *governesses*.

The situation of a governess, save in exceptional cases, is not in any way to be envied, and I would strongly advise any young girl who can possibly gain a livelihood in any other way, not to attempt to undertake to assume the duties of such a position. The position usually accorded to a governess, and the discomforts attached thereto, are not entirely due to the employers. They are the outgrowth of various circumstances. First of all, the trouble has arisen from the fact, of which I have already spoken, that, in past years, a girl who found herself suddenly obliged to do *something*, at once put herself to work to find a position as governess, no matter whether she was competent or not. In this way, many half-educated and wholly incompetent girls, hardly in their teens, found themselves in the houses of people who neither appreciated their desire to do, nor felt for their youth and inexperience; and in most cases they found themselves in the anomalous position of neither servant nor one of the family. The servants despised them, as being above themselves, but below the family. As added dignity has been given to all professions for women, governesses are not so numerous, and those who are willing to undertake the arduous task of such a position, command not only more of the respect which their high calling deserves, but higher remuneration for services rendered.

Another cause of the trouble is the unfortunate fact that very many people possess more money than refinement, and young girls who are obliged "to work for a living" are all classed together, no matter what the degrees of refinement and education. They are not, themselves, of sufficiently fine fibre to know that a woman in whose hands they are willing to trust the training and educating of their children, should be only one who could command their highest respect and appreciation.

Matters are, however, adjusting themselves, by slow degrees; but, though it has taken thousands of years to put "the right man" in comparatively "the right place," let us hope that another thousand will see the position of woman clearly defined.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LITERATURE.



THE time has gone by, when woman appeared on the literary field under protest, and was only accorded a place therein by the courtesy of the men who already were masters of the situation. To-day she holds her own by right of mental might, and stands side by side with her competitors of the opposite sex. Within the last few months, has appeared in the papers a lengthy discussion on the relative mental force of woman and man. But what does it amount to? Woman no longer needs to apologize for daring to appear in literary competition; she no longer even needs to assume a masculine *nom de plume*, to insure recognition for literary composition equal in virility and profundity to that of the men in the same field. The French say, "There is nothing succeeds like success," and the literary woman of to-day may emphatically proclaim herself a success, should she desire to make herself prominent in that way. But in no walk of life are the successful ones more retiring, or less eager to proclaim their own prominence. In no profession is the *person* more thoroughly merged in the *work* than in that of literature. That her *work* shall be recognized, is the absorbing thought; that she herself shall be "a lion," is a thought from which she shrinks. But that anyone, man or woman, can enter a profession where every thought is for the people, where the public pulse is felt constantly, and remedies and restoratives, or stimulants, are constantly applied by the literary nurse, without becoming known and her individuality felt—her personality known—is impossible. A

writer who has written much, and whose works possess not that individuality that causes the reader to say, "This paragraph sounds like so-and-so," has utterly failed in the highest requirements of a writer. There is, of course, much desultory writing done, that accomplishes a purpose. Some, perhaps, have, once in a lifetime, an idea to which some psychic force compels them to give utterance. The article accomplishes its aim—*it* perhaps fulfills its mission—but the author's brain, like the swan, gives forth its only song while dying.

There is also much published in the various "home" papers by "Sam's Wife," "John's Wife," or "A Subscriber," or "An Ardent Admirer," which, while it *may* contain some ideas (but very often not), cannot in any sense of the word be called *literary work*, though doubtless the writer will inform you proudly, that she "writes for the papers," and in all probability her intimate friends regard her with admiring respect and awe. All these lucubrations do no harm, and some good. They serve as an outlet to the writer, and reach the wants of those whose mental calibre is no higher than that of the author. I dislike exceedingly to use the word "author" in this connection, and only do so because we have no other word to express "source."

There are those, also, who have even arrived at the dignity of having "written a book." It may be only the veriest trifle of a "Sunday-school story," with all the usual variations of the good boy's trials and the wicked boy's triumphs, with an overwhelming majority in favor of the good boy, in the final chapter, when the bad boy repents, confesses, and is forgiven on his death-bed, having, in a state of spasmodic remorse, saved the good boy's life at the expense of his own. It may all be little but a variation from all the others of its ilk—the self-same hackneyed scenes, with only, perhaps, a change from "Billie" to "Jimmie," or the substitution of "Jerusha" for "Hepzibah," but it stands as "a book" all the same, and the author's friends are duly proud. But *real, true, literary* work reaches a very different standard from this.

We have, among the laborers in the literary vineyard, two distinct classes—the editor and the author. Some—indeed I may say *many*—combine the two vocations, but ability for one is no requisite for the other.

There is no position more thoroughly misunderstood than that of editor. "Editor" is a term capable of broad interpretation, and in



large establishments, there will perhaps be editors as numerous as the departments of the periodical published. An editor is merely one who edits or manages his or her particular department. The "agricultural editor" is the one who notes, notices and puts in shape the latest ideas on agriculture. He may read it, he may hear it, but it is his business to clip, or accept, or write, the required amount for his particular columns. So with the "fashion editor;" she must visit the stores, the dressmakers, the shoe-shops, and give us the latest fads in her line. Sometimes she writes, sometimes she merely adjusts. The term "managing editor" is capable of still broader interpretation. He or she "manages" the affairs of the establishment, and seldom puts pen to paper. The main business of "managing editors" is to see that the right people are in the right place. They must have intuition and discrimination as to what people will read, though they never do a stroke of such work themselves, or perhaps could not. They may not have even the higher education necessary to good literary work, but they know by instinct and close observation what the public wants, and they know a good thing when they see it. They may have neither time nor ability to prepare their own editorials, but they know who *can* do it acceptably, and that is the person whom they install in that place. They may have no ability whatever to write even the simplest story, but they know to whom to apply for fiction that will suit the readers of their particular periodicals, and insure increase of circulation.

All this is art, and expresses a certain quality of mental force and business ability that is greatly to be admired. With this ability is combined, at times, literary talents as well. We have notable instances in Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. J. D. Croly (Jennie June), Mrs. Virginia Terhune (Marion Harland) and many others.

Mary Mapes Dodge, a daughter of Professor Mapes, has for many years been the successful editor of *St. Nicholas*. This periodical is published in New York, where she resides with her family. Her work does not stop with her editorial "sanctum;" her pen is constantly weaving bright stories and tender fancies, not only for the little ones, but for "older children" as well. Her poem, "The Two Mysteries," will ever hold its place in the literature of the nineteenth century. It was inspired by the inquiring expression with which a child looked up into the face of her uncle (Walt Whitman), upon first beholding death. "You don't know what it is, my dear?" said the old man, adding softly, "We don't either."

## QUEEN OF HOME.

## THE TWO MYSTERIES.

We don't know what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still ;  
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheeks so pale and chill ;  
 The lips that will not lift again, though we may call and call ;  
 The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,  
 This dread to take our daily way and walk in it again ;  
 We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us, go,  
 Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know : our loved and dead, if they should come this day,  
 Should come and ask us, what is life ? not one of us could say.  
 Life is a mystery, as deep as ever death can be ;  
 Yet, oh ! how dear it is to us, this life we live and see !

Then might they say—those vanished ones—and blessed is the thought,  
 “Lo, death is sweet to us, beloved ! though we may show you nought,  
 We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—  
 Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath.”

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent ;  
 So those who enter death must go as little children went.  
 Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead—  
 As life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Distinguished among American women in social, literary and philanthropic circles, is Mrs. Jennie Cunningham Croly. We have adopted her for our own, and we jealously insist that she is an American, although she was born in England. She came to this country in early childhood, however, and all her associations since that time are with America. She has thoroughly identified herself with her American sisters, and has made a name of which we are justly proud. Her literary abilities were early developed, inheriting from her father, a man of strong personality, his vigorous style of thought.

Her first article was published in the *New York Tribune*. Her first position was upon the *New York Sunday Despatch*, and her second upon the *New York Sunday Times*. She became favorably known as a writer of fashion articles. Not only this, but she was the pioneer of literature devoted to the interests of women. This desire to aid her sex, and work for their best interests, has been with her all through her life ; and she is a bright and shining light in more than one association, which, if not composed exclusively of women, is at least devoted in some way to the advancement of their condition.

She neither rants nor wears bloomers, nor does she even desire to be known as the “exponent of a great principle.” She is merely

a thorough believer in the needs and capabilities of her sisters, and she lives up to the belief.

A pioneer among literary women, the story of her life is one of unusual interest, and nowhere has it been more clearly and briefly told, perhaps, than in an account given by Florine Thayer McCray in the Philadelphia *Ladies' Home Journal*, edited by Louisa Knapp.

"In 1856," writes Mrs. McCray, "she invented the duplicate system of correspondence (syndicates were then undreamed of), and the writer had the entire advantage of her bright scheme; and about the same time she became an editor and dramatic critic of the *Sunday Times*, which position she filled for five years.

A friend, writing of her wonderful activity at this time, says: 'In the meantime, she had succeeded Mrs. Ann S. Stephens as the fashion editor of *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, was writing the fashions for *Graham's Magazine*, maintaining her weekly and monthly correspondence and executing much 'order' work. The most important part of this supplemental labor, was devoted to the starting and editing of *Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashions*, a quarterly for which she wrote every line for nearly four years.' It was then consolidated with the *Illustrated News*, and she left the *Sunday Times* to edit it. Under the name of *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly*, it remained in her charge until May, 1887, or upwards of twenty-seven years. She also started and controlled other small publications for the same house.

Not only is the present honorable status of newspaper women and the suggestion of duplicate correspondence and many other labor-saving ideas which originated in her fertile brain, due to the efficiency and unflagging industry of Mrs. Croly, but the development of the social side of newspaper productions, the recognition that there is something worthy of public discussion, exclusive of politics, crime and sensational occurrences—common ground upon which men and women can meet, exchange opinions and compare experiences—may be traced directly to her influence. Her work was a revelation to the editors of the past generation, and so full of suggestion and animus was every topic which came from her hand, that they were fain to possess themselves of it as something new, strange and interesting in the history of journalism. It has all become a matter of course to us, but one has only to go back in imagination forty years, to see how overgrown, and apparently impenetrable, was the now clear field which this little woman undertook to cultivate.

She swept away all objections to women's work in newspaper



offices, proved that not only were they as alert for news, as quickly comprehensive of knotty points and as well qualified to probe the heart of tough issues as men, but that their intuitive perception of what would please the public taste, their instinct for salient points and things provocative of general discussion, were a necessity for a journal which would satisfy the multifarious and varying tastes of its *clientèle*. Her active journalistic labors have continued unremittingly up to the present time. Between them, her fashion work and her books, one upon cookery, called 'For Better or Worse,' and one upon the liabilities and duties of married life, and another, composed of essays, called 'Talks upon Women's Topics,' have come in the brief interims between routine labor which would have worn out many robust men.

At the beginning of her career, Jennie Cunningham married Mr. David G. Croly, then city editor of *The Herald*, and she became a regular *attaché* of it. When *The World* was started in 1860, her husband was made managing editor of that paper, and Mrs. Croly, in addition to all her other work, took charge of a department which included in its scope, all matters relating to, or interesting, women. This work continued until 1872, and during eight years of the time, she did similar work for the *Daily Times*.

When *The Graphic* was started, Mr. Croly became the editor, and his wife transferred her work to that paper. She was, during this time, correspondent of more than twenty papers, covering nearly all the territory of the United States, many of which she retains at the present time.

All of Mrs. Croly's work has had the aim and effect of building up the intellectual position of women, of inciting them to worthy work, and directing their efforts in useful and ennobling channels.

Her fashion letters, each of which, for thirty years has been read by a million and a half of women, have been conscientiously and most dexterously used to emancipate her sex from the slavery of custom, to make them decide for themselves upon what is graceful, becoming and comfortable in costuming, and to break down the prestige of unworthy foreign fashions. She has always discussed these questions with the strength of superiority in judgment, as indeed has been her method with all topics. In reading her articles or hearing her speak, one always gets the impression of an immense reserve force behind her utterances. The dream of her life has been the organization of women in societies corresponding to the organi-

zations among men ; for she believes that only by concerted action can any great end be attained. An early step, which proved a very long stride in this direction, was the inception and founding of Sorosis, now twenty years old. Only a brief outline of a very interesting set of circumstances, which crystallized this unformed idea in the mind of Mrs. Croly, can here be given. It was in March, 1868, that the Press Club of New York, an association comprising nearly all the leading journalists, offered to Charles Dickens, prior to his departure for home, after a successful reading tour in this country, a dinner at Delmonico's, which was to be of an unprecedented character in honorary banquets. David G. Croly, then editor of the *New York World*, was on the executive committee, which had preparations in charge, and through him, his wife, a well known and actively efficient journalist, applied for a ticket at the regular rate, claiming it upon the ground that the dinner being tendered by the 'Press' of New York, she was entitled to be present in virtue of her acknowledged standing in the profession.

It was a test case, and cleverly put forth. The committee were disposed to regard the application as a joke, but James Parton, who was one of them, took it seriously, and reinforced it by bringing a similar application from his wife, popularly known as 'Fanny Fern.' This, and other applications which came in, proved the thing serious, and the lively discussion which ensued, came to the ears of Horace Greeley, the veteran editor of *The Tribune*, who had promised to preside upon the occasion, and he, be it ever remembered as a testimonial of his sense of justice and promptness in bearing out his convictions, declared that he would not do so unless the 'women had a chance.' This compelled the committee to act, and a reluctant note was sent, very late, to Mrs. Croly, saying that, if a sufficient number of ladies to make a good showing, were ready to purchase tickets at fifteen dollars, they were at their demand.

This churlish assent, which was practically a refusal, was not accepted, but the matter was not dropped. Mrs. Croly, the Misses Alice and Phebe Cary, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Henry M. Field and Mrs. Botta made it the subject of conversation with many others, at the receptions and social reunions where they met within a few weeks. A meeting was finally called at Mrs. Croly's house, and the project began to take form.

What was evolved, was a woman's club, named Sorosis, with twelve members, among whom were Celia Burleigh and Madame E.

L. Demorest, with Alice Cary as president, and Jennie C. Croly, vice-president, while Kate Field was corresponding secretary, and Charlotte Wilbour recording secretary and treasurer. It was to be an artistic, literary and social organization, for the encouragement and mutual assistance of women in professional life. They met at Delmonico's, as they have ever since continued to do, beginning their meeting with a luncheon, after which, business was arranged and plans discussed. Those who were then children, can remember the sensation which the formation of this club made all over the country. The New York Press Club, seeing that the thing carried weight, made the *amende honorable* by inviting Sorosis to a 'breakfast,' at which it had nothing to do but sit and eat, and was not asked to take any part in the exercises.

In return for this courtesy, Sorosis invited the Press Club to a 'tea,' at which the women did all the talking, allowing the men no chance to speak—not even to respond to their own toast. The spectacle of the company of talented men, thus personally repressed and disregarded, while ostensibly honored *en masse*, was irresistibly funny, and under the stimulus of the occasion, Sorosis showed its mettle, and spoke in a series of brilliant addresses, sparkling with wit, seasoned with spicy reflections, and founded upon indisputable facts of a wide range, which showed the club quite strong enough to stand and run with its competitors. A third entertainment was soon after given, at which ladies and gentlemen each paid their own way, and shared equally the responsibilities and honors. After the first year of life, Sorosis was left without a president, Alice Cary having resigned, and Mrs. Croly was soon after elected to that office by acclamation. Under her rule, the club made rapid strides toward settled forms and systematized work. During the ten years under her management, it grew to be a recognized power, reaching out and running into channels of home, professional, public and political life, which cannot here be descanted upon. Mrs. Croly possesses, in an enviable degree, the rare power described as the 'faculty of thinking on one's legs.' Her quick grasp of situations, her instant grouping of facts and arguments about any point, her confidence in her own quiet exposition of her side of the question, have made her one of the most powerful speakers of the day. She makes her deductions logically, constructs a symmetrical argument, and ceases the moment no more can be said to add to its force.

In this she evinces what has sometimes been called by modest



men (who naturally appropriate to themselves much that seems admirable in mental qualifications) a masculine quality of mind. It is certainly quite distinct from the intuitions which sometimes make less thoughtful women stick to a point, despite of all arguments to the contrary, while yet they cannot give reasons for their convictions. 'Jennie June' has also the purely mental faculty of seeing the good points on the sides to which she is, in opinion, opposed. When a side of any question before Sorosis has seemed to lack supporters, Mrs. Croly has often thrown herself into the breach, and against her strongest convictions, builded so stable an argument for that side that even sister members, who know her possibilities, have been deceived as to her beliefs, and have sought her, indignant and remonstrating.

'Jennie June' has, within a year, purchased a half-interest in *Godey's Lady's Book*, and assumed its editorship. She has also been made president of the Women's Endowment Cattle Company, originated by Mrs. Newby. This unique organization, which has for its object a safe investment, to be made by women for their children, is incorporated in the State of New Jersey, has a capital stock of one million and a half dollars and control of two million acres of grazing land in New Mexico, on which there are now 6,000 head of cattle.

Mrs. Croly lives at 148 East 46th street, New York, and while giving the care of the establishment to friends, keeps her family circle and the atmosphere of home for her husband, now an invalid, and her children—a daughter and a son. Miss Vida Croly, a young lady of attractive appearance and charming manners, has followed her mother's example in efforts for self-support, and is playing a pleasing part at the Lyceum Theatre. With all her continuous and hard work, Mrs. Croly has never been a money-getter. Her pen has furnished a comfortable, even a luxurious home for her family, but she has no fortune, and looks forward with weariness that the time is so long delayed when she may rest upon her oars, and, secure at least from discomfort, devote her time to book-writing and work of a more strictly literary nature than has been in her line as a journalist. She is a forcible political and philosophical writer, and has contributed largely to scientific journals. She is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, vice-president of the Association for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women, a member of the Goethe Club and other societies with high objects.

Her home has been for years the centre of the literary and artistic life of the metropolis, and probably no woman in New York is better qualified to establish and maintain a desirable *salon*.

Her Sunday evening receptions bring together a brilliant array of celebrities and charming conversationalists, and her influence goes forth through this channel into the educational and social life of the whole nation."

Since the writing of the above article by Mrs. McCray, Mrs. Croly has withdrawn from her connection with *Godey's Lady's Book*. Her husband, too, to whom she was united by a bond of more than common strength, passed away early in the Spring of 1889.

Quoting again from Florine Thayer McCray, who has made it her work to write up many of the living women authors, we have an article of hers on Mrs. Virginia Terhune, published in the *New York World*:

"Every woman in the country who reads ever so cursorily the journals and serial publications of the day knows 'Marion Harland,' but comparatively few among the vast army of readers, among the mothers and housewives who depend upon her friendly advice in home-making, are acquainted with Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune, who lives on South Ninth street, in Brooklyn, within easy reach of New York.

'Marion Harland' occupies a handsome four-story brown-stone front house, by the side of which is a large garden laid out in picturesque walks, among trees, shrubs, and, in their season, beautiful flowers. The spacious drawing-rooms are furnished in delicate tints, in frescoes, carpets and draperies, and back of them is the library, which is crimson. The decoration of the walls and ceiling, which is done in velvet paper, laid in folds, and framing at the four corners paintings of the 'Neapolitan Boy,' the 'Odalisque,' and other rich types, is very effective. In the large bow window looking out upon the pretty yard, is a Wardian case filled with palms, ferns and mosses. A spinning-wheel, with its bunch of flax, stands near the fire-place, and upon the walls are hung various engravings, among them, those of Longfellow and Washington Irving and his friends, surmounting the book-cases. A writing-table and scrap-basket complete the literary appearance of this room. The atmosphere of the whole house is attractive and comfortable. 'Marion Harland' is, indeed, a model housekeeper, for the home environment is made conducive to the enjoyment of the family, with none of the vainglorious insistence upon

ways and means which is the discomfort of many a painfully precise management. She is the descendant of a cultivated Virginia family, of a mother gentle, refined, and born and bred with quiet domestic and literary tastes, and inherits from her father the pith and earnestness for which her life is distinguished. Her early literary diet was made up of the British classics, with now and then a diversion in reading Rollin's Ancient History. The *Spectator*, Thompson's 'Seasons,' Cowper's 'Tasks' and Plutarch's 'Lives' furnished light reading until the advent of *Graham's* and *Godey's* magazines. 'Marion Harland's' first novel, 'Alone,' appeared in 1854, of which more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold. Of her 'Common Sense' series, no reader need to be told, as they are found in every home, and have sold more than one hundred and ten thousand in ten years, and the sale is unabated.

Her book, 'Our Daughters; what shall we do with them?' a helpful talk with mothers, and 'Eve's Daughters,' a series of discussions with the girls themselves, in a vein of infinite tact and purity, on matters pertaining to the health and highest development of brain and body, have reached many editions.

'Marion Harland' is the wife of Rev. Edward P. Terhune, the popular pastor of Bedford Avenue First Reformed Church, a genial, magnetic man of splendid physique, standing six feet in his stockings, and broad-shouldered in proportion. He is a specimen of muscular Christianity good to see, and is the object (he sometimes declares, the victim) of the enthusiastic affection and loving familiarity of his family. He once remarked, in comic despair, when particularly dishevelled after a filial mêlée, 'Oh, yes; I am not only hen-pecked, but I am chicken-pecked, as you see.' His wife, 'Marion Harland,' of the cook-books, *Babyhood*, and editor of household departments which appear in various magazines, and are such a boon to women, is a medium-sized woman, with a sweet, piquant face, dark hair and eyes, sparkling with kindness, and a hopeful view of life.

As, according to Madame de Genlis, a woman has nothing to do with dates, it is unnecessary to refer to Mrs. Terhune's age. Suffice to mention that she is the mother of three children.

Dr. and Mrs. Terhune believe that every young woman should have some practical means of livelihood, and educate their children accordingly. Miss Belle Terhune is a pretty, blue-eyed girl, who already finds constant employment for her pen, and the son, a lad of



fourteen, is working hard at school, taking time meanwhile to have grown within an inch of his father's heroic stature.

The great sorrow of their lives was the loss of a beautiful girl, a delicate, gifted child, who died from the effects of a fright given her by an ignorant servant. The maid appeared to her young charge at night as a ghost, and so terrified the imaginative little girl as to throw her into convulsions, from which she never rallied.

Dr. Terhune's is a most methodical household. Each day, after breakfast, the members of the family separate, going to their desks for work or study, and when they meet at luncheon, the business of the day is over, and social recreation begins. Dr. and Mrs. Terhune receive Monday evenings, and in their hospitable rooms may be often found many of the most distinguished people of the two cities spanned by the bridge. Mrs. Terhune is a faithful pastor's wife, taking charge of the social interests of the parish, working effectively in fairs and other benevolent schemes, and in her literary work is, doubtless, one of the busiest women in the country.

'Marion Harland's' work has always possessed a peculiar selling quality, and publishers fight hard to secure her engagements. Since the early days, when she made instant success as the author of 'Alone,' she has, with few digressions, turned her attention to work for home life. She says of herself, that she is 'good three-halves mother,' and as she certainly compasses work enough for two women, we may say that the fourth half of her nature is poetic and artistic. Her poems have touched the hearts of thousands, and her hand, in so persevering a use of the pen, does not lose its deftness with the brush. But the lady with such versatile gifts says she thinks, if she has any talent, it is in knowing in what line her best work is done. 'Most people,' says Mrs. Terhune, 'want to do the things they are least fitted for. So, many a stream which might be a beneficent one, if turned into a channel where it could run full and strong, is spread out, thinly covering a large area, and rises only in miasma from the marshes it has made. Therefore I keep to my line, despite my frequent desires to branch into other channels, confining my efforts within limits where I am sure they do useful work.'

'Marion Harland' is blessed with good health, but when the pressure of her busy life becomes too strong, taking all, or one or two, of her family with her, she flees the town, with its incitement to constant endeavor, and goes for a few days' rest to their country

home, named 'Sunnyside,' not far from Paterson, in the mountains of New Jersey. She was there during the first snow-storm of the season, and speaks gratefully of the calm imposed upon her tired brain, in looking at the mesmeric fall of the flakes and the pure, soft blanket that gently covered the sere world."

Among those who possess rare literary talents, combined with the executive ability of the editor, was the late Mary Louise Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar* since 1867. As a translator, her work received highest commendation, not only for accuracy and felicity of expression, but for rapidity. She was, at one time, called upon to translate a French work of considerable size (the name is forgotten), and, incredible as it may seem, for twenty-four hours, with unceasing toil and sleepless eyes, she sat at her desk. The work was accomplished in the most satisfactory manner, and she, a "frail woman" (belonging to a sex whose mental and enduring force are supposed to be far below that of man), had done something which no man has ever done. The mental strain, of course, was terrible. President Lincoln gave her much commendation for her translations of French works of such writers as were favorable to the Union. She had a wide circle of personal friends, and, for years, her informal "Saturday evenings" have been the place of enjoyable meeting for people from all quarters of the globe. By the death of Miss Booth, a great literary light has been lost.

As a translator, none is more widely known than Mrs. Wistar; and to those to whom, by lack of knowledge of the German tongue, these volumes would have been as a sealed book, Von Marlitt's works have become a household word. Nor does she, by any means, confine herself to the novels written by Von Marlitt. But who does not know "The Old Ma'amselle's Secret," "The Second Wife," "Countess Gisela" or "Only a Girl?" Many generations to come will still be brought into contact with the German world of centuries before, by Mrs. Wistar's brilliant efforts in this line.

Miss Katharine Wormeley, a daughter of rear-admiral Ralph R. Wormeley, of the British navy, and a collateral descendant (if one may use the term) of our own Commodore Preble, is also by no means unknown as a translator. She has made a valuable translation of "Balzac," and has lately been engaged on "Louis Lambert" and "Seraphita."

Of those who devote their time and energies to giving voice to their own thoughts, and whose writings are more or less acceptable,

the name is legion. That there are many whose claim to distinction is not, in any way, dependent upon true literary merit, is, perhaps, chiefly due to the American characteristic, which loves and seeks excitement and novelty. A book may possess neither merit of plot nor rhetorical handling, and yet its construction may be such as to command universal attention, as being "*so odd!*" More especially is this the case, if the writer have the acuteness to express some of the commonest, most every-day thoughts in language that is a little vague. Obscurity has great charms, and causes endless discussions—which is so much capital to the author. But there are many, many of our women writers who have won their laurels by no tricks of construction, no pandering to a vicious taste but half expressed, or, at best, but thinly veiled. They have put into their works the very best there is of themselves. Whole-souled, earnest workers, they remain a living memory to future America, and none the less vigorous is the work they leave to attest their mental power, that that work deals mainly with the best that there is in human nature, and seeks rather to guide than to warn. These writers may be divided into several classes, but, even then, each one is a type in herself, and cannot properly be classed with any of the others. With the same object in view, the same innate love for growing girlhood, the same desire to have youth at its best, and the same hope of saying something that may benefit, as well as amuse, how *different* the works of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and the late Louisa M. Alcott.

In a recent number of *Book News* appeared the following extract: "Those who read current American fiction must have noticed how small and insignificant a part is played in it by the American home. It is the great summer hotel, or parlor car, or steam yacht, or Atlantic liner, or Continental *pension*, or any other of those devices by which Americans seek to get as far away from home as possible, which is chosen for the setting of our pleasant tales. As a consequence, the American is too often depicted as acting a part which is not natural. He is either aping manners and customs which are not his by inheritance, or scoffing at them in a very disagreeable way. He is, no doubt, in this capacity, a fit subject for satire. But take him where he is at home, where he has achieved success from very humble beginnings, by sheer force and shrewdness, where he has gained the confidence of his neighbors along with his riches, and there you will find him a more admirable character, and his daughters



more lovable and refined, and his wife not so much an object of laughter as of admiration or, perhaps, of tears.

For there are hosts of American homes of the right sort, where mother, father and children are united into a compact and influential social unit, by affection, respect, and even something of reverence. The struggle of such a family for fortune and position, is not the sordid thing which fiction-writers have so often depicted. There spring from these homes, every day, most beautiful examples of self-denial, mutual aid, self-help, and almost heroic endeavor. It will not do to satirize continually the rising man, or the rising family; in them are boundless hope, new ideas, progress, and rich variety. The other side of this picture is furnished by the largest cities, where lonely and homeless young men struggle on to selfish and luxurious middle age, or sink into pitiful poverty. These furnish our writers of fiction with too many types—perhaps because they are most familiar with that side of life. So long as homeless men and women are the chief characters in our novels, we can expect that only the surface of our national life will be touched by them.

Contrast with ours the great masters of English fiction—Thackeray, Meredith, George Eliot. They give you heroes and heroines surrounded, for good or ill, with relatives of various degrees of loveliness, or the opposite. You see how large a part the home plays in human destiny, for success or failure; you see how large a part it plays in love; you watch its gentle influences or its sad limitations, to the very end of the story. Every man knows in his heart that this is the right point of view for any acute observer of life and manners. Yet Mr. Howells has been almost alone in adopting it to a degree here, and he has given us a number of beautiful family pictures—perhaps none more genuine and almost pathetic, with all its humor, than the *Putneys*, of Hatboro', in 'Annie Kilburn.' Such American homes make the heated atmosphere and false sentiment of Edgar Saltus's 'Eden' seem a horrid nightmare, and not a picture of life."

We presume that the writer of this article referred to the lighter kind of fiction, for reflection will surely show the glow of the fireside athwart many a page of American novels. Who can deny the home touch in Mrs. Whitney's works? Where do we find sweeter stories of young girl-life, with all its hopes and aims, and pride and passions, than in her works? She may truly be said to write for the young girl, and yet, so bright and crisp are the thoughts that flow from her

pen, so scintillating with the fresh dew of morning, so filled with the glow and peace of sunset, that all she writes is eagerly read by old and young alike. Poor Anstiss Dolbear! who has not felt for her? And Glory McQuirk, with her happy, funny ways and fuzzy head? Where will we find that much abused member of society, the "old maid," as she is termed by irreverent Young America, more truthfully or more touchingly portrayed than in the character of Miss Craydocke, in "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life?" Her characters are none of them wicked—she deals in no "heavy villains"—but there is nothing weak in any of them. Her young girls are not flirtatious and slangy, but then, neither are they milk and water. They are real, solid, wholesome American girls, such girls, mothers, as you and I would like our daughters to be—girls with plenty of "snap and go" in them, but with honest hearts and earnest desires, and good intentions, spite of their mistakes. A young girl, reading Mrs. Whitney's works, must feel that the writer "understands." Indeed, I think she must stand very much in the light of a "*mother confessor*" to many a young American girl, so deeply does she probe into the heart, and yet, how delicate, tender and considerate her touch! Any young girl who has missed reading "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "Hitherto," "We Girls," "Real Folks," "The Other Girls," "Sights and Insights," or any other of the dozen or so volumes of the same character, has missed one great branch of her education.

Mrs. Whitney is a resident of Milton, Massachusetts. Her father, Enoch Train, was a wealthy ship-owner, and established the Warren line of steamers, between Liverpool and Boston. She has been married many years, having, at nineteen, become the wife of Seth D. Whitney, of Milton, Massachusetts. Mrs. Whitney's writings proclaim that her relations as mother and grandmother have been of the highest type, and we can feel, without being told, the loving sympathy that must have existed between that mother and her growing children.

Not only as a writer of vivacious, interesting and instructive stories is she known, but as a poet as well. Her "Mother Goose for Grown Folks" contains many a pithy or tender verse that conveys a lesson. It is hard to select examples when all are so good, but little "Bo-Peep," for its tenderness, and "Attic Salt," for its moral lesson, characteristically taught, are, perhaps, two as good selections from this volume as could be made.



*Adeline S. S. Whiting. —*





BO-PEEP.

*"Little Bo-Peep  
Has lost her sheep,  
And doesn't know where to find 'em.  
Let 'em alone,  
And they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind 'em."*

Hope beckoned Youth, and bade him keep,  
On life's broad plain, his shining sheep,  
And while along the sward they came,  
He called them over each by name:  
This one was Friendship—that was Wealth;  
Another Love—another Health;  
One, fat, full-fleeced, was Social Station;  
Another, stainless, Reputation;  
In truth, a goodly flock of sheep—  
A goodly flock, but hard to keep.

Youth laid him down beside a fountain;  
Hope spread his wings to scale a mountain;  
And, somehow, Youth fell fast asleep,  
And left his crook to tend the sheep.  
No wonder, as the legend says,  
They took to very crooked ways.

He woke—to hear a distant bleating—  
The faithless quadrupeds were fleeing!

Wealth vanished first, with stealthy tread;  
Then Friendship followed—to be fed—  
And foolish Love was after led;  
Fair Fame—alas! some thievish scamp  
Had marked him with his own black stamp!  
And he, with Honor at his heels,  
Was out of sight, across the fields.

Health just hangs doubtful; distant Hope  
Looks backward from a mountain slope;  
And Youth himself—no longer Youth—  
Stands face to face with bitter Truth.

Yet, let them go! 'T were all in vain  
To linger here in faith to find 'em.  
Forward! Nor pause to think of pain,  
Till somewhere, on a nobler plain,  
A surer Hope shall lead the train  
Of joys withheld, to come again  
With golden fleeces trailed behind 'em.

## QUEEN OF HOME.

## ATTIC SALT.

*"Two little blackbirds sat upon a hill,  
One named Jack, the other named Jill;  
Fly away, Jack! Fly away, Jill!  
Come again, Jack! Come again, Jill!"*

I half suspect that, after all,  
There's just the smallest bit  
Of inequality between  
The witling and the wit.  
'Tis only mental nimbleness.  
No language ever brought  
A living word to soul of man  
That had the latent thought.

You may meet, among the million,  
Good people every day—  
Unconscious martyrs to their fate—  
Who seem, in half they say,  
On the brink of something brilliant  
They were almost sure to clinch,  
Yet, by some queer freak of fortune,  
Just escape it by an inch!

I often think the self-same shade—  
This difference of a hair—  
Divides between the men of nought  
And those who do and dare.  
An instant cometh on the wing,  
Bearing a kingly crown;  
This man is dazzled and let it by—  
That seizes and brings it down.

Winged things may stoop to any door,  
Alighting close and low;  
And up and down, 'twixt earth and sky,  
Do always come and go.  
Swift, fluttering glimpses touch us all—  
Yet, prithee, what avails?  
'Tis only Genius that can put  
The salt upon their tails!

None the less characteristic of American young-girlhood, are the children of Miss Alcott's brain, but how different! The rollicking, breezy Joe March, or the "Old-Fashioned Girl," Polly, bear no resemblance to Faith Gartney or Leslie Goldthwaite, but they are, none the less, wholesome, lovable girls. One cannot help finding it a matter of surprise that one brain can turn out book after book,



"Under the Lilacs," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Women," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," and many more, one after the other, all replete with individuality and personality, and still no repetition of characters.

Her birthplace was Germantown, a well known suburb of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. When but little more than an infant, her father went to Boston, to open a school in the Masonic Temple. Louisa was one of four daughters, and as unlike the other three as is her "Joe" different from "Beth," "Meg" and "Amy March." Indeed, in her "Little Women," one may read the life-history of this well known author; for in that, with such slight changes of name and incident as are absolutely necessary, has Miss Alcott taken the "Alcott family" for her theme.

At the age of eight, she was an uncommonly active, tall, well developed child, fond of boys' sports, and hailed by all her boy friends as "boon companion." Her mind was as active as her body, and at sixteen her first book was written—"Flower Fables." This, for various reasons, when published six years later, was not a success, however. Nothing daunted, and conscious of innate mental power, Miss Alcott still continued to write short stories, with varied success. Sending a collection of these to Roberts Brothers, of Boston, they strongly advised the writing of a continuous book, as there was no special demand for a collection of tales in those days. They advised her, further, to write a book for girls. Half acting upon their suggestion, half desiring to prove that writing for *girls* was a thing she could not do (feeling so much more at home with boys), she produced "Little Women." By the time she had begun her second volume of that work, she found herself famous.

She has been besieged with thousands of letters in behalf of the "March family," and has produced several volumes in order to supply the demand to know what "had become of them all;" but finally, she asserted positively that she would tell the public no more of the adventures of this family. To quote words attributed to her, she was "tired and sick of them"—threatened dire vengeance upon those who demanded further news of them.

Though Concord was her home, very little of her literary work was done in that place. She pursued a regular system. When intending to write, she went to Boston, shut herself up in hired rooms, and *wrote* sometimes as much as fourteen hours per day. Her literary work accomplished, she returned to Concord exhausted,

there to recruit for future effort. Her works were not the result of much manual labor, as she seldom corrected and never copied. All her characters and scenes came to her before she put pen to paper. When she began to write she was ready, and her actual labor, at that especial time, was but little more than copying.

Like her own Joe March, when "genius burned," she was under its sway, and, instead of retiring to the attic as Joe did, she retired to Boston. Financially, as well as in every other way, her works were a great success. She is credited with having made one hundred thousand dollars. This has been left for the support of her "adopted children," as they are termed; for though having no little ones of her own, Miss Alcott's heart was full of *real* "mother-love," and it manifested itself in the care and assistance she gave to more than one growing girl and boy.

There is an incident told of her (indeed, she was fond of telling it herself, for her sense of the ludicrous was keen, even when its point was against herself), which will, I feel sure, be interesting to the many of her readers to whom it is not familiar. One day, after being utterly worn out with receiving callers, yet more visitors were announced. At first, Miss Alcott was inclined to excuse herself, but her good heart prevailed, and she descended to the parlor, to find a strange lady and a little girl. The mother explained elaborately that the little girl had the greatest admiration for Miss Alcott's works, and felt so anxious to see her, etc. (all the old ground that had been gone over to Miss Alcott, *ad nauseam*). Meanwhile, the child herself had nothing to say. She simply stared at Miss Alcott with a solemnity that became oppressive. So she said to the small visitor, encouragingly, "Well, my dear, have you nothing to say?" "O no!" exclaimed the child in a funereal voice; "O, I am *so* disappointed! I am so *disappointed!*" "Why, my dear!" exclaimed Miss Alcott, somewhat taken aback. "O," continued the child, in the same tone of bitter disappointment, "I *thought* you would be beautiful!" Miss Alcott laughed with delight, and insisted, to the remonstrating and horrified parent, that the child be allowed to express her opinion frankly, declaring that it was very refreshing.

Miss Lucy C. Lillie, in her little memoir published in the *Metropolitan*, pays a very just and charming tribute to Miss Alcott's work. "I think," says she, "another generation will pay Miss Alcott the special tribute due her, for having founded an era in the literature of our century. Other juvenile writers of excellence—

like Miss Warner, for instance—had certainly preceded her. But Miss Alcott's work was certainly unique. The peculiar quality of freshness, the captivating realism, of Miss Alcott's books, will, I am sure, make them forever popular."

This specially gifted woman died March 6th, 1888, and left vacant a place that no one, as yet, has been found to fill.

There is another class of writers, again, who have a double claim to our recognition, as devoting their time and talents to the furthering of some great cause or grand principle. No better exponent of this type is to be found than Harriet Beecher Stowe, and it is safe to say, that no one has ever been more surprised at his or her own success than has this noble woman. Devoted to the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed, she was inspired to write her ever living "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Of the success of this work little need be said. The world knows it to such an extent that this same volume has been translated into seven different languages. Few American books, I fancy, have attained such an eminence as that. It is an undoubted fact, that this work of Mrs. Stowe aided very materially to stir up, and keep alive, the feeling which resulted in the freeing of the slaves. She has written many other books, but none which have attained the immense sale (over five hundred thousand, I believe) that was reached by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her "Minister's Wooing" is a tender, soft picture, that can bear close scrutiny. Her "Little Foxes" is something, without having read which, no young person's education is complete. And to young *couples*, having first recommended "Little Foxes," I would most certainly add "My Wife and I." Mrs. Stowe has been ill for a long time now, but while her brain is at present quite non-retentive, and she feels all thinking a weariness, an admiring nation can never forget the vigorous intellect and firm, noble principle that informed her pen.

We have yet another class of writers—those who devote themselves to dialect stories. Prominent among these, though of entirely different nature, as well as purport or object, are George Egbert Craddock (Mary Noailles Murfree) and Marietta Holley, better known as "Samantha Allen" or "Josiah Allen's wife." Miss Holley hunts out all the weaknesses of human nature, and having found the vulnerable place, plants her dart with unerring aim, clothing her remarks in the "down-east" dialect. She has little use for the follies and foibles of fashionable life, and she does not hesitate to make it known. Every weakness that she perceives, she holds up to



ridicule with unsparing hand. Her judicious mixture of pathos and humor is at times very wonderful, so instantaneously, so gracefully, does she descend "from the sublime to the ridiculous." To those to whom such things do not become utterly wearisome after having read one or two, the observations and notations of "Josiah Allen's wife" are an unceasing fund of amusement. Entirely different is the work of Charles Egbert Craddock. Her work deals largely in description of Tennessee mountain life, and the dialect which she has chosen to portray, is that of the Tennessee mountaineer.

There are many other women besides Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, however good their other work has been, have stirred the world by one particular volume. Of these, Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," is a noted example. She was already well known as a poet, but her novel of to-day, is a work with which her name and fame will always be associated, no matter what may be her future achievements, in poetry or prose.

Says *Book News* of her: "Few authors have come to the front so rapidly and so brilliantly as Mrs. Margaret Deland. She is a writer from whom we have still much to look for, as she is only a little over thirty years of age, and already has done work rich in merit, and richer still in promise. Mrs. Deland was born in 1857 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and was brought up in that city, in the family of her uncle, the Hon. Benjamin Campbell. When she was seventeen years of age, she went to Pelham Priory, a boarding-school kept by two English ladies, in New Rochelle, near New York. Afterwards she entered the Cooper Institute, and took the course of Industrial Design. A little later, she taught drawing and design in the Normal College of New York, for a short time. In 1880, she was married to Mr. Louis F. Deland, and with her husband removed immediately to Boston, which city has since been her home. Mr. Deland is also possessed of literary tastes and ability, and his critical and most helpful interest is of much assistance to her in her work."

Mrs. Deland began writing in 1884. A friend, seeing some of her poems and recognizing their true poetic worth, sent several, without the author's knowledge, to *Harper's Magazine*. Others followed in the *Century* and other magazines. These were received with such favor, that she collected her pieces and had them published, in 1886, under the title of 'The Old Garden and Other Verses.' Not yet conscious of her own powers, she issued only a limited edition,

which was exhausted within a few days. Since then, this volume has gone through six editions. Her poems are charming, by reason of their freshness, genuineness of feeling, and power and felicity of expression. Her first poem, 'The Succory,' we give here :

Oh, not in ladies' gardens,  
My peasant Posy !  
Smile thy dear, blue eyes,  
Nor only—nearer to the skies—  
In upland pastures, dim and sweet ;  
But by the dusty road,  
Where tired feet  
Toil to and fro ;  
Where flaunting Sin  
May see thy heavenly hue,  
Or weary Sorrow look from thee  
Toward a tenderer blue.

Mrs. Deland's novel, 'John Ward, Preacher,' has been so much discussed, that there is little left to be here said of it. This much we may affirm, that it manifests a power and depth of thought, and insight into character, wonderful in one so young, with a finish and care of execution not often met with in this age of hurry. The book is now in its twentieth thousand in this country, and has gone through six editions in England, where also it has made a deep impression."

It is not an uncommon thing, by any means, that an author is known both as poet and prose writer, but there are many who devote themselves to poetry alone.

A few lines or verses are timidly put forth, which meet with a reception sufficiently encouraging to induce further effort. Suddenly, an idea takes flight and soars away with such joyous melody, that all the world pauses to listen, and sighs with disappointment when the song is done.

The work is finished ! The rhymer is a recognized poet, and henceforth, an eager public waits for the next, and yet the next.

Such a poet is Edith Thomas. The *Brooklyn Eagle* gives an account of her real introduction to the public, through the efforts and endorsement of Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.").

"Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson used to tell, with a great deal of pathos, the story of her first meeting with Edith Thomas, the poet. Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, who is known and loved by every literary man and woman of consequence in New York City, wrote to Mrs.

Jackson one day, saying that she had staying with her a young girl who, she believed, had great talent, and asked that Mrs. Jackson would let the girl come and read some of her poems to her. 'I had suffered many things by reason of young women who wrote verse,' Mrs. Jackson used to say, 'and I dreaded it, but I said yes. The next day, through the pouring rain, came this gaunt girl, with her melancholy dark eyes, and thin, white face, looking so eager and anxious, that I couldn't bear to say to her what I felt I should have to say, so I told her to leave her portfolio with me and I would read the poems at my leisure and send her word. So, after she had gone, I took them up with the greatest repugnance and reluctance, and began turning the papers over.

Pretty soon something struck my attention. I began to read, and went on and on. Then I rang my messenger call and scribbled on a card to Gilder, of the *Century*: 'Come to me at once. I have found a genius.' And in less than an hour the girl had three poems accepted by the *Century*, and I could scarcely wait till morning to tell her.'"

Since that day, Miss Thomas has been a constant contributor to the magazines, and has published in two volumes, a collection of these verses; and they all are so good, it is a little difficult to make a selection, though her "Sunshine Land" is, perhaps, as good an example as may be found, of her delicacy of touch, her tenderness of thought, and her peculiarly felicitous way of weaving in a life-lesson with her poetic fancies.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,  
 Yellow as gold in the morning light;  
 The sun's own color at noon it wore,  
 And had faded not at the fall of night;  
 Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one  
 The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun,  
 Its secret the sailors could not understand,  
 But they called this country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret?—a simple thing  
 (It will make you smile when once you know).  
 Touched by the tender finger of spring,  
 A million blossoms were all aglow;  
 So many, so many, so small and bright,  
 They covered the hills with a mantle of light;  
 And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned,  
 Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.



If over the sea we two were bound,  
What port, dear child would we choose for ours?  
We would sail, and sail, till at last we found  
This fairy gold of a million flowers.  
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,  
Of many small joys our pleasures are made,  
More near than we think, very close at hand,  
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

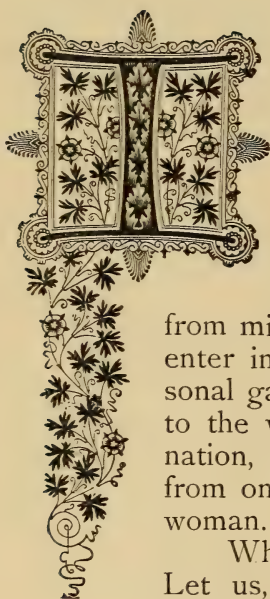
Who knows the good, to some suffering heart, that may arise from a stray song like this? Who does not remember a moment of trial, when some long-forgotten strain fell upon the mental ear, and soothed the overtaxed nerves?

Blessed be the women who write the tender little heart-melodies, the "Mother Songs," that sink into the souls of their weary sisters, and lift them to a higher, nobler view of life!



## CHAPTER XII.

### CHARITIES AND OPPORTUNITIES.



IF one wishes to chronicle the broader scope of woman's work, one hardly knows where to begin. When we have left the confined, though ever increasing, circle of her purely *home* influence—when we have passed over her enlarged sphere as working woman and bread-winner—when we have ceased to view her as ringing all the changes of occupation, from mill-hand to physician, from nurse to teacher, and enter into the field where, instead of working for personal gain and fame, all her energies are devoted solely to the welfare of others, either as individuals or as a nation, the pen may well pause, while thought travels from one to another of the many and varied works of woman.

Where shall we begin? With individual effort? Let us, then, take as a starting point (we shall be obliged to go backward, as well as forward, from this point) and take into consideration the grand scheme which Mrs. A. T. Stewart tried to carry out, in accordance with her husband's wishes, for the benefit of the working women of New York City. It is more than ten years, now, since this all fell through, and to-day it is, perhaps, hardly remembered as it was originally intended to exist. That the want of success of the original plan was the result of ill-advisers to whom the idea, even in A. T. Stewart's time, was disagreeable, there are few found to doubt. It is well to speak of this one particular charity, because the result, as it was finally completed, was something so far from helpful, as to be a warning to all projectors of like plans. When finished, the hotel on Third avenue was an expanse of velvet carpets, mirrors, walnut furniture,

and servants, and the visiting public held up its hands in admiration and exclaimed: "How charming! to provide all these elegancies for shop-women, for the nominal sum of six dollars a week!" and the public expected the said "shop-women" to be overwhelmed with gratitude for the luxuries and the servants. But, ungrateful creatures! they were not overwhelmed a particle. In the first place, there are few women in New York City who can afford to pay "the merely nominal sum of six dollars per week," no matter what luxuries may be provided for that amount of money. But that which militated against the scheme more strongly than anything else was, that while providing everything else for these women whom she desired to aid, Mrs. Stewart left entirely out of consideration, the one thing that was of value and is of value to the human heart—the element of *home*. There were libraries and bath-rooms and stationary wash-stands, but there was no *home*; for one of the most stringent regulations of the establishment was, that in the private rooms of the dwellers therein, was to be absolutely *nothing* that *belonged* to the inhabitant. "How would it look," it is to be presumed they reasoned, before such an absurd regulation could have been made, "to see a faded old photograph of her country mother, or the old green pincushion her sister gave her, up in those rooms with their beautiful appointments!" So the dear old mother's picture and the faded green pincushion must never come out of the trunk, which was left in the basement. No little pot of ivy to remind her of her country home! No sea-shell box left by the sailor lover on his last visit! No bunch of hair flowers, *in memoriam* of the departed members of the family! Oh, no! None of these! None of these! These women were to be placed in elegant surroundings, and they must be taught to live up to them, or, at least, must not be permitted to live below them. And, finally, they must be in by half-past ten, and on no account have a male visitor.

The consequence of all this ill-judged movement was, that the scheme failed, and very naturally, for want of supporters. No self-respecting woman would, for the sake of a few luxuries which she received *in charity* (for that is what it amounted to), live in a place where her every action was hampered—where, if her brother or her father came to see her, she must meet him on the street, and be in by ten o'clock, like a cook or a chambermaid. And it is to the credit of the working women of all classes in New York that, almost



to a woman, they preferred their little rooms, bare of all luxuries save their own poor little attempts at such decoration as affection or taste dictated, but breathing of *home*, to the gilded prison to which this ill-advised charity would have condemned them. Most bread-winners are easily offended by the word "charity." They neither ask it nor receive it. All they want is fair, full value for work done, *and a chance to earn it.*

Works of benevolence are divided into two distinct types—the preventive and the reformatory. With the reformatory, we will have little to do at present. It would seem that, when a time-worn axiom is "Prevention is better than cure," a nation would realize the fact, and such efforts towards prevention would be put forth, that reform could find but a small place in the world's work. But, alas! such has not yet been the case. The world and its workers are waking up to the questions of vital importance involved in prevention, and such efforts as the Christian Association are not only gaining wider influence, but are increasing in number each year. In nothing, perhaps, can this question of advance be more clearly shown than in a brief history of this association in its dealings with women.

The Women's Christian Association, an outgrowth of the Young Men's Christian Association, is now in its nineteenth year, and it may look back with satisfaction and thanksgiving upon its eighteen years of work. The outgrowth of the efforts of a few determined and sympathizing spirits, it now stands as one of the institutions of the world, and a recognized instrument for good. Yearly, new ideas are carried out and improvements introduced. The aim is to provide for all *young* working women a *home and protection*. Recognizing the fact that the working woman of America is turned out in the world to battle for herself, and that in this position she meets with discouragements and temptations—temptations which are discouragements—discouragements which are temptations—at every turn, they make *protection* the objective point. To better accomplish this work, they not only do not take under their care women who are over twenty-five; but when they reach this age, women are expected to withdraw. They naturally assume that a woman of twenty-five has acquired sufficient force of character and knowledge of the world to look after her own interests and protect herself. This limitation of age, however, refers *only* to those who board in the houses provided by the association for this purpose. All other considerations are extended to all working-women irrespective of age.

The workers in this institution do not dispense charity in the old sense of the word. But they give it all its glorious, new interpretation. They help people to help themselves. They endeavor in every way to give young girls a chance. Have you ever thought what it must be to long for nothing in the world so much as a *chance*, and yet be denied that chance?

The founders of this charity recognize this in all its force, and they give young girls "a chance" in every way. An incident related in one of their yearly reports, will give a better illustration of their work in this line than almost any other one of which I know.

"It was just at nightfall, upon the evening that Miss Leigh, of Paris, spent with us, that a girl about sixteen years old was brought to us for a night's lodging. Along with all the rest, she drifted into Assembly Hall, and as Miss Leigh was moving all our hearts with the story of the struggles and trials of the working girls in Paris, we saw the tears stream down this child's cheek. One of our ladies, sitting down beside her at the close of the meeting, drew from her her pathetic story. She never remembered any father or mother or home. While still a little child, she had been bound out to a traveling circus, and from that, into one strolling theatrical company after another; never learning any good, but having a knowledge of evil that was appalling. She could not do a stroke of housework, but she knew every game of cards played. Oaths and curses, she said, she knew better than anything else. But of any knowledge of God, or the Saviour, or prayer, or right living, she was as ignorant as the veriest heathen. And now she wanted to be a better girl. 'Oh, for a chance to be a good girl, lady,' she said to me next morning, with her big eyes full of tears, and, thank God, we were able to give her the chance. Carefully watched over, fed and cared for, all that week we tried to do what we could to help her, and, being convinced of her sincerity, after many anxious thoughts and fervent prayers for help and wisdom, we were able to place her in a good home, near enough for us to keep our eye on her. I do not know when I have seen a more touching sight than the day she left us, with her wardrobe replenished out of the scanty stock of some of our dear household, and a face beaming with smiles, that at last she was going to 'have a chance.'

The coveted 'chance' is, we believe, working out for this one, the promise of fruition in a redeemed life."

In speaking of the Young Men's Christian Association, the

young president of one of its branches related an incident in regard to a young man who was led by the sight of lights and the smell of coffee, to enter the parlors of this association, upon a "Sociable" night. The warmth, the companionship, the food, the hearty welcome, all conspired to put new heart into the man. Not a word was said to him of his past career, not a question was asked as to his future or his religious convictions. Nothing was done at which the most indifferent or skeptical could take alarm. So imbued was the man with a sense of novelty and comfort, that his resolution was taken, and from that night, through many a toilsome by-way, up many a thorny road, he struggled back to manhood, and he often speaks to young men now, of the time *his soul was saved by a cup of coffee.*

Strictures are often passed by the scoffing, upon the methods used by these institutions, in reclaiming the wanderers. They say, money is spent in amusing them, and in "Sociables" and like "nonsense," as they are pleased to term it, which would be better spent in some other way. But such cavillers do not realize, that in all brutalized human-nature, the *physical* must be appealed to before even the mental is approached, and that the mental must be fed, before the moral and spiritual can be attacked. The young man quoted above, is not the only one whose soul has been saved through a cup of coffee or some other equally humble instrument.

Most truly do these noble-hearted women hold out the cup of cold water to those around them, who are mentally and morally, as well as physically athirst.

The large boarding-houses provided for the applicants are conducted on the most home-like plan, consistent with the numbers housed. The bedrooms are so arranged that seldom more than two girls occupy a room together. There are even no dormitories such as we find in many large boarding-schools.

Each girl is provided with wholesome and abundant food, and is permitted to put one dozen pieces in the wash each week. There are bath-rooms, recreation rooms, parlors and libraries. Games are provided, and social life is encouraged. All this is done for the sum of three dollars per week, provided a girl's wages do not run over five dollars. After that, there is a small but steady increase in the demand for board, in proportion to the increase of salary.

There is also a house-physician, whose services are given free to the inmates of the household.



In addition to all this, the association is reaching out its arms in all directions and providing summer "Rests" for the tired, over-worked working girl. There are seaside resorts and summer residences, to which these young girls may go for two weeks, at the cost of eight dollars, including car-fare. Think of it! Think of the boon it is to leave the hot, dusty city and drink in the beauty of the green fields or the ever-changing sea!

One young girl exclaimed: "Those two weeks are what I look forward to for six months to come, and back to for the next six months!"

"O," exclaimed a little half-starved city girl, when taken on a day's trip to the seaside by some charitable institution or other, "how *good* it is to see *enough* of something."

And this sentiment is more prevalent than you would imagine. There is no part of the whole scheme of this charity that is more beneficent than that of giving each one a chance for two weeks' absolute rest away from city sights and sounds.

Beside the advantages offered in this way, there are others. Night-schools are connected with the institutions, in which the daily worker may obtain instruction in any branch she may desire. Should her education have been neglected, and she have a thirst for "learning for learning's sake," here is the place where she may obtain it almost free of cost to herself. The curriculum is about as follows: reading, spelling, writing, grammar, composition, arithmetic, plain sewing and button-holes, one dollar for each course; book-keeping, German, elocution, stenography, type-writing, dressmaking, cutting and fitting, millinery and advanced cooking, two dollars for each course.

Connected with its general workings (and yet disconnected with its other branches) are restaurants, where a young woman may obtain an excellent meal for a much less rate than at ordinary restaurants. There are also rooms for temporary lodgers, and women strangers who are visiting cities alone, are sure of comfortable quarters, at reasonable rates, with the restful assurance that they know exactly with whom they are staying.

All this good is the outgrowth of hard work, business ability and that *tenacity* for which woman is often condemned, upon the part of a few loyal women.

Disconnected with the Women's Christian Association, and yet undoubtedly due to its workings, are the various organizations formed

to give days and weeks of pleasure to mothers and children. In Red Bank, New Jersey, for instance, an old hotel has been fitted up for this purpose, and there, day after day and week after week, pining and delicate children are taken to get the air. All around are woods and river and open field. Each day at noon there is a pint of vegetable soup provided for each one, and as much milk, all day long, as the children can use. Some days, there are as many as a thousand who take advantage of this delightful outing. Neighbors club their resources together and send the children of four or five families under the care of one mother. The next time, it is the turn of another mother, and so on. By this means each child gets five days outing, while the mother loses but one day's work (though she gains a day that is, in the end, of far more value to her).

Again, there are those good, kindly-hearted souls that each summer, open their farmhouses and their large hearts to one or more little ones and give them "a real good time," bringing life to their eyes and health to their cheeks, by open-air play and generous fare, not forgetting that stimulant of childhood, milk. How can we say enough—how can any one speak with even the faintest discouragement of what woman is able to accomplish, with all this before us as evidence? Some exclaim, "If the facts do not agree with the theory, so much the worse for the facts."

And the *Women's Christian Temperance Union*, known as the W. C. T. U. all over the world! What need be said of that? It would seem that all the world should already know of its accomplished good, and that to herald them anew in this volume were a work of supererogation; and yet too many tributes cannot be offered to such a woman as Frances E. Willard, the President of the W. C. T. U.

Immediately upon her graduation from the College for Women, in Evanston, Illinois, Miss Willard was elected to its Professorship of Natural Science, at the age of twenty-three.

After her return from a trip to Europe, which covered a period of two and a half years, she was made Dean in the college and Professor of *Æsthetics* in the university, which was composed of several institutions under one head. She has the honor of being the first woman ever elected to the presidency of a college.

But, advanced as are her acquirements and education, it is not of these I desire to speak. I wish more especially to pay a tribute to the *woman herself*—to put before the world, that all may see the



*FRANCES E. WILLARD.*





noble, self-sacrificing spirit, the hard work, the charitable zeal that has informed all her work, and has formed the foundation for the success which has crowned her efforts. When the necessity for work in the field of intemperance was forced upon her ; when a call came from the agonized hearts of wives and mothers from all over the country, that *something* should be done to save them from despair, among the first to answer the call, was Frances E. Willard. Sacrificing everything in the way of a certainty of livelihood, putting utterly away from her the twenty-four hundred dollars per year assured her in her position in the college, she entered the new field of labor, and, with absolutely no prospect ahead, devoted herself, body and soul, to what seemed to her friends a desperate and losing cause.

Composed only of thousands of desperate women—entirely without any organized plan of action—directly opposed to what was supposed to be the money-making element of the nation, the cause might well be regarded as desperate.

But Frances E. Willard, with her clear brain, her head for business, and her executive ability, had evolved order out of chaos in a marvellously short time. When at the very lowest financial ebb, personally—all her money having been devoted to the cause she loved so much—she received two letters offering her positions. The first, that of Principal in the Normal Institution of New York, with a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per year ; the second, urging upon her the presidency of the W. C. T. U. of Chicago, a society with absolutely no financial resources, and which had been able to record only one triumph—that of having been able to close the saloons on Sunday, through a petition to Common Council.

Here the woman came to the fore grandly, and, in opposition to all advice and wishes of others, she accepted the latter, entering cheerfully upon her new life of privation, never for a moment doubting that the cause would finally win. Hard work and poor fare broke her down, however, and resulted in a serious illness. The facts being strongly presented to the White Ribbon Women, a handsome check and the regular payment of a fair salary were the result.

The *National Women's Christian Temperance Union* desired that she would accept its presidency, but she preferred to fill the position of secretary. She afterwards, however, accepted the presidency in 1879.

She is identified with the cause of Woman's Suffrage, being convinced that, through woman's vote, the millenium of temperance is nearer at hand.

Her correspondence is something enormous, consisting of the reading and answering of some twenty thousand letters yearly. With all this, she is known as a writer to various magazines, and is frequently heard upon the platform, advocating the causes to which she has devoted the whole of her useful life.

She has a right-hand man in the person of Miss Gordon, who sees after all the petty details of life, leaving Miss Willard without thought or care of even so much as a railroad ticket or pocket handkerchief, and thus her mind is free, absolutely free, to devote itself to the higher requirements of her life-work. Long may she live to perfect her work!

There are two other institutions which have branches in all large cities in the United States, and possibly in the Old World. It would seem that such institutions of beneficence should be found all over the globe. I refer to the *Exchange for Woman's Work*, and *The Decorative Art Society*. These are intended to aid such women as have been unused to any but the lighter kinds of labor. In the "exchanges," any kind of work may find a home and remain until sold, a small commission upon the sale being retained by the institution. Here may be found anything from pin-cushions to pickles, from bed-spreads to babies' bibs. In the case, in the Exchange of New York, there were at one time for sale, some most beautiful preserved pears from California. Here, one may leave an order for anything, and obtain it in its best *home-made* style. Many a pan of warm biscuit and nice home-made cake goes out from these exchanges. Many young girls, who find the necessity of staying home to help mother, and yet find it hard to obtain the money for clothes, earn many a dollar by their pretty crochet or knitting, which they do at odd times, as "pick-up work."

If a young woman (or an old one either, for that matter) takes a sample of her work to these establishments, she can leave her name for orders, which will be promptly forwarded to her, the same commission being charged as if her goods were sold. In this way, orders for cake, bread, biscuit and pies, often keep busy the young girl who takes up the work. One lady, out West, declares that she has made a handsome income by sending preserves (real *home-made* preserves) and jellies to these institutions, where she can always



obtain the best prices. Few people purchase at these places but those who are willing to pay the best price for what they buy.

The work taken at *The Decorative Art Society* is of a different nature. All taken to them must be of the distinctly decorative type. They will take pillow-cases for instance, if they are hemstitched and show drawn-work, but of plain ones they will have none. They have no use for plain sewing, no matter how dainty it may be. Drawn-work, painting, embroidery, designs, *anything*, in fact, that is decorative, or tends to decoration, find a sale there, if of good quality. This affords an excellent opportunity to many young girls, who, after having received the higher education of the day, find their wealth gone, and themselves stranded upon a world that has but little use for any who have not been trained to be of use. Who shall say that this is *not* a true charity?

One of the most important private charities ever established is one which has been in operation for about four years in the city of New York. It is a glorious work, of which the inception and working out lies entirely with Mrs. Lamadrid. In a personal letter she says: "I enclose you a clipping from the *New York World*, written about a year ago, which will, I hope, give you a general idea of my work and its bearings. As to meals served up to date, as near as possible, I should say about three millions. It is a great, *great* blessing to our city poor, and I do it in the Master's name."

"St. Andrew's one-cent coffee stands" have now been so long established as to be a regular and well known institution of New York city. They are no longer an experiment—they are an accomplished fact.

Something less than four years ago, Mrs. Lamadrid conceived the idea of establishing, in New York city, coffee booths, where anyone could obtain a cup of coffee and a roll for one cent. These were already in operation in England, the price there being a *penny*, which is equal to two of our cents. To think, was to act, with Mrs. Lamadrid, and it was not long till she had her carefully prepared plan in operation. Her husband is very wealthy, and can well afford to provide his wife with money to carry out any whim which might seize her fancy. But this is no whim with Mrs. Lamadrid. The business is not carried on in that way. Supplied liberally with money, and possessing a husband who is thoroughly sympathetic, Mrs. Lamadrid makes this charity her life-work, devoting not only her own and her husband's money to the purpose, but giving regular and systematic

attention to the work, devoting a certain portion of each day to its regulation. As has been justly observed of her, she most truly realizes for us, in her own person, the original meaning of the term "lady"—the original, old Saxon word being "*hlaf-den*," loaf-giver.

To quote directly from the article in *The World*: "At first, she met much opposition and very little encouragement, but the stands were an instant success, and they rapidly multiplied until she reached the limit of her funds. Mrs. Lamadrid is a skillful business woman and a rigid economist, otherwise the charity would soon become impossible. Every day in winter, she drives down from her handsome up-town residence to the kitchen in Madison street, and all through the hot summer weather, she leaves her pretty country home at Bay Ridge, and comes in for an hour or two, to see that everything goes well, and transact all the business connected with the work. She has made special contracts with grocers, butchers and bakers. There is a large kitchen in the basement, and the white-capped cooks, under her eye, weigh and measure everything, and make savory and appetizing, the contents of the great pots and kettles simmering on the range.

Twice a day food is packed and distributed by carts to the booths, where a charcoal brazier keeps things piping hot, and warms the water, in which every dish and spoon is carefully cleansed after every using, for Mrs. Lamadrid is determined that her charity shall not be cold, but as hot and clean as it is possible to make it."

In the front of the basement is her office, where are done up parcels of change and packages of food-tickets. These tickets are purchased by merchants, and others who desire to distribute charity, but do not wish to give money to the shiftless. If a man asks for food, a ticket is as good as money wherewith to purchase it, for it is good for one cent at any of the St. Andrew booths. Mrs. Lamadrid desires it to be thoroughly known that it is no manner of assistance to this enterprise, for any one to buy tickets, for the sake of helping the scheme along, without afterwards distributing them. On the contrary, it is a hindrance. Tickets locked up in this way represent a fictitious value, because no real deduction can be drawn from their sale. They represent *nothing*, and yet only from the sale of the tickets is she enabled to come to an approximate estimate of the amount of food needed. If, of one thousand tickets sold, only five hundred are presented (the rest being locked up by people of mistaken benevolence), the food which has been prepared in anticipation of the

presentation of the remaining five hundred, is practically wasted, and the object of the charity defeated. Mrs. Lamadrid *desires to feed the hungry*, not to sell, for the sake of profit, the tickets she has had printed. Common sense would dictate to every one that there can be no profit in a hot lunch that costs the purchaser but one cent. In fact, careful computation shows that it is in reality exactly one-half the cost—the loss being Mrs. Lamadrid's contribution to the enterprise. Her cent, therefore, if locked up in the way spoken of, is sunk entirely, and does no good.

Of course, all this is really charity, since the purchaser receives twice the value of his money; but it is charity offered in such a way, that the proudest may accept if necessity drives. Here are to be found coffee, beans, rice and pea-soup, all to be had for one cent—each, all piping hot. And warming and comforting is it to many a poor soul, tired and hungry, to obtain such fare for such a price. To quote again from *The World*: “Some of the stories that come to Mrs. Lamadrid are very touching. In an old garret, near Duane street, lived a young German artist who was studying his profession of engraver and etcher. He was too poor to live in the ordinary way, and, at the same time, pay for his lessons; so he got permission to sleep in the unused loft of a store, and lived sumptuously at the nearest St. Andrew coffee-stand, for nine cents a day, until he had learned his profession and got work, when he made haste to thank the *gnadige frau* whose wise benevolence had been so great a boon to him.

Two sisters, who sewed for a living, tided over all their hard times, last winter, by eating at the coffee-stand at Ann street, and many a waif, to whom a hot meal was an unknown luxury, now fares warmly and sumptuously every day. There is even a charming suggestion in the name, ‘St. Andrew’s Stands,’ for he was the apostle who carried the fragments of the miraculous loaves and fishes among the people, and fed the lean and hungry Galileans.”

As above stated, Mrs. Lamadrid tells me that, up to the present time, there have been distributed about three million meals. Think of it! *Three million* good, warm meals! And all this the result, not of one woman's *money*, but of her benevolent heart and her ability and energy to formulate and carry out her project, after it was once presented to her active brain and charitable soul.

And the grand, good feature of the booths is that they are *never* closed. At any hour in the night, the hot food can be obtained, and



even all during the blizzard, she managed to keep them supplied with the amount of food necessary.

What more need I say? The Great Teacher has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these." Surely, Mrs. Lamadrid has followed in the steps of the Master whom she strives to serve, and has given "the cup of water" with a liberal hand.

One most beautiful work, that claims the attention of many, and does a quiet good that is beyond computation, is the *Flower Mission*. This is not confined to any one locality, but may be found, as are almost all other charities, in all large cities.

Implanted in the human heart, so deeply that nothing can eradicate it, is the love of flowers. Walk among the lower quarters of any city, with a bunch of blossoms in your hand, and see how the very lowest and most unpromising of the children will swarm round you, and beg for "just *one* flower, lady."

Who can estimate the pleasure that fills the souls of the poor, when they see the flowers from the fields, which they cannot hope ever to be able to reach? Who can tell what message of a higher life a little blossom may bear to the sick? Who can know how far a little daisy, or a violet, may go towards reclaiming a fallen-soul, if it brings her a message from her country home, where she spent her unsullied childhood? Many a hardened criminal has broken down utterly, at the sight of a bud or a blossom that was entwined with bitter-sweet memories, as only flowers can be entwined. Who shall say then, that the *Flower Mission* is not one which, in importance, stands side by side with many another with more pretentious aims?

To the good work, both in founding and running hospitals, few can attest, because the work is done so quietly and so unostentatiously, that few know of the physical and financial sacrifices, made by many women of leisure and wealth in the interest of their less fortunate sisters.

One instance alone is all that I will cite, but it may be taken as a fair sample of the work done by many a woman who is really known best as a "society woman," and of whose private work of this kind but little is heard. To the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia is attached a hospital. A little over four years ago, this hospital started with one room, a rather dilapidated bedstead, and a patient, a young girl, who needed all the aid and attention that medical skill could render. Too poor, as an institution, to have any organized system of nursing, the wives of the medical faculty volunteered their

services, and there, day by day, in turn, they cared for this poor creature, and gave her the solace and attentions that only a refined, sympathetic woman can give.

From that nucleus, through the energies of those same devoted women, the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital is an accomplished fact. So much is it a recognized institution, that the Governor has lately signed a petition for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for enlargement and improvement.

Of the thousands of women who are unsung—women whose right hand knows not what their left hand does—it is impossible to tell. Of the many noble, private and unheard-of charities, who shall say? Of the women whose charitable work consists in reading to the blind or aged—in laving the fevered brow of the patient too poor or alone to have claim on anyone—who makes record, so that all the world may read and know? None!

And all this is the work of women who are, many of them, well and favorably known, not only as society women, but as wives and mothers!

There is one form of charity, which, I think, may be safely so called, although it does not consist in any material giving—not even the “cup of cold water.” It must, perforce, of its nature, too, lack any of the elements of coldness that often enters into alms-giving. I refer to the giving of *sympathy*. Life is very bitter to many a poor soul, and the “word in season,” which unlocks the soul and brings blessed tears to the dry eye, or checks the exhausting sob and gives a word of hope or wise counsel, is as truly charity as any other thing that one may bestow.

“The ideal woman feels that all are the children of want,” says Gail Hamilton, “bodily, mental, moral want, the infant of days or man bowed with age—all are children whom the Lord has given her, and over a wide and ever-widening circle beams the radiance of her spotless motherhood.” Supplementary to this, is a paragraph from John Boyd Kinnear, which may well find a place in this chapter: “If a woman were to try to do the very best for herself, in a worldly sense, she could take no surer course than by fitting herself to confer the largest benefits on those around her. For her, then, I ask that she shall be trained so to be best able to do good.” What made Florence Nightingale beloved? Was it because she nursed the patients back to life? Many another has done that. No! it was her sympathetic heart, that, while she had a tender hand for

their physical ailments, taught her where to place a healing balm upon the mental miseries of the suffering ones. What was Sister Dora's charm? The same thing! No one is loved for mere fulfilment of duty. One is respected and admired, but not loved as these two women were. Look at the Roman Catholic Sisters who, following in the steps of the brave and noble Father Damien, have gone out to the Pacific Islands to nurse the lepers! "Greater love hath no man than this—that he giveth his *life*."

With a heart filled with the tenderest pity—that truest of all charity, that longs to aid a suffering soul—these noble-hearted, devoted women have given their lives. Not at the instigation of the heroic impulse induced by emergency, but calmly, deliberately. They have, with a clear consideration and a full knowledge of what is before them, given up *everything*, and gone into a living death. Surely, one can do no more than give one's life, daily and hourly, as a sacrifice upon the altar of charity.

Of all, however, is not demanded, either by circumstances, by conscience, or by religious training, such a terrible self-sacrifice as this. But it lies within the power of all to do something, in this way, and the more especially in that of women who are heads or overseers of large establishments. Where girls are herded together, no matter what the business, they are oppressed by a sense of unity with the mass; they feel that their individuality is gone, and they themselves but a drop in the great sea of life. Here is the opportunity for the woman who is head of such a collection of women. And, for such reason, women are better calculated to hold such positions than men. By slow degrees, through observation—keen, though quiet—through a word dropped here, and a hint caught there, she may learn much of the inner life and home-surroundings of these girls intrusted to her care. She has a duty to her employer, which is the thing for which she is paid; but her duty to the girls, as struggling women, is as great in its way as that to her employer, providing they do not conflict in any way.

Life is a dreary thing, at best, with many of these young girls, and the struggle to make "both ends meet," and the hopeless task of making three dollars do the work of ten, are weary work. The girl who sits at her loom, hollow-eyed, savage, giving never a pleasant word to companion or employer, is set down as moody, if not actually vicious. Who knows or cares that the little brother is dying at home, perhaps dead, at that moment, while the weary sister,



worn out with night-watching, must toil on and on to earn money for their support, lest they starve? No one! She is only an atom of humanity, and her limited experience has taught her that her ills are her own, and that no one else is interested. This is the lesson she has *learned*, but to the honor of humanity be it said, that she has drawn the wrong conclusion. The human heart is mostly open to the demand for sympathy, if one only knows how to ask for it. Indeed, it is often much less difficult to *give* sympathy than to demand it. Many human beings are like animals in this respect; finding a fellow in distress, they freely give of their best—of their very selves—but when the case is reversed, and *they* need the sympathy and encouragement that they have so freely and gladly bestowed on others, they only ask to be permitted to go away and fight it out alone.

To reach such cases as these is often woman's peculiar privilege, and, as I said before, a woman who is nominal head of such a collection of girls as I have spoken of, has infinite opportunity. If she fails to seize it, it is as much her loss as that of those by whom she is surrounded, and to whom she may be so much. A word about yesterday's toothache—a query about the sick mother—a question about the little lame sister—will brighten the whole day for an employé, sometimes.

"I love to have Miss Blank come up-stairs," exclaimed a young compositor. "She never said anything to *me* especially, but it does me good to look at her, she has such a kind face. If she speaks to me it makes sunshine for me all day. I always try to manage it so that she shall nod and smile at me." Only a smile! Such a little thing to give, but brightening the whole day for another! There will come, too, if by slow but sure degrees the confidence of the girls has been gained, a hundred opportunities of giving advice or information, that will be of infinite value and will never be forgotten.

It is a great boon for a struggling, motherless, perhaps homeless, or worse than homeless, young girl, to have some one to turn to with all her physical and mental ills. It is a great comfort for such an one to be able to turn to an older woman, whose opinions she respects, and ask her advice on all subjects, from the most trivial to the most weighty. Think what a favor is conferred by the woman who listens patiently and advises wisely (because her own experience of limited means makes her knowledge valuable) in regard to the turning of last year's dress or the combination of two. Young

girls *like* to look nice, and they must look *respectable*. Heaven only knows how some of them accomplish it! And all their poor little fineries, so pathetic in their meagerness, are a source of real trouble to them, which can be much alleviated by a word or two of advice.

Their physical ailments, too! So many of these are produced by ignorance or apparent impossibility of proper mode of life! A silk dress and no rubbers! A feather in the hat, but no flannels! Kid gloves, but almost useless stockings! How much can be done to regulate these matters, only those who have seen it and known it can tell. To regulate the hearts and minds of these young girls, so that they shall take a truer view of life, and learn to accept the pure metal, is a work of charity of widest scope and interpretation. To teach them that, if they cannot have both, outward appearance is of far less moment than health, is a labor of love that may well claim the attention of any large-hearted woman within whose province the opportunity falls.

To regulate the hearts! Ah! there comes the most difficult task of all! This is the point upon which advice, good, motherly advice is most needed and least heeded. To protect girls from the world, and teach them to protect themselves, lies within the endeavor of all such institutions as the *Young Women's Christian Association*, but still it is undoubtedly a fact, that much of the good that is done by a nightly return to good home, like that provided by this institution, is done away with by the contact with those more or less depraved during the day. "Girls who must be watched all the time, are weak, and will go wrong any way?" I don't agree with you! Weak, certainly, but all the more reason that they should be surrounded by an atmosphere best adapted to their strengthening; and a woman has it in her power, by persistent effort in the right direction, to surround her employées with such an atmosphere as will enable them to look more clearly to a proper mode of life in all things.

Many large business firms employ women in the capacity of overseers and forewomen, but their positions are such, that duty to their employer makes any other kind of oversight of the employées a very difficult task. Again, too, the women so employed are unfit for such positions. To do the best by the girls (and from a mercenary point of view, also, for where there is heart and pleasure in the surroundings, better work is done), there should only be employed in this capacity women of judgment, of large sympathies, of experi-

ence and of firmness. When these qualities are combined, the very best possible results are attained, both as to the character and disposition of the employées, and as to the quantity and quality of work performed.

"Is not the life more than meat?" says the Great Teacher; and, surely, she who teaches her fellow-laborers how to *live*, does as much as she who gives them "*meat!*"

Meek and lowly,  
Pure and holy,  
Chief among the blessed three;  
Turning sadness  
Into gladness,  
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.

Never weary of well-doing,  
Never fearful of the end,  
Claiming all mankind as brothers;  
Thou dost all alike befriend,  
Chief among the blessed three,  
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.

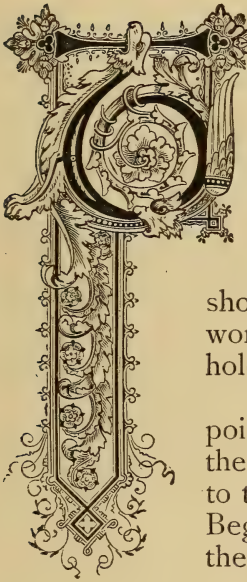






## CONCLUSION.

WOMAN—HER POSITION, SOCIAL, CIVIL AND POLITICAL.



Close a volume of this kind, would seem impossible, without reviewing, in some way, the position of woman, as she now stands before the world—to compare her position as it now is, with what it once was, in centuries gone by, and to note, as well, with more than a passing glance, her comparative position in different countries. This view, I think, will show that, of all climes and all ages, the American woman of the nineteenth century, pre-eminently, holds the first position.

The situation may be viewed from three stand-points—the social, the civil and the political—though the three are so intimately connected that it is difficult to tell just where one commences and the other ends. Beginning with the first suggested thought—*socially*, the position of the American woman is certainly superior to that held by her in any other country, and this progress has been rapid—a fact that may be distinctly attributed to the good sense of both men and women—good sense and good feeling upon the part of men, to recognize and acknowledge the good sense of women, whom tradition had taught them were a “little lower than the angels,” but were utterly devoid of anything but the shallowest brains.

In India, the wife still occupies the most abject position, and the widow of tender years is compelled to immolate herself upon the funeral pyre which consumes her deceased husband, or to live on, considered only as a blot on the earth. In China, female infants are still destroyed by the unenlightened, in accordance with their rigid laws. Christianity and civilized rule are doing much to stamp

out these iniquities, but ages will elapse before woman will be considered as anything but an encumbrance in those countries.

The moral degradation of woman in Turkey, is something that should employ our most serious thought. The toy of the hour, and then—destruction, in many cases, when she no longer pleases. The people are here awakening to their lack of enlightenment in many ways, however: which is proved by their sending to America, not long ago, a minister of the Armenian church, to learn American ways and introduce them to his own congregation. Let us hope that, among the “ways” introduced, will be respect for woman as woman.

In England and France, women are so closely environed, that it is the easiest thing in the world for the most innocent, if in the least degree thoughtless, to start a most damaging scandal. A native Parisian said to me, a few months ago, “I am glad to note that my countrymen are adopting American ways in regard to women. I think our young women have been kept entirely too closely. Instead of engendering *innocence*, it only caused them to deceive. I am told that a young French woman can walk along the streets of Paris, now, with almost as much freedom as a young American may.” “Did young American women excite remark by so doing?” I asked. “O, no; we all knew they were Americans, and no one thought anything of it. But we have learned that it is rather to the discredit of the young French women, not to be able to do that which the young women of another country can do, with perfect modesty and propriety.” So here, you see, is one great step gained, and it has been accomplished, we may well be proud to think, by a demonstrated propriety of deportment upon the part of young American women in foreign countries, although, if one might judge from various novels, written by foreigners and would-be foreigners, the average young woman abroad is of the “Daisy Miller” type.

In England, though there is not this kind of environment to contend with, there are certain other social considerations that militate, in a measure, against her true independence, but these are gradually being modified.

Whether “Young American independence” is altogether an unmixed good, is a question which has been considered as open to doubt. It has been regarded by some as having a tendency to make our young women coarse, loud and slangy. But those who really study the matter, know that such is not really the case. There will



always be those who take advantage of *any* privilege, but to take these as a type, betrays an unfairness of temperament with which one would be sorry to be charged. It has made them independent and thoughtful, but not coarse.

Socially and civilly, woman has proved herself a success, and who shall deny that, politically, she is a power? I do not refer to the ballot, though, doubtless, some day this will be accorded to her as her right. I do not mean to open up any discussion on the subject of "woman's rights," nor yet upon that of the freedom of the ballot; but, as some one has ably expressed it, we are growing to dislike being classed with "idiots and children," as incompetent. The law does not permit women, children or idiots to vote. It is growing just a little difficult for some of us to see just why an intelligent American woman of good education and a natural endowment of brains—one who keeps up with the topics of the day, and understands what her countrymen are doing—is not quite as competent to form an opinion of the state of the country, and of the men by whom she would prefer to be governed, as the average unintelligent foreigner, who is so soon naturalized, thus attaining to all the dignity of American citizenship, and enjoying all the privileges which that term implies.

We fail, also, to see why an intelligent American woman, who has all the privileges of education, and has taken advantage of those privileges—who knows what she thinks and feels, and just *why* she so thinks and feels—who can converse intelligently and sensibly, perhaps brilliantly, on all topics treating of science, moral philosophy, church or state—we fail to see, I say, some of us, just why such a woman would not really poll a more valuable vote than a man who can neither read nor write.

It seems, again, as if justice would demand, that a woman who owned property, as many do, might very readily have some word to say in regard to the laws which govern that property.

Judging from a little slip taken from a local paper, it would seem that, at one time, New Jersey recognized the justice of this last view, and fixed the sum required for recognition as a voter, without regard to sex or color, at forty pounds—about two hundred dollars: "New Jersey gave suffrage, in 1776, to all inhabitants worth forty pounds. Women voted there until 1807. No state during those thirty years had a nobler record. But there, as here, and then, as now, an intelligent American population moved westward, and was

replaced by illiterate immigrants. In 1799, John Adams carried the state, over Thomas Jefferson, by a small majority, owing, it was said, to the federal proclivities of the women voters. When the democrats, in 1807, got control of the legislature, they passed a law construing 'all inhabitants worth forty pounds,' to mean 'all white, male citizens whose names appeared on the last state or county tax list,' thus disfranchising women and free colored men worth forty pounds, and enfranchising, in their stead, every white man who paid a poll-tax of one dollar. New Jersey, as a consequence, lost her enviable moral pre-eminence, and became the pliant tool of a slaveholding and moneyed oligarchy."

It is interesting to note the process, and the reasons given therefor, by which women lost the right to cast their vote. It is also pleasant to be able to say, when accused of aggression and encroachment, that our *grandmothers* had this privilege more than a hundred years ago.

But, as I said before, this is merely by the way. I have not the slightest intention of opening any discussion; only I *must* add, that a cause which has as a staunch supporter, Frances E. Willard, must be one of no small moment, and one that can very readily bear examination on all sides. Mrs. H. M. Tracy Cutler, too (the author of "Philippia, or a Woman's Question"), of Cobden, Illinois, is a firm supporter of suffrage. She has broken down in the cause, but says: "It is better to break down working for the right, than in fashionable folly. If I had more means to spend, I suppose I would spend it all the same way."

In speaking of the political power of women, I referred more especially to the fact that our public men depend very much upon the tact of the women of their households for smooth sailing in political waters. Seldom, too, has it been that a woman has been called to hold position as the wife of one of our high public officials, that she has not occupied that position with a dignity and grace that not only endeared her to all around her, but drew closer the chains with which she held her husband's and her children's hearts. The influence which the mothers of political men have wielded over their sons, and the affection and reverence with which these distinguished men have regarded their mothers, have many notable instances. In *Mothers of Distinguished Men*, we read:

"Henry Clay, the pride and honor of his country, always expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration for his mother.

An habitual correspondence and enduring affection subsisted between them to the last hour of life. Mr. Clay ever spoke of her as a model of maternal character and female excellence, and it is said that he never met his constituents in Woodford county, after her death, without some allusion to her, which deeply affected both him and his audience. And nearly the last words uttered by this great statesman, when he came to die, were, 'Mother, mother, mother.' It is natural for us to feel that she must have been a good mother, that was loved and so dutifully served by such a boy, and that neither could have been wanting in rare virtue.

Benjamin Franklin was accustomed to refer to his mother in the tenderest tone of filial affection. His respect and affection for her were manifested, among other ways, in frequent presents, that contributed to her comfort and solace in her advancing years. In one of his letters to her, for example, he sends her a *moidore*, a gold piece of the value of six dollars, 'toward chaise hire,' said he, 'that you may ride warm to meetings during the winter.' In another, he gives her an account of the growth and improvement of his son and daughter—topics which, as he well understood, are ever as dear to the grandmother as to the mother.

General Marion was once a plodding young farmer, and in no way distinguished as superior to the young men of the neighborhood in which he lived, except for his devoted love and marked respect for his excellent mother, and exemplary honor and truthfulness. In these qualities he was eminent, from early childhood, and they marked his character through life. We may remark, in this connection, that it is usual to affect some degree of astonishment when we read of men whose after fame presents a striking contrast to the humility of their origin; yet we must recollect, that it is not ancestry and splendid descent, but education and circumstances, which form the man. It is often a matter of surprise that distinguished men have such inferior children, and that a great name is seldom perpetuated. The secret of this is as often evident; the mothers have been inferior—mere ciphers in the scale of existence. All the splendid advantages procured by wealth and the father's position, cannot supply this one deficiency in the mother, who gives character to the child.

Sam Houston's mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was



gifted with intellectual and moral qualities, which elevated her, in a still more striking manner, above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude, which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that checkered the history of the frontier settlers. Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters, but she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she made ample provision, for one in her circumstances, for their future care and education. To bring up a large family of children in a proper manner is, under the most favorable circumstances, a great work; and in this case it rises into sublimity; for there is no finer instance of heroism than that of one parent, especially a mother, laboring for that end alone. 'The excellent woman,' says Goethe, 'is she who, if her husband dies, can be a father to her children.'

As wife and mother, a woman is seen in her most sacred and dignified character; as such she has great influence over the characters of individuals, over the condition of families, and over the destinies of empires. It is a fact that many of our noblest patriots, our most profound scholars, and our holiest ministers, were stimulated to their excellence and usefulness by those holy principles which they derived, in early years, from pious mothers.

Our mothers are our earliest instructors, and they have an influence over us, the importance of which, for time and eternity, surpasses the power of language to describe."

The words of a few noted men upon this subject will find a most appropriate place here. Says Heinriche Heine: "When I read history, and am impressed with any great deed, I feel as if I should like to see the woman who is concealed behind it, as the secret incentive."

Bonaparte asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. "Her reply was," declares Daniel Webster, "full of political wisdom." Said she: "Instruct the mothers of the French people." It is presumable that it was after this conversation with Madame de Stael that Napoleon said, in his laconic way, "The great need of France is mothers."

Says Aimé Martin: "If you would know the political and moral condition of a people, ask as to the condition of its women."

"Women govern us," says Sheridan. "Let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we

be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

Emerson says: "Men are what their mothers make them. You may as well ask a loom, that weaves huckaback, why it does not make cashmere, as to expect poetry from the engineer, or a chemical discovery from that jobber."

Says a writer in *Scribner's Monthly*: "There is, probably, not an unperverted man or woman living, who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever good there may be in their characters and condition. Home, based upon Christian marriage, is so evidently an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is pure and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the nobler instincts of society. Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes the cue and hue from her. If she is, in the best sense, womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously and unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power of eloquence, can possibly effect. The men of the nation are what mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice that those men speak, in the expression of power, is the voice of the woman who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for this. There is no other possible way, in which the women of the nation can organize their influence and power, that will tell so beneficially upon society and the state."

Though most of the authors quoted are of recent date, we find that, as far back as Plato, and even further, woman's power and influence were not only not denied, but were openly recognized. "The same education and opportunity for self-development which makes man a good guardian, will make woman a good guardian; for their original nature is the same," says Plato.

Passing by the eras marked by the magnificence of such reigns as those of the Queen of Sheba, Zenobia or Cleopatra, we come down to the comparatively more modern times, and take into consideration the wives of the kings, who have been known as wise counsellors, on whom their husbands depended for consultation in all straits. The example that should certainly be mentioned first, as



the one great author of America as it is to-day, is Queen Isabella, of Castile. Though the aid which she finally gave to Columbus was given in opposition to her husband's expressed coldness towards the scheme, together they had been interested in it at first, and through her woman's tenacity and faith in her instincts (not to call it by the harsher term of obstinacy, which certainly would have been applied to it, had Columbus been unsuccessful at the last) the voyager won the day, and we are a people, separate and distinct from all other peoples, albeit we are a combination of many or all. The *Lives of Illustrrious Women* gives a very pleasing account of the personality of this woman, who, in her time, was such a power in the politics of her country.

"At the period of her marriage, in 1469, Isabella had just entered her twentieth year. In person she was well formed, of middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. She exceeded her husband in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius and grandeur of soul. She combined a masculine energy of purpose with the utmost tenderness of heart, and a softness of temper and manner truly feminine. Her self-command was not allied to coldness, nor her prudence to dissimulation, and her generous and magnanimous spirit disdained all indirect measures, and all the little crooked arts of policy. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal and unostentatious. Without being learned, she was fond of literature; and, being possessed of a fine understanding, had cultivated many branches of knowledge with success. She encouraged and patronized the arts, and was the soul of every undertaking which tended to promote the improvement and happiness of her subjects."

The power exercised by Catherine Alexiewna over her husband, Peter the Great, is a well known story in history. Long before he married, while she was his slave, he became charmed with the powers of her intellect and her extraordinary talents. The brilliancy of her mind became known all over Russia, long before Peter raised her to the throne by marriage. The *Lives of Illustrrious Women*, in speaking of this extraordinary woman, says: "At first,



the Czar only visited her occasionally; soon, however, not a day passed without his seeing her; and, ultimately, he took his ministers to her house, and transacted all business of state in her presence, frequently consulting her, and taking advice on the most knotty difficulties. Her cheerfulness, her mildness of temper, and especially her energy of mind, so congenial with his own, filled up the void left in his heart by former disappointments."

Another most notable example (though in this case the crown belonged to the wife, and not the husband) is Maria Theresa, of Austria, wife of Francis, of Lorraine. Her reign was distinguished by political disturbances of all kinds, but her reign endeared her to the people. An account of her also is given in the *Lives of Illustrious Women*, which clearly depicts the daily life of this great and noble woman, who knew so well how to combine the duties of a public and a private life. She was adored by her husband, and was devoted to him in return—a devotion which did not cease with his death.

"Maria Theresa made some admirable regulations in the civil government of her kingdom; she corrected many abuses which had hitherto existed in the administration of justice; she abolished forever the use of torture throughout her dominions. The collection of the revenues was simplified; the great number of tax-gatherers, which she justly considered as an engine of public oppression, was diminished. Her father had left her without a single florin in the treasury. In 1750, after eight years of war, and the loss of several states, her revenue exceeded those of her predecessors by six millions. One of her benevolent projects failed, but not through any fault of her own. She conceived the idea of civilizing the numerous tribes of gypsies in Hungary and Bohemia; but, after persevering for years, she was forced to abandon the design. Neither bribes nor punishment, neither mildness nor severity, could subdue the wild spirit of freedom in these tameless, lawless outcasts of society, or bring them within the pale of civilization. She had no overweening confidence in her own abilities. She was, at first, almost painfully sensible of the deficiencies of her education and of her own inexperience. She eagerly sought advice and information, and gladly and gratefully accepted it from all persons; and on every occasion she listened patiently to long and contradictory explanations. She read memorials and counter memorials, voluminous, immeasurable, perplexing. She was not satisfied with knowing or comprehending

everything; she was, perhaps, a little too anxious to do everything, see everything, manage everything herself. While in possession of health and strength, she always rose at five in the morning, and often devoted ten or twelve hours together to the dispatch of business; and, with all this close application to affairs, she found time to enter into society, to mingle in the amusements of her court, and to be the mother of sixteen children. She was by no means an extraordinary woman. In talents and strength of character she was inferior to Catherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England, but in moral qualities, far superior to either: and it may be questioned whether the brilliant genius of the former, or the worldly wisdom and sagacity of the latter, could have done more to sustain a sinking throne, than the popular and feminine virtues, the magnanimous spirit and unbending fortitude, of Maria Theresa. She expired on the twenty-ninth of November, 1780, in her sixty-fourth year; and it is, in truth, most worthy of remark, that the regrets of her family and her people did not end with the pageant of her funeral, nor were they obliterated by the new interests, new hopes, new splendors of a new reign. Years after her death, she was still remembered with tenderness and respect, and her subjects dated events from the time of their mother, the empress." This account shows that, even in monarchies, the highest and most honorable term that the governed can apply to her who governs wisely and well, is not "Queen," but "Mother."

Not less worthy of note than those gone before, is Victoria, queen of England, in her capacity of wife and mother. She was, as Maria Theresa, deeply attached to both husband and children. Like Maria Theresa also, she reigned by her own right, her husband being only prince consort. Her husband, Prince Albert, was a man of domestic tastes, and it is generally believed that Queen Victoria and her husband were an exceptionally happy couple. Her household discipline is admirable, and when her children were young, they were taught to render an obedience to teachers and tutors, and to submit to a regularity of habit and hours, in precisely the same way that would have been the case had they been the children of a commoner, without one drop of royal blood in their veins. Her daughter, the wife of "Unser Fritz," believes in her mother's principles, and the story of Frederick, the late emperor of Germany, gives a little insight into the domestic life of this royal couple. Among the domestic tastes which she has gratified is one

for a dairy. This she has established, and to this she retires when it so pleases her, to skim the cream or make the butter, as the fancy may take her. It is not to be supposed that she does much of this kind of thing, but she shows that she considers domestic duties and household labor, as no disgrace.

And here, in America, where we have no royal blood—where we are glad only to know that our ancestry can be traced back to some hero or heroine of the revolution—here we have “queens” of society, who, with all their outside duties, all their calls for charitable endeavor, all the time necessarily spent in calling, and other demands of the society in which they move, still find time for domestic duties, and find their greatest enjoyment in home pleasures.

The reverend H. H. Birkins pays a most beautiful tribute to the reign of the mother in her home. “The queen that sits upon the throne of home,” says he, “crowned and sceptered as none other ever can be, is *mother*. Her enthronement is complete, her reign unrivalled, and the moral issues of her empire are eternal. ‘Her children arise up, and call her blessed.’ Rebellious, at times, as the subjects of her government may be, she rules them with marvellous patience, winning tenderness and undying love. She so presents and exemplifies divine truth, that it reproduces itself in the happiest development of childhood—character and life. Her memory is sacred while she lives, and becomes a perpetual inspiration, even when the bright flowers bloom above her sleeping dust. She is an incarnation of goodness to the child, and hence her immense power. Scotland, with her well known reverence for motherhood, insists that ‘an ounce of mother is worth more than a pound of clergy.’ The ancient orator bestowed a flattering compliment upon the homes of Roman mothers when he said, ‘The empire is at the fireside.’ Who can think of the influence a mother wields in the home, and not be impressed with its far-reaching results! What revolutions would take place in our families and communities if that strange, magnetic power were fully consecrated to the welfare of the child and the glory of God. Mohammed expressed a great truth when he said that ‘Paradise is at the feet of mothers.’ There is one vision that never fades from the soul, and that is the vision of mother and home. No man, in all his weary wanderings, ever goes out beyond the overshadowing arch of home. Let him stand on the surf-beaten coast of the Atlantic, or roam over western wilds, and every dash



of the wave and murmur of the breeze will whisper, *home*, sweet home. Set him down amid the glaciers of the North, and even there thoughts of home, too warm to be chilled by the eternal frosts, will float in upon him. Let him rove through the green, waving groves, and over the sunny slopes of the South, and in the smile of the soft skies, and in the kiss of the balmy breeze, home will live again."

T. De Witt Talmage, in speaking of woman and her influence, says: "Thank God, O woman! for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at even-tide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be humble there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe; but, by your faith in God, and your cheerful demeanor, you may garniture that place with more splendor than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled."

The day has surely come when the cavillers are silenced, and it has been proved that woman may take a prominent place in the world—she may be known as ruler, philanthropist, scientist, novelist, philosopher, or even mere wage-earner, and still retain her right to rule as "Queen of Home."

















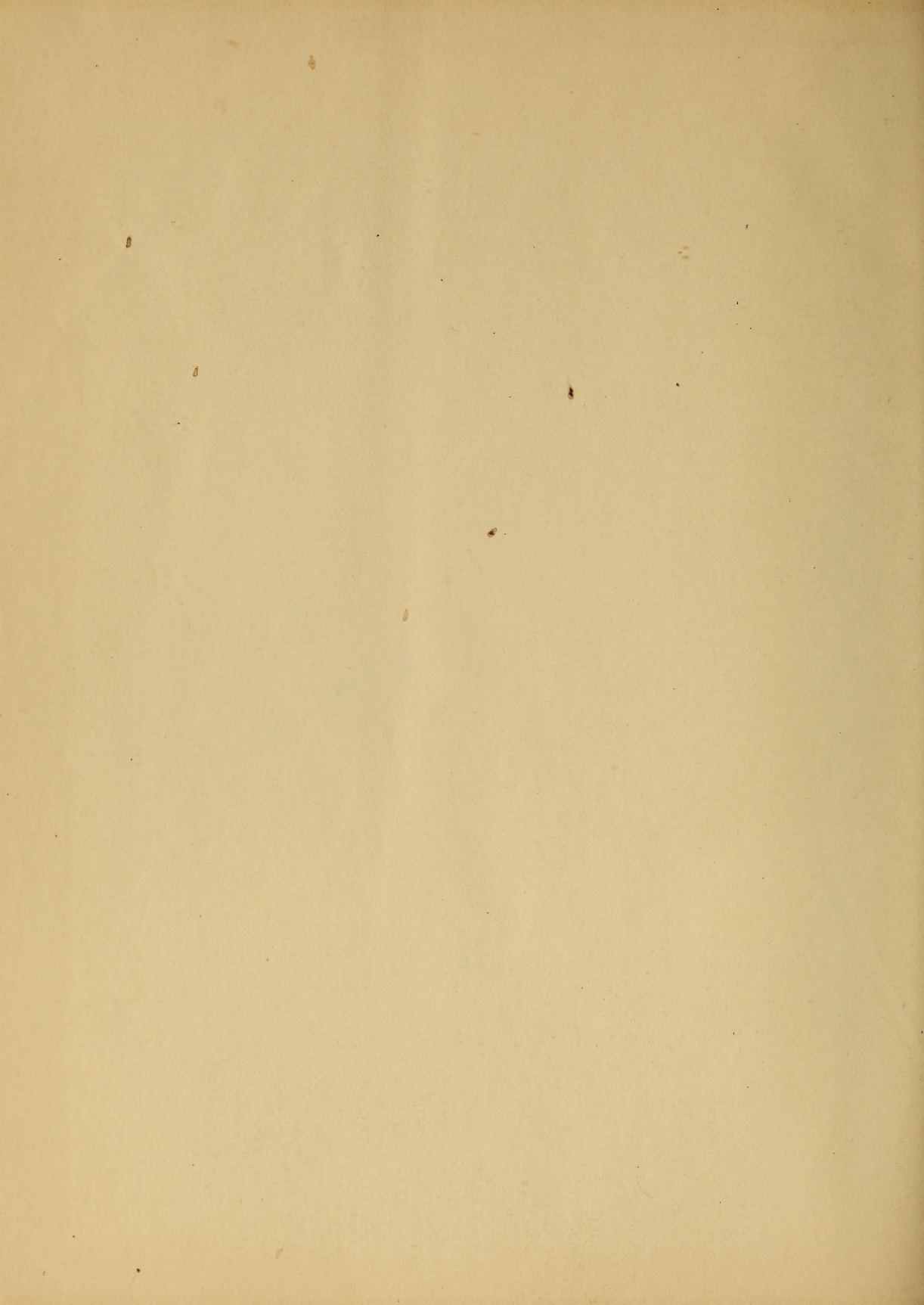
















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